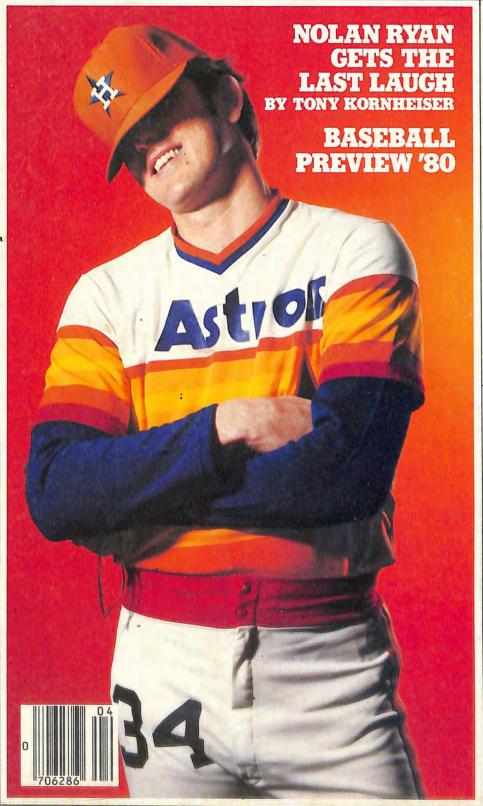
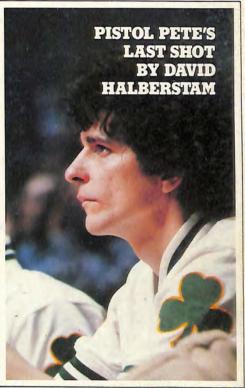
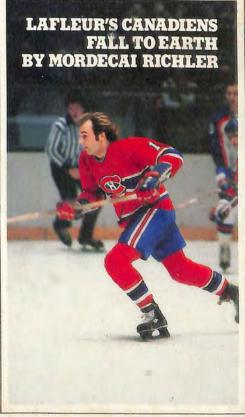
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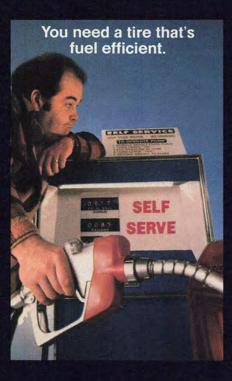
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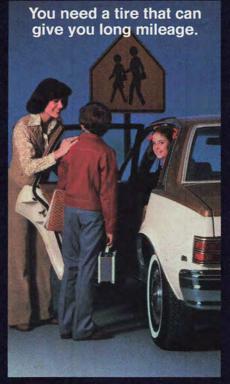
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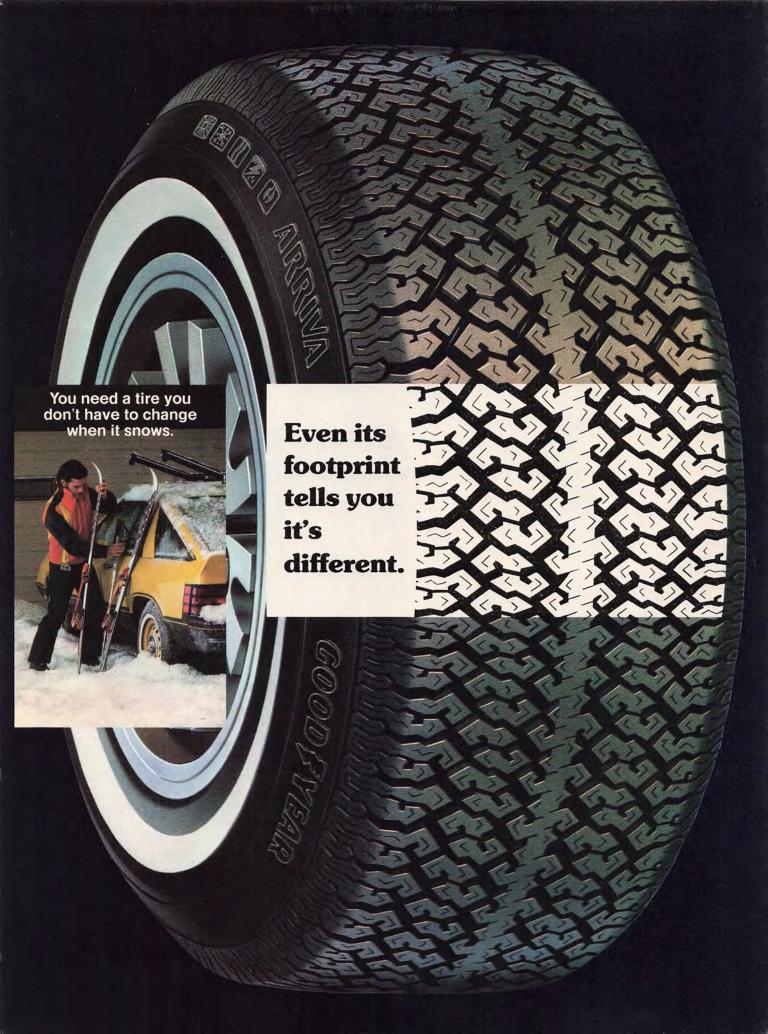
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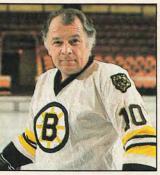
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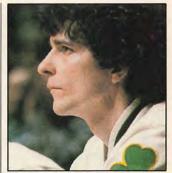
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NOTES

A lot has happened since we tested the Premier Issue of INSIDE SPORTS last fall-just about all of it good.

When we put INSIDE SPORTS on sale last September in about 25 per cent of the country, we held our breath. Launching a new magazine is a risky proposition. It has been half seriously said that the atmosphere accompanying the creation of a new magazine goes through the following stages: exultation, disenchantment, confusion, search for the guilty, punishment of the innocent and distinction for the uninvolved. In the case of INSIDE SPORTS, our results have kept us in the first state.

The Premier Issue was a virtual sellout on the newsstands. With this, our Charter Issue, we begin regular monthly, national publication. We are determined to deliver, month after month, the kind of sports magazine that you, by your overwhelmingly enthusiastic response, have told us you

What do we know about you, our readers, from our research? First, almost 70 per cent of you are between the ages of 18-34, over 90 per cent of you are men, and over 80 per cent of you have attended or graduated from college.

More important is that you can best be called extremely literate sports fanatics. You attend, listen to, read about and view spectator sporting events at a rate that can only be described as insatiable. Almost 30 per cent of you have attended more than 10 baseball games in the last year. You watch just about every available professional baseball and football game that is televised. And college and pro basketball events are not far behind. If that were not enough, you read the newspaper sports pages practically every day.

Your team lovalties and individual biases were also evident from our research. We received suggestions for future stories, alternative titles for the magazine and rabid comment from those who didn't agree with our writers (for a few samples, please see our "Comebacks" department).

That is the whole point of INSIDE SPORTS. The involvement of you, our readers, and your reactions to the con- E. DANIEL CAPELL, Publisher

tent are what proved to us that there is a need for the kind of magazine our editors created—one that treats sports as a growing part of American culture. We, as well as you, know that the sports world is more than an endless list of numbers, statistics, box scores and scores of games.

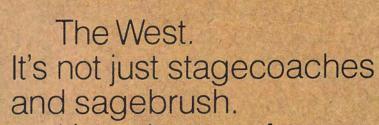
Some of America's best writers will take you beyond the obvious and inside your favorite sports. They will explore the personalities, the issues and the trends of the sports world.

Three writers, who are already a part of the Newsweek/Washington Post Company, will be regular contributors to INSIDE SPORTS. Newsweek columnist Pete Axthelm will write a column on gambling; Newsweek senior editor Michael Ruby will contribute a regular column on money and sports, and Washington Post sportswriter Thomas Boswell will write a regular column. They will be joined by several other writers you are familiar with. In later "Notes" columns we'll tell you more about them.

Every month we'll bring you a number of regular features which will broaden your knowledge of sports. "First" will look into and update the news of sports; "Remember," our monthly centerfold, will take a nostalgic and sentimental look at heroes and great events; "The Good Doctor" will often advise and amuse the confused fan and player; a page called "Numbers" will provide statistics that will either settle or start arguments; "Inside Track" will interview a sports personality; "The Fan" will detail the true-life adventures of fans and the dreams of frustrated would-be athletes; "My Life" will look at the people who make their living on the periphery of sports; "The Champ" will recognize the unknown champions of American sports, and "Comebacks" will give you a chance to talk back to

With these regular writers and departments we hope we can give you the kind of magazine you want.

8. Oning Capell



It's an image of men who are real and proud.

Of the freedom and independence we all would like to feel.

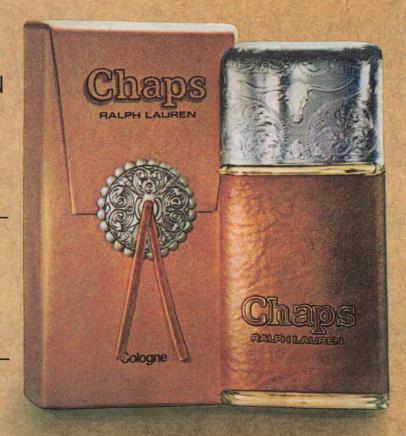
Now, Ralph Lauren has expressed these feelings, in Chaps, his new men's cologne.

Chaps is a cologne a man can put on as naturally as a worn leather jacket or a

pair of jeans.

Chaps. It's the West. The West you would like to feel inside of yourself.

Chaps. The new men's cologne by Ralph Lauren.

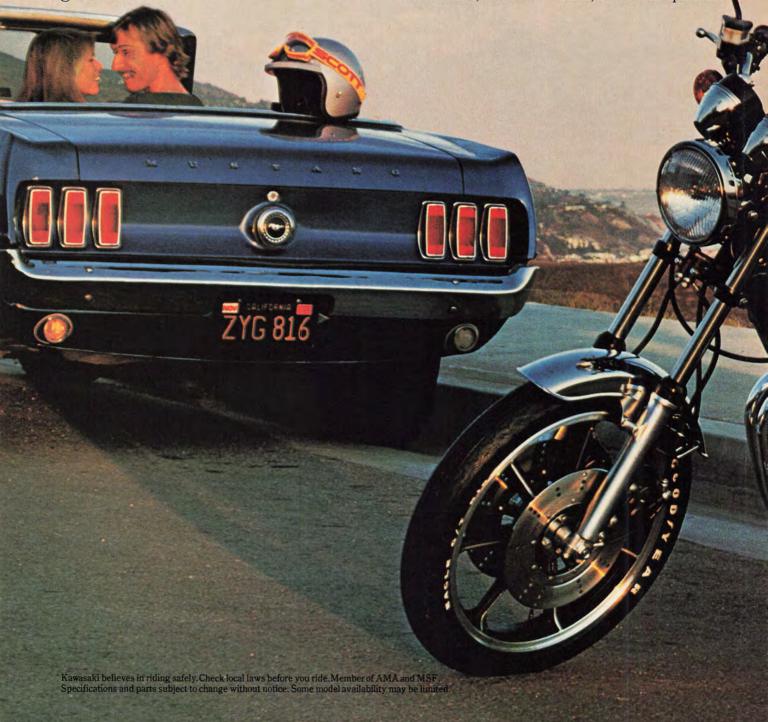


Why did Dave Lewis choose the Kawasaki KZ1000 LTD with its exclusive Clean Air System?

Because Dave believes in full power when making a pass.

Dave was impressed with Kawasaki's ability to meet the EPA standards without loss of power. In fact, he appreciated the improved acceleration, the stable idling and the short warm-ups that the unique Clean Air System gave him.

But the real truth is, Dave Lewis bought the KZ1000 LTD because he had no choice. The mean, low-down, both feet on the ground stepped seat; the low, fat rear tire; the teardrop fuel tank; the pullback handlebars; he couldn't resist. Of course, with his friends, Dave was quick



to point out how reliable the 1015cc engine was; that it was easy to maintain with its transistorized breakerless ignition. He raved about the way it handled and the excellence of the three drilled disc brakes. He would mention that his was the engine that holds most major drag records and the world land speed record.

Then a lady would pass by and smile. As he smiled back, Dave knew why he bought

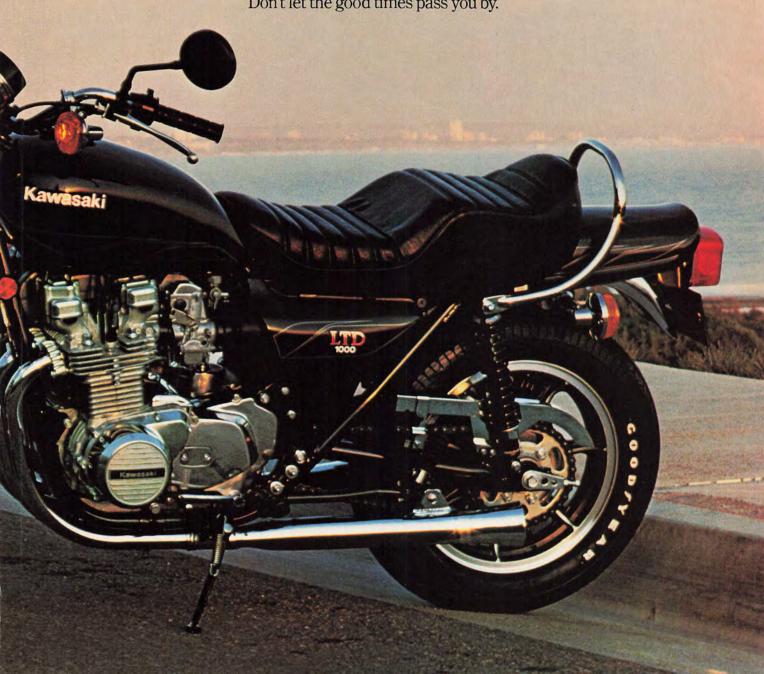
the KZ1000 LTD.

Come and check out the KZ1000 LTD at your local Kawasaki dealership and while you're there make a pass at the other LTDs. 'Cause they've got the power to keep you out there looking good.



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FIRST

BY JOSEPH DALTON

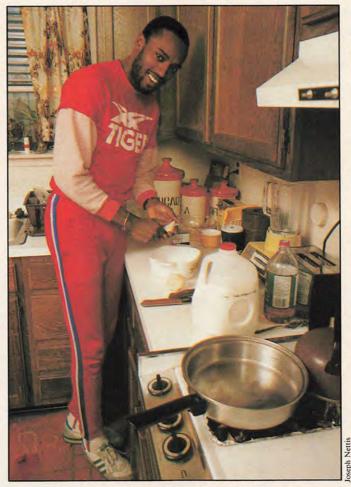
EAT IT UP

Canon is the camera of the Winter Olympics; Coca-Cola the Olympic soft drink. Would-be Olympians ride around in Toyotas, wearing Levis—or that was the idea.

But what about the official Olympic meal? For that, you could start with a tasty taco salad (recipe by boxer Johnny Bumphus), move on to Halibut Stroganoff (from sprinter Steve Riddick), add some hot pineapple coffee bread on the side (from UCLA basketball player Kiki Vandeweghe) and top it all off with a sugar cream pie (that little essay in calorie building courtesy of gymnast Kurt Thomas). Okay. Now you know what the champions eat-where do you find their recipes? In The Olympic Cookbook and Schedule of Events, subtitled "Favorite Recipes of Prospective U.S. Participants" (five dollars).

Well, nobody is a prospective U.S. participant at Moscow anymore, but you can still cook up Mike Gminski's brown-rice burgers, Tim Shaw's fudge bars or Marty Liquori's veal scallopini with Marsala—it's just that the schedule-of-events part of the book won't be very useful. The whole project was a good idea whose time, it seems, isn't going to come.

Frank Scognamillo, who spent two years putting the book together for the William C. Brown Co., is a little saddened by the way the concept fell apart, but he is



Steve Riddick's Specialty: Halibut Stroganoff

happy to explain the original idea: "I thought the athletes needed some pregame exposure—who they are, what they do—and we used the recipes to soft-pedal that information." The recipes are taken from competitors in all the summer events—including the not-ready-for-prime-timers, like shooters, rowers and cyclists. The book is divided according to sport; each section is pre-

faced with a short introduction telling about the event and notable American achievements in it. Most of the recipes, Scognamillo says, are "down-to-earth things—you just go to the kitchen and start pulling stuff out of the refrigerator..."

But the boycott has really hurt. Scognamillo groans slightly when asked about sales figures. "One hundred thousand—tops," he says, and William C. Brown needs to sell about 300,000 to break even. "But you want bitterness, you go to Toyota or Levi Strauss," he says. "There's bitterness there. If I had it to do over again, I'd do it the same damn way." And he says there are plans to do another Olympic cookbook before the '84 Games in Los Angeles—assuming there is an '84 Games in Los Angeles.

A SAD STORY CONTINUED

Another chapter in the sad story of Patrick Bayless was written this spring, when the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Third District threw out the \$4.6 million suit Bayless had filed against the Phillies, charging them with negligence in administering Butazolidin to him (IS, Premier issue). According to Bayless, the alleged abuse occurred in 1971, when he was a prospect in the Phillies farm system. After his release near the end of the '71 season, Bayless, who'd had some emotional problems while in the minors, was hospitalized several times in California mental institutions.

His lawyer, Jack McMahon, said the court felt that the case was a workman's compensation suit—so the case was dismissed before questions could be raised about the possible psychological effects of Butazolidin. McMahon says he will petition the full court to



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hear the case, rather than the three-judge panel that threw the suit out; but if the court refuses, the next step is to the U.S. Supreme Court. McMahon says, "Pat knows what's going on. He calls me once a day. He's in bad shape." McMahon said Bayless still receives his once-weekly tranquilizer shots but that they appear to be less effective.

HERE'S TO YOU, MR. AUTRY

The Statler Brothers have been the Country Music Association's vocal group of the year seven times. They're also big baseball fans, rooting mostly for the Yankees, Twins and the Angels. Which makes it easy to schedule their summer tours—someone's always playing someplace.

Next to baseball, their favorite thing is cowboy movies. And their favorite cowboy is Gene Autry—who just happens to own the Angels.

When Autry heard they were such fans of his, he sent them each an autographed copy of his autobiography, Back in the Saddle Again, for Christmas. Whereupon the Statlers wrote a song about him, calling it "Mr. Autry"; it's on their Originals album.

"My brother Harold and I wrote the song," says Don Reid, the group's spokesman. "We fell so much in love with the book. I guess it's a little book review. We did the song on Hee Haw, and they had a videotape of Mr. Autry, showing his emotions while he listened to the record. Well, that was real emotional."

As for Autry, he still hasn't met any of the Statlers but, he says, "I enjoyed the song very much. I hope it helps us win the pennant this year." As spring training approached, Autry's mind wasn't exactly

on baseball, though. "Can you believe those American boys beating those Russians in that hockey game? I have to say that was my number-two thrill in sports—right behind us winning the division last year."

YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY, BABY

Edwin Paget has, by his own count, run up Pike's Peak 866 times since 1919. The North Carolina State speech professor emeritus—who admits to being "somewhere between 75 and 85"—has been thinking about his life on the run. "Every time we go out and see somebody jogging, Mrs. Paget turns to

Colorado Springs—coincidentally also the home of the U.S. Olympic Committee. "Now we have an Olympics in July whether we go to Moscow or not," he says.

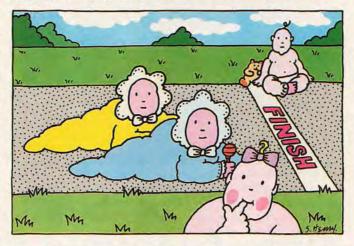
Although Paget hasn't gotten all the details worked out, he did get 55 contestants to show up at a trial run held in his hometown of Raleigh, North Carolina, on February 27. "Frankly, I didn't know if we could get them to do anything once we got them out there," he says. But the babies went through their paces—or crawls.

For the main event in July, the professor has tentatively planned "some swimtraveling in Colorado who decide to enter their tykes. And he promises no one under four will be turned away: "In the interests of establishing what these babies can do, I don't think it would be fair to keep any of them out." The only requirement is the dollar admission Paget will charge. A bargain, considering.

Paget doesn't mind that some people might not take him seriously. "I've had several people coming by and saying, 'Professor, is this a joke?' It's not," he says. He is serious about his theories, and his own condition is excellent—Paget intends to run his Olympics while climbing the peak at least another 45 times, four more times than last summer.

"Twenty years ago, an 80-year-old man running in a marathon—his children would have put him in an insane asylum. Now you see 80-year-old men out running in marathons all the time. There's a correlation between the exercise and the longevity somewhere." Sure, but why 145, heretofore reached only by dubious yogurt eaters in the Caucasus?

"The golfer Gary Player said he intended to be 120. I figured I could be 145."



me and says, 'See what you've done?'"

Professor Paget would also like to live to be 145. You see, he has this theory that as people get older and exercise less and less, the blood vessels that carry oxygen to the brain become eroded, and that's one reason that human life spans are only as long as they are. Now, if you were to begin early in life and continue exercising-barring accidents-even you could easily live to be 100. If you wonder where all this is taking us, well, the answer is the first Baby Olympics. Paget is organizing—and financing-a meet for July near his summer home in

ming events, a tug of war, a backward crawl, that kind of thing. The distances haven't been worked out yet because, for one thing, no one knows how far a baby will crawl by itself." Some events produce special problems. "For instance, although they tell me one out of every so many babies does it naturally, babies that will crawl backward are rare as four-leaf clovers."

Youth in the first Baby Olympics will not pose a problem for the competitors. "I somewhat reluctantly put in the three-year-olds," says Paget, "but if you're four you're hardly an infant." He hopes for a wide range of competitors from tourists

LISTS

Brooks Robinson, who is considered to be the greatest modern-day defensive infielder, picks his greatest defensive infield from his contemporaries.

First Base—Vic Power (Indians, A's, Twins, Angels and Phillies)—"For catching the ball, Vic was superb. He made every catch look good because he had a little bit of hot dog in him. Just an outstanding player."

Second Base—Bobby Grich (Orioles, Angels)—"For two of the years that I played with him he had the best years I have ever seen for a second baseman."

Shortstop—Mark Belanger (Orioles)—"For making all the plays, he's the best."

Third Base—Clete Boyer (A's, Yankees, Braves)—
"Defensively, he was a super player. A great fielder, a great arm. Probably overlooked because he was on some great Yankee clubs. Defense is always overlooked because so many people in the game are offensively oriented. It's possible Clete didn't get the acclaim because he wasn't a great hitter."

Modesty keeps Brooks from picking himself.

Liz Smith, who writes a gossip column syndicated in close to 60 newspapers, tells why she loves certain sports items:

Terry Bradshaw—"Prototype of the Hulk, the Brute—the king of football with his off-and-on marriage to the ice princess, Jo Jo Starbuck."

Howard Cosell—"What would the media do if it didn't have Howard to kick around anymore? The man they love to hate. He may have bombed on the cover of *People*, but he's always good for an item because he's a lightning rod."

Reggie Jackson—"Tempestuous . . . attractive, and hangs out where beautiful women go. . . ."

Joe Namath—"Age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety.... The Broadway Joe image is getting shopworn but he's still one of the good guys with his bad knees and good personality."

Joe DiMaggio—"While he's hyping us to bank and make coffee, he's the elder statesman of sport and the man who lends respectability to the memory of Marilyn Monroe."

O. J. Simpson—"Something arrogant but Mr. Clean about his nickname and his TV ads and his upward mobility. A model for ghetto kids."



Ranger center Ron Duguay was such a hit in a TV commercial for Sasson jeans that the elite Elite Men modeling agency signed him up. "He has such a fresh face—most other hockey players have their faces cut up—and his hair! When I first saw him it was flying behind him like feathers," says Bob Newey, the director of Elite. And what if Duguay stops a puck with, say, his nose? "It'll be okay because he's a good guy," says Newey. "We sell personality." And it's on from there to magazine covers—L'Uomo, the Italian edition of Vogue, and Andy Warhol's Interview. Not bad for a country boy from central Ontario. But is he happy? That's Tracy Scoggins above. You figure it out.

UPDATES . . .

Oilers wide receiver Kenny Burrough's disco single "Super Bowl Itch" sold 44,000 copies, mostly in Houston, even though the Oilers didn't make it to Pasadena....

The Pittsburgh Penguins ordered new uniforms—black and gold to match the Steelers and Pirates. Wait a minute, said the Boston Bruins, who've worn those colors for 54 years. But thus far, the Bruins have not

pressed their case, and the Penguins have been skating in their new uniforms for a month....

Joel Weltman is suing Bowie Kuhn, Major League Baseball Promotion Corp., NBC, ABC and WPIX (which broadcasts Yankee games in New York). Weltman says that all of the above knowingly and willingly infringed on his copyright for a World Series logo, and the designer is looking for damages totaling \$20 million...

The shooting is finished on Martin Scorsese's Raging Bull, starring Robert De Niro as former middleweight champion Jake La Motta. The movie, filmed in black and white and written by Paul Schrader, comes out in late October and promises details about La Motta's mob connections. The exchamp served as technical adviser, teaching De Niro how to walk and talk and fight like, well, like a raging bull. . .

And ABC-TV's script is finished on Fighting Back, which traces Pittsburgh Steeler running back Rocky Bleier's career from 1968, when he arrived in Pittsburgh as a 16th-round draft choice, through his wounding in Vietnam and on to his exploits as a member of four Super Bowl teams. Robert Urich will play Bleier. The show is expected to air during Super Week XV....

Running fans should mark Philadelphia's Freedom Games (May 18) on their calendars. There, for the first time, Rod Milburn and Renaldo "Skeets" Nehemiah will meet in the hurdles. Milburn, who dominated the event through the middle '70s, commented: "We're both the greatest thing to ever happen to the hurdles." Check it out

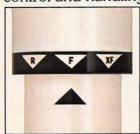
John Rooney is a professor of geography at Oklahoma State University who thinks college recruiting can be explained in terms of patterns. He ran 60,000 college athletes-everybody who played football or basketball at a major college between 1959 and 1976—through a computer to find out where they came from. Combining his research with the diary of an Oklahoma State assistant football coach and recruiter, Rooney has some radical suggestions to make. Read them in The Recruiting Game, available from the University of Nebraska Press at \$12.95.



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Dave Stockton plays the Penguin.

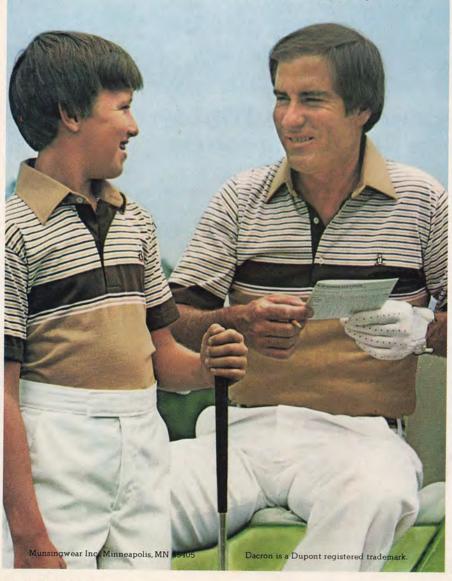


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COMEBACKS

Dear Editor:

Fourth down and less than a foot. Or so your Premier issue would seem. I haven't enjoyed such eclectic design since the early days of *New Times* and the glory days of *Esquire*. And about sports yet. Just swell.

Don't punt.

—Tim Whitaker Editor, Pittsburgh Magazine

Dear Editor:

While at my local bowling establishment last week I happened to pick up a copy of *Bowler's Digest*. Contained in this publication was an article criticizing your new magazine, INSIDE SPORTS. The author felt you'd implied that bowling is not a "true" sport. If that is what you meant to say, I want you to know that I couldn't agree more! BOWLING IS NOT A SPORT!

When I think of a sport, I think of physically fit humans engaging in athletic endeavors. When I bowl, I don't even sweat! I realize that anti-perspirants are getting better, but I've never seen a boxer or basketball player with a dry body. This one guy in my league must weigh 300 pounds, and he's a good bowler, too. If he can be good at something, it can't be a sport.

Fishing is another thing I laugh at when people call it a sport. All you do is throw a rope in the water and crank it in. You have as good a chance as anyone else if you have a good worm on the rope.

—David M. Freed West Bloomfield, Michigan P.S. How come I've never heard of your magazine? Funny that I'd find out about it in a bowling magazine.

Dear Editor:

I have just finished reading Bennett Tramer's most wonderful article ["Cuyahoga Fever with Tito Francona, Valmy Thomas and Frank Funk"] in the Premier issue of INSIDE SPORTS.

As a child I spent years of blissful afternoons and evenings listening to Bob Prince describe Pirate heroics over station KDKA. I grew up living and dying with "my Buccos" and, two years ago, I decided to attend college here in Pittsburgh to be close to my team. Well, what I am trying to say is that I would love to spend a perfect

evening with Tramer, listening to his Heritage of the Cleveland Indians album—providing he'll listen to my favorite album—Highlights of the Pittsburgh Pirates 1971 World Championship Season. Perhaps we could find a TV station showing The Kid From Cleveland—or Angels in the Outfield.

Thanks for an excellent article.

—Judy Smith Pittsburgh

Dear Editor:

I am a 17-year-old and have been a sports fan ever since I can remember. Since I always thought of *Newsweek* as superior to *Time*, I eagerly awaited IS's arrival. You let me down.

Without question, IS's layout is superior. But who wants a layout? The fans want S-P-O-R-T-S. The fans want coverage. The fans aren't intellectuals and the magazine as it is now will appeal only to the intellectuals. . . .

You don't need high-priced writers. IS merely needs reporters to cover the many games—both collegiate and professional—that occur on a daily basis.

There is something that you could add that would make IS America's No. 1 sports magazine: You could combine your coverage with three or four pages of statistics—the spectators' basis of sports. My friends and I are the coming generation who will be reading and subscribing to IS, and we agree that a complete set of stats and total coverage of the four major sports are the basis for success for any sports publication.

Your ludicrous who-cares statistics on page 12 are indications of where IS now stands—an appeal to an intellectual minority—not the unintellectual majority. Who do you want to sell IS to? The majority or the minority?

—Bob Gabriel Washington, D.C.

Dear Editor:

I have just finished reading your Premier issue, and I want to congratulate you for producing such an excellent magazine. I found it most enjoyable. Continued best wishes.

> —Lawrence F. O'Brien Manhattan

Dear Editor:

I have been reading sports journalism—newspapers, books, magazinessince the age of six. Having been a reader of *Newsweek* for the past few years, I had hoped INSIDE SPORTS would meet the standards of that magazine and I anxiously awaited your Premier issue. Having now read through INSIDE SPORTS I am delighted with its content and potential. But there were some rough edges.

If the numbers page is to be a regular feature, it has problems. On Measure the Air Game: First, you rank Tampa Bay, the Giants and Green Bay in the top nine teams—but they were all losers. Atlanta, Houston and New England all went to the playoffs—but wound up in the bottom 10

according to your stats.

On the Passing Gains section, I can't figure out why the most important offensive stat is yards per pass attempt—as you state here—when the most important correlate of success is rushes, as you state later. I believe that rushes are more important—for they use up the clock. In the rushes section, the word "opponent" should have been included in the column headed Rushes Per Game—otherwise some readers might think that Dallas rushed 29.8 times per game. In fact, Dallas' opponents rushed that much.

I thought the "Body and Soul" piece was well written—as most Kornheiser articles are. His description of the Scapegoat Theory was excellent—far above the usual descriptions of teams and players with problems.

Your observation of the racial factor in sports is an important one ["Body and Soul," "Mister Chips"]. However, I was surprised that George Vecsey never approached it in his piece on the Mets ["When the Mets Could Rule the World"]. As a team, the Mets have a record of hiring only a bare few black ballplayers, and I thought Vecsey should have explored that.

I was pleased to note that you recognize that sports is not made up solely of winners. There are losers, too. Your article on Pat Bayless ["The Sad Tale of Patrick Bruce Bayless"] was sensitive and showed the connection between losing in a game and losing in life. It would be nice, a few months hence, to read a short update on Bayless and his case against the Phillies.

—David Blatt Manhattan

AFTER 280 YEARS OF DEALING WITH ROYALTY. WE'VE LEARNED A LITTLE SOMETHING ABOUT TASTE.

The shop of Berry Brothers & Rudd, Ltd., wine



merchants, has been a British landmark for nearly three centuries. For years, kings, queens, dukes and nobles from all over the world have The Tasting Room at Berry Bros. & Rudd, Ltd. serve with their sumptuous meals.

On many occasions, Berry Brothers & Rudd, Ltd. were asked to suggest a Scotch Whisky of equal merit. Unable to recommend one with wholehearted enthusiasm, they created Cutty Sark Scots Whisky. The first Scotch ever made by wine experts to please the most demanding of palates.

The result is a Scotch with a delicate bouquet and a quality of smoothness which is quite singular.

Of course, you don't have to be of noble birth to appreciate Cutty Sark Scots Whisky. All that is required is noble taste.



NUMBERS

OPENING A'S

In the past four seasons 104 players have performed for Oakland. Here are the opening-day lineups:

APRIL 9, 1976	APRIL 7, 1978
Billy North, cf	Miguel Dilone, If
Bert Campaneris, ss	Billy North, cf
Claudell Washington, rf	Gary Thomasson, 1b
Don Baylor, 1b	Tony Armas, rf
Joe Rudi, If	Gary Alexander, dh
Sal Bando, 3b	Jim Essian, c
Gene Tenace, c	Wayne Gross, 3b
Billy Williams, dh	Mario Guerrero, ss
Phil Garner, 2b	Steve Staggs, 2b
Mike Torrez, p	Rick Langford, p
Mgr: Chuck Tanner	Mgr: Bobby Winkles
A's 5, Angels 2	Angels 1, A's 0
APRIL 9, 1977	APRIL 6, 1979
Billy North, cf	Glenn Burke, If
Rodney Scott, 2b	Miguel Dilone, rf
Mitchell Page, If	Mitchell Page, dh
Dick Allen, 1b	Jeff Newman, c
Manny Sanguillen, c	Dave Revering, 1b
Wayne Gross, 3b	Mike Edwards, 2b
Earl Williams, dh	Tony Armas, cf
Tony Armas rf	Mickey Klutte 3h

Rob Picciolo, ss

Rick Langford, p

Twins 5, A's 3

Mgr: Jim Marshall

Rob Picciolo, ss

Mike Torrez, p

A's 7, Twins 4

Mgr: Jack McKeon

APRIL FLASHES

Here are some of the players in the past two decades who got off to outstanding Aprils only to finish the season with less than impressive batting averages.

	APRIL	SEASON
Billy Smith, Orioles (1977)	.386	.215
Ron Woods, Expos (1973)	.368	.230
Tom McCraw, Senators (1971)	.349	.213
Coco Laboy, Expos (1969)	.397	.258
Don Pavletich, Reds (1967)	.414	.238
Max Alvis, Indians (1966)	.447	.245
Camilo Carreon, Indians (1965)	.375	.231
Haywood Sullivan, A's (1961)	.387	.242
Al Pilarcik, Orioles (1960)	.444	.247
Billy Consolo, Senators (1960)	,343	.207

HELPING AND HURTING

Who are the top NBA players in handing out assists without throwing away the ball? Who are the players most likely to turn over the ball rather than pass for an assist? In the first set of statistics, the R (Ratio) shows the number of assists per turnover. In the second set, the R shows the number of turnovers per assist.

THE BEST

	A	T	R	
Don Buse, Phoe.	248	66	3.76	
Foots Walker, Cleve.	430	116	3.71	
John Lucas, GS	466	135	3.45	

Maurice Cheeks, Phila.	458	164	2.79
Bill McKinney, KC	187	70	2.67
Nate Archibald, Bost.	498	190	2.62
Tom Henderson, Houst.	199	78	2,55
Lloyd Walton, Milw.	238	95	2.51
Willie Smith, Cleve.	181	73	2.48
Jim Cleamons, NY-Wash.	208	85	2.45
Quinn Buckner, Milw.	263	108	2.44
John Roche, Denv.	288	118	2.44
Kevin Porter, Wash.	258	107	2.41
Mike Gale, SA	199	83	2.40
Tom Abernethy, GS	59	25	2.36
Brian Taylor, SD	260	110	2.36
Wes Unseld, Wash.	268	114	2.35
Geoff Huston, NY	145	62	2.34
Henry Bibby, Phila.	247	108	2.29
Joe Hassett, Ind.	75	33	2.27
120 A 200 A	September 1		

THE WORST

	1	A	K
Wayne Cooper, GS	101	27	3.74
Larry Demic, NY	129	42	3.07
John Drew, Atl.	190	75	2.53
Mark Landsberger, Chi-LA	77	33	2,33
Bill Robinzine, KC	122	54	2.26
Major Jones, Houst.	94	45	2.08
Moses Malone, Houst.	223	108	2.06
Elvin Hayes, Wash.	153	77	1.99
Rick Robey, Bost.	113	60	1.88
Kenny Carr, LA-Cleve.	119	65	1.83
Joe C. Meriweather, NY	90	50	1.80
Mike Mitchell, Cleve.	126	71	1.77
Phil Hubbard, Det.	86	49	1.76
Robert Parish, GS	181	104	1.74
Truck Robinson, Phoe.	176	107	1.64
Nick Weatherspoon, SD	71	44	1.61
Darryl Dawkins, Phila.	167	105	1.59
Caldwell Jones, Phila.	174	117	1.49
Cliff Robinson, NJ	93	63	1.48
Spencer Haywood, LA	112	77	1.45

Through games of February 17.

WHAT DO K-E-R-N AND S-U-T-T-E-R SPELL?

INSIDE SPORTS ranked 32 of the top relief pitchers last season in eight categories and then came up with an overall rating.

		RG	(R)	PGF	(R)	S	(R)	ERA	(R)	W-L	(R)	OBA	(R)	HPN	(R)	WPSO	* (R)	RATING
1	Jim Kern	71	(7)	.803	(8)	29	(4)	1.57	(1)	.722	(3)	.198	(2)	6.23	(3)	0.41	(14)	42
2	Bruce Sutter	62	(151/2)	.903	(3)	37	(1)	2.23	(7)	.500	(25)	.186	(1)	5.97	(1)	0.25	(4)	571/2
3	Aurelio Lopez	61	(171/2)	.803	(7)	21	(71/2)	2.41	(9)	.667	(10)	.210	(6)	6.73	(6)	0.45	(18)	81
4	Joe Sambito	63	(131/2)	.810	(5)	22	(6)	1.78	(3)	.533	(221/2)	.235	(15)	7.91	(15)	0.23	(3)	83
5	Kent Tekulve	94	(1)	.713	(14)	31	(3)	2.75	(15)	.556	(20)	.222	(10)	7.32	(10)	0.39	(12)	85
6	Don Stanhouse	52	$(23\frac{1}{2})$.885	(4)	21	(71/2)	2.84	(16)	.700	(4)	.202	(3)	6.04	(2)	1.29	(32)	92
7	Sid Monge	76	(5)	.697	(17)	19	(10)	2.40	(8)	.545	(21)	.209	(5)	6.60	(5)	0.52	(24)	95
8	Mark Littell	63	(131/2)	.635	(22)	13	(191/2)	2.20	(6)	.692	(51/2)	.203	(4)	6.59	(4)	0.51	(23)	971/2
9	Elias Sosa	62	(151/2)	.661	(19)	18	(111/2)	1.95	(4)	.533	(221/2)	.220	(9)	7.14	(8)	0.44	(15)	1041/2
10	Gary Lavelle	70	(8)	.786	(10)	20	(9)	2.51	(11)	.438	(27)	.247	(17)	7.98	(16)	0.34	(7)	105
11	Rich Gossage	36	(30)	.917	(2)	18	(111/2)	2.64	(13)	.625	(121/2)	.227	(13)	7.45	(131/2)	0.37	(10)	1051/2
12	Mike Marshall	89	(2)	.944	(1)	32	(2)	2.62	(12)	.400	(29)	.255	(19)	8.36	(18)	0.56	(25)	108
13	. Tim Stoddard	29	(32)	.517	(26)	3	(32)	1.71	(2)	.750	(2)	.212	(7)	6.83	(7)	0.36	(9)	117
14	Tom Hume	45	(26)	.733	(13)	17	(13)	2.00	(5)	.500	(25)	.244	(16)	8.11	(17)	0.36	(8)	123
15	Mark Clear	52	(231/2)	.712	(151/2)	14	(161/2)	3.63	(22)	.688	(7)	.219	(8)	7.18	(9)	0.64	(26)	1271/2
16	Sparky Lyle	67	(10)	.791	(9)	13	(191/2)	3.13	(20)	.385	(31)	.226	(12)	7.39	(12)	0.46	(20)	1331/2
17	Enrique Romo	84	(3)	.298	(32)	5	$(29\frac{1}{2})$	3.00	(19)	.667	(10)	.253	(18)	8.51	(19)	0.32	(6)	1361/2
18	Dick Drago	52	(231/2)	.712	(151/2)	13	(191/2)	3.14	(21)	.625	(121/2)	.258	(22)	8.79	(21)	0.22	(2)	137
19	Grant Jackson	72	(6)	.403	(31)	14	(161/2)	2.96	(18)	.615	(15)	.230	(14)	7.35	(11)	0.77	(29)	1401/2
20	. Tug McGraw	64	(12)	.672	(18)	16	(141/2)	5.06	(30)	.571	(19)	.257	(21)	8.78	(20)	0.38	(11)	1451/2
21	Gene Garber	68	(9)	.809	(6)	25	(5)	4.33	(28)	.273	(32)	.283	(31)	10.27	(31)	0.27	(5)	147
22	Mike Proly	32	(31)	.750	(12)	9	(25)	2.48	(10)	.600	(171/2)	.225	(11)	7.45	(131/2)	1.00	(31)	151
23	Doug Bair	65	(11)	.646	(20)	16	(141/2)	4.31	(27)	.611	(16)	.256	(20)	8.90	(24)	0.45	(19)	1511/2
24	Dick Tidrow	77	(4)	.481	(28)	6	(28)	3.64	(23)	.684	(8)	.267	(26)	8.86	(22)	0.47	(21)	160
25	Ron Davis	44	(271/2)	.477	(29)	9	(25)	2.86	(17)	.875	(1)	.262	(23)	8.89	(23)	0.44	(16)	1611/2
26	. Tom Burgmeier	44	(271/2)	.545	(25)	4	(31)	2.73	(14)	.600	(171/2)	.263	(25)	9.00	(251/2)	0.20	(1)	1661/2
27	. Al Hrabosky	58	(19)	.638	(21)	11	(22)	3.74	(24)	.692	(51/2)	.272	(27)	9.28	(28)	0.79	(30)	1761/2
28	Ron Reed	61	(171/2)	.607	(23)	5	(291/2)	4.15	(25)	.619	(14)	.278	(29)	9.71	(29)	0.40	(13)	180
29	Rollie Fingers	54	(201/2)	.759	(11)	13	(191/2)	4.50	(29)	.500	(25)	.281	(30)	9.75	(30)	0.45	(17)	182
30	John Montague	54	(201/2)	.463	(30)	7	(27)	5.24	(31)	.667	(10)	.273	(28)	9.20	(27)	0.65	(27)	2001/2
31	. Bill Campbell	41	(29)	.561	(24)	9	(25)	4.25	(26)	.429	(28)	.262	(24)	9.00	(251/2)	0.68	(28)	2091/2
32	. Dave LaRoche	52	$(23\frac{1}{2})$.481	(27)	10	(23)	5.53	(32)	.389	(30)	.316	(32)	11.28	(32)	0.51	(22)	2211/2

Statistics include relief appearances only. *Excludes intentional walks.

RG - Relief Games; (R) - Rank; PGF - Percentage of Games Finished; S - Saves; ERA - Earned Run Average; W-L - Won-Lost Percentage; OBA - Opponents' Batting Average; HPN - Hits Per Nine Innings; WPSO - Walks Per Strikeout. Figures supplied by Elias Sports Bureau.

Why do you see the pros drinking so much of this stuff? The "For the same Cause it was "For the same reason you should. Cause it works. "See, Gatorade® thirst quencher is made to help put back fluids and salts you sweat away, better than soft drinks. Even better than water. "It gives your body what it's thirsty for. "Look. The pros can't make a living unless they take good care of themselves. They care about what they eat. And what they drink. And a lot of them drink Gatorade. "Cause it works." Gatorade® What more could a body ask for?

The Good Eachte

When I was a kid, ballplayers used to say things like "darn" and "horse-feathers" when they got mad. Now, according to the papers, all they say is "bleeping." Every time I read a locker-room interview, it's nothing but "bleep this" and "bleeping that." I was in the marines and have worked on the docks for 34 years and I never heard anyone say "bleeping" in my life. What is it, Spanish, or what?

L. L., Oakland

"Bleeping" is a new, hip form of obscenity which was invented in 1963 by Radley Berk, sportswriter for the New York World Telegram and Sun. Berk, a former music critic, found the traditional baseball obscenities aesthetically unsatisfying. He began substituting the words "beep" or "beeping" in his stories, then hit on "bleep," which he called "streamlined, daring and appealing to the post-modern sensibility. In short, the perfect diamond expletive." The word caught on quickly among other sportswriters despite complaints from some old fogies that using it in quotes constituted an inaccuracy because the ballplayers weren't really saying "bleep." But Berk predicted-correctly, it turned out-that once the practice became popular, athletes would actually start using the bleeping word and then the quotes would be true! "Anyway," as Berk wrote in his last column (his life was cut tragically short when he was run over by a jeep bringing in a relief pitcher), "it hardly matters what you put in the quotes since ballplayers are full of bleep to begin with."

What are the effects of sports on sex? Do you believe an athlete can play in a game before a night of important sex and have anything left when it really counts?

J. L. V., New Orleans

For years it was believed that athletes should abstain from vigorous sports immediately before a crucial sexual encounter on the theory that they would be too drained to perform well. Boxers in particular have been known to avoid getting punched in the face for months before a heavy date. But current medical thinking says, "Hey, go right ahead and play (in moderation, of course), provided that at some point between the athletics and the sex you take a shower and remove your cleats." Studies are being conducted on a related question: Should athletes have sex during the game? Preliminary indications are that while difficult, it's not out of the question, if you know what you're doing.

I know it's not physically possible for someone to hang in midair, gravity being what it is. But Julius Erving and, years ago, Elgin Baylor, seemed to have this quality. How do you explain this?

A. L., Buffalo

Time-lapse photographs have been made of racehorses, showing that at certain points in their stride, all four feet are off the ground. This actually has nothing to do with your question, but it's an interesting point, don't you think? As for Erving and Baylor, certain aerodynamic forces produced by the combination of their elongated skeletal structure and lower-body musculature generate a countergravitational effect which . . Oh, bleep, it's just magic. Some guys got the magic, that's all.

Why have there been so few dropkicks in the NFL lately?

G. H., Miami Beach

We hiked this query back to Mustang Magorka, one of the greatest dropkickers in football history. Ma-

gorka, who starred for the Akron Greasers from 1936-44 and now lives in Sarasota, Florida, says: "Some guys say it's the shape of the ball. Nah. It's the ankles. These guys today, their ankles are too weak to dropkick accurate. That ball comes up off her bounce, she can pop up any way which. You gotta have an ankle that can adjust in a split second or that damn thing is bonk up your nose. And you hadda be able to go for distance, too. One time against Cleveland, a guard name of Shimkus tries to clothesline me, I dropkicked him 16 yards. Broke his collarbone coming down. The guy later married an exhooker name of Chiquita and opened an electrical supply store in Kalamazoo. Did okay, too, but then the place burned down, I would say in '47. Didn't have a dime's worth of insurance, either. Damn shame."

If Bob Cousy is an all-time great NBA player, why's his lifetime shooting percentage only 37 per cent?

T. F. (not my real initials), Boston

You're just wrong. Bob Cousy was one of the greatest shooters ever to play in the NBA-a shooter so pure and subtle that he had others do it for him. His first year in the league he finished fourth in assists, the next year second, and then for the next eight seasons, 1952-53 through 1959-60, he led the NBA, and in that period Boston was the league champ three times. And his last year as assist leader, that '59-60 season, it's worth noting that the Hawks were the best shooting team in the league with a .419 percentage. In the '78-79 season, the New Jersey Nets were the worst-shooting team in the league with a .460 percentage. With today's shooters Cousy's assist & totals would look like the price of a gallon of gasoline. .



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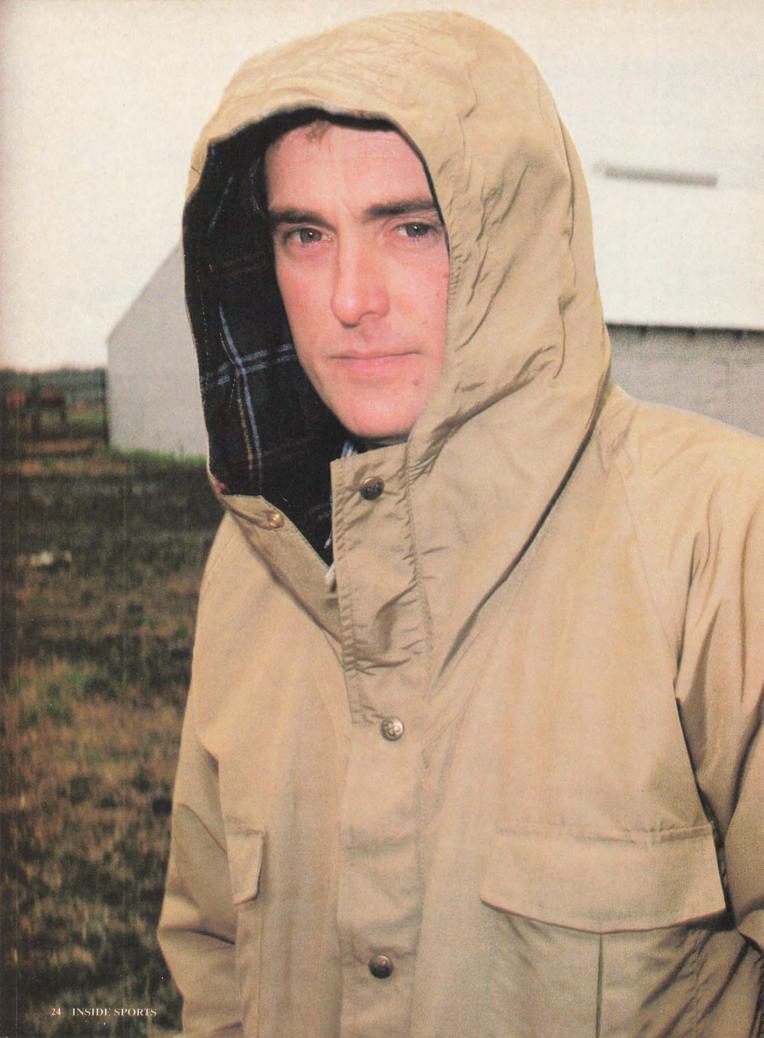
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The Celica GT Liftback. It's lean and clean and a little bit mean. Make it your machine.







BY TONY KORNHEISER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID ALEXANDER

HOUSTON, Sept. 10, 1980 (AP)—Fireballing Nolan Ryan pitched a record fifth no-hitter last night as the Houston Astros edged the Los Angeles Dodgers, 1-0. Ryan, whose legendary fastball-The Ryan Express-has been clocked at 100.9 miles per hour, broke his tie with ex-Dodger Sandy Koufax as the only men in baseball history to pitch four no-hitters. The 33-yearold Ryan, now 12-12 on the year, walked five and struck out 14 and was in trouble only in the fourth after he walked the bases loaded and had to whiff Steve Garvey and Ron Cey to escape from the jam. His 14 strikeouts moved him past Bob Gibson on the career strikeout list and within 400 of Walter Johnson's 3,508 all-time mark. The flame-throwing right-hander already has the single season strikeout record of 383; he also has the major league career mark in walks. His previous four no-hitters came with California. He joined the Astros last winter as a free agent, signing an historic contract for more than \$1 million per year over three years giving him the highest annual salary ever paid a professional athlete. "I'm quite proud to pitch my fifth nohitter," he said, "but I don't think that it will change what people think of me. People always judge me by my Ws and Ls." The win gave Ryan a lifetime record of 179–171.

t was in 1973. No, maybe 1974. Then again, it doesn't matter when, only that it happened. Once with Dick Allen and once with Reggie Jackson. Maximum wood. The only kind of hitters Nolan Ryan really likes facing, because they can beat him with one swing.

Both times Ryan was pitching in games that were already tubed; he was down two or three, late. Ryan, who always thought like a bullfighter anyway, figured it was time to go for the kill. The prospect of having Allen's tail and Reggie's ears in his pocket appealed to his ego. So, each time, Ryan called his catcher to the mound and told him to tell the hitter, "Nothing but heat." Which is something of a direct challenge in the same way that spitting in a man's face is something of an insult.

Allen looked out at Ryan and said, "Let's get it on." A few pitches later he flew out to right, and when he jogged past the mound he smiled at Ryan and said, "You got me."

Reggie said nothing at all. He flew out to the leftfielder. He says it was a line drive. Ryan says it was routine.

"We both consider it a draw," Ryan says.

In fact, Ryan considers the Allen duel a draw too "because I didn't strike him out."

Nothing less would have satisfied him—not even a called strike three—but a screw-yourself-into-the-ground-from-

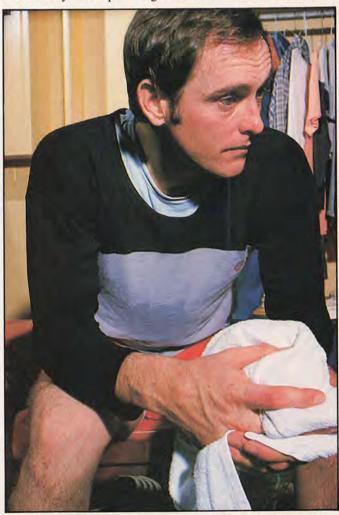
the-aftershock swinging strike three.

Nolan Ryan, who has the arm, the money and the power, would seem to have all the right stuff to control his destiny. But he has that kind of pride the Greek playwrights burdened their tragic heroes with. Only on the field, but always on the field. He has to be definitive, always the perfect pitch to the perfect spot for the perfect strike. In his heart, he wants to turn a team game into solitaire. He has told his close friends, "The greater the pressure, the more I like it. I'd get the most satisfaction accomplishing something that people didn't think I was capable of." He is a romantic: You want to see if I'm worthy of this gifted arm? Fine. Get things just the way you want them and give me a sign. Then, if you can see me, try and hit me. He is the most spectacular pitcher of his time, but he can't win for losing.

This is what is now important to Nolan Ryan as far as baseball is concerned—that he is a pitcher, not a thrower. The distinction? Sandy Koufax and Steve Dalkowski. You've never heard of Dalkowski? Well, he could bring it, faster even than Ryan, according to Harry Dalton, who, when he was general manager of the Angels, traded for Ryan. Dalkowski may have been the fastest ever, but he couldn't find the plate with a road map. Just another thrower. Ryan was too when he came up with the Mets. An awe-some blur "but as raw as talent came. I didn't know the first thing about pitching."

He spent the next 12 years obsessed by the pursuit of excellence, claiming the same prerogative as a junkballer like Randy Jones to throw the 3-2 curve on the corner. "Nolie has thrown more 3-2 curves than any power pitcher in history," says Tom Morgan, his former pitching coach at California, the man whom Ryan credits with teaching him how to pitch. "I tried to change him, believe me. Many, many times I told him, 'Just throw it as hard as you can down the middle of the plate—they won't hit it anyway. Just pitch one full game like that for me and see how it turns out.""

"Nope," Ryan says. "If I do, they'll call me a thrower."
While this appears to be contradictory—Ryan's need to get a 3-2 curve past a slap hitter with the bases loaded vs. Ryan's need to get a 100-mph heater past a dangerous slugger with nobody on—the appearance is deceiving. There are two sides to the coin of pride—and Ryan is standing firmly on both. Ryan's hope is to get each batter out in the manner



This is Ryan's most impressive statistic: In the 114 games in which he took a lead into the eighth inning with the Angels, he won 109, lost 2 and had 3 no-decisions.

that pleases him most as a pitcher.

So, at the risk of squandering his talent, he took the road less travelled, and it has made all the difference. Over the last eight seasons Ryan has allowed just 6.27 hits per nine innings; the American League has batted a collective .193 against him, by far the best performance of any starter, almost 30 points lower than Jim Palmer and almost 40 points lower than Gaylord Perry, who are, statistically, the two best pitchers in the league for the comparable period.

But because he seeks to control a game so completely by being super fine, he doesn't give anyone anything to hit and hitters wait on him. One, they fear his speed, and two, they realize no one can throw perfect pitches to perfect spots forever. "You can't wear him out, so you wait for him to get wild and beat himself," says Dick Williams, who managed Ryan at California. Ryan won't miss by much, but he'll miss often. His 5.37 walks per nine innings over the last eight seasons is by far the worst of American League starters. When you pitch for teams like the Mets and the Angels of the midseventies, that considered two runs a month's work of slugging, you can't give away that much and win.

"The bottom line is wins and losses," says Williams.

"Look at his record. It's .500. It's nothing."

167-159.

The Orioles' Mark Belanger: "It's amazing with his stuff that he doesn't win more."

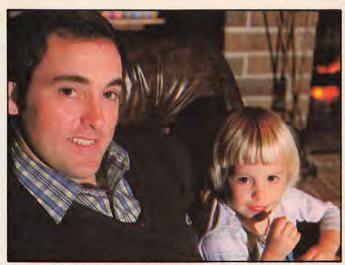
Dick Williams: "He throws a lot of pitches. The way the game is supposed to be played is to throw the least amount possible. My opinion is that he's trying to strike out every hitter he faces, and every time he throws the ball he wants the hitter to swing and miss. You've got seven fielders behind you. Use them. You like the arm, but is it productive for the team?"

Jim Palmer: "Nolan's got so much more natural ability than the rest of us. He's like a child prodigy. You can't even comprehend what it's like to be that talented . . . [but] he tries to intimidate people. I try to get them out. If you're going to lose, it's sure great to strike out 380 guys. I'm not saying he isn't a winner. Maybe his niche is 383 strikeouts. Mine is winning two-thirds of my games."

It is late January and the flatland of southeastern Texas is swollen with water from three days of rain. The local bayous have overflowed and the gullies on the sides of the road are rivers. The land looks cold and ugly, as far from summer and the abominably large mosquitoes that breed here as possible. Ryan is in his pickup truck, the same pickup he used the day before to load 2,000 pounds of bull-grower at the feed store. He is on his way from Houston, America's largest safe deposit box, to his hometown. As the pickup gobbles ground on the road to Alvin, his voice is as flat as the land he is crossing. In the face of overwhelming criticism he persists: His way is the right way.

"Number one for me was always location. I want to make the perfect pitch. With perfect location, it doesn't matter how bad your stuff is. I will not throw the ball down the middle. Don't tell me that Jim Palmer says he wouldn't throw a 3-2 curveball if he could throw 98; he wouldn't throw it down the middle if he could throw 98—and anyway, he wouldn't know what it's like because he can't throw 98. He never stood on that mound with a bad team and no runs and knew if he threw one bad pitch he'd be beat. He was never in that position. Jim Palmer's always pitched for the best infield in baseball, and his team scored runs.

"I've been told all my career that I shouldn't worry about hitting the corners. That's not right. You can get away with going down the middle the first time down the lineup and maybe strike out five or six guys, but the second time they



Ryan: "My greatest responsibility is rearing my children (daughter Wendy, 3, above) to know the difference between right and wrong." He also likes ranching better than baseball.

get a piece of you, and by the third time they've got you timed and you're out of there. I agree I used to be too fine, but I always felt that was my only hope, the least chance I

had of losing.

"I walked a lot of guys. I drove managers crazy. They said I wasn't pitching the way someone of my ability should. If I'm going to lose, I'm going to lose my way. Who gets the L? Out of nine guys, I live with the L for the rest of my life. If I had to walk off as the losing pitcher, then I had to do whatever I could to make sure it didn't happen. If that meant I tried to control the game, I'd do it. I don't like the record. I can't erase it. I can't get around it. I wish it'd been different, not so much so I'd be considered great, but because I don't think people should have to defend me. It sure makes a big difference to a lot of people."

And now he is chuckling, counting his money in his mind's eye. "Doesn't seem to make that much difference to

the Houston Astros."

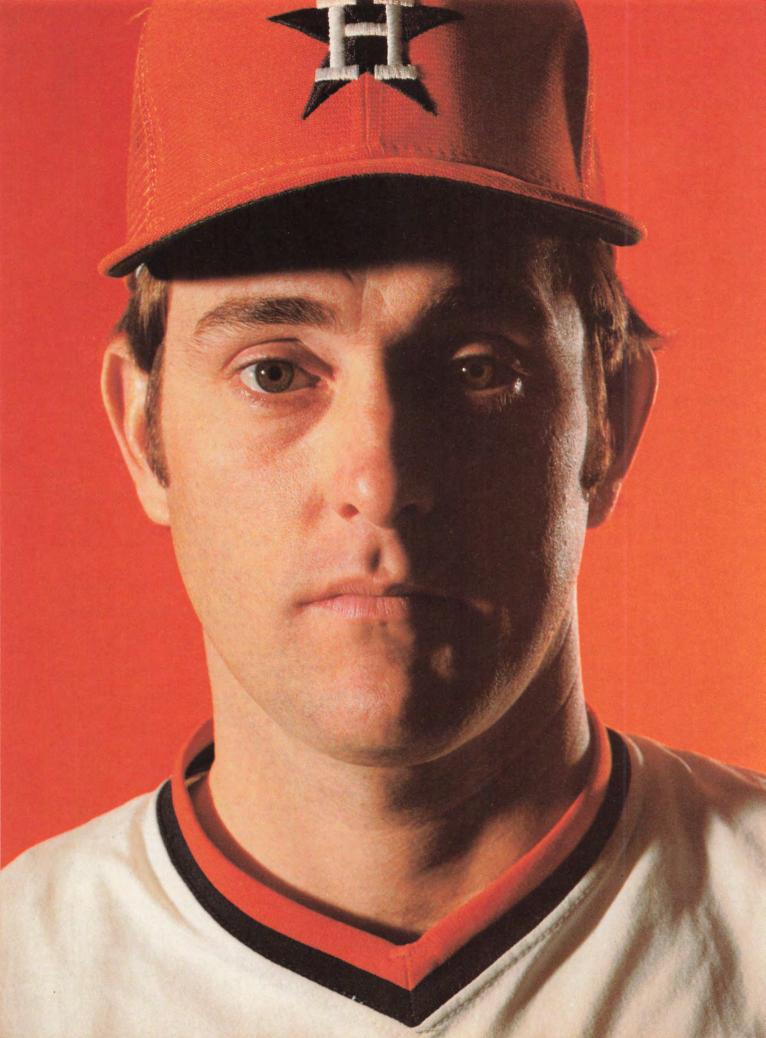
There is no tape deck in the pickup, which is unfortunate, because you know that in the background, through all this, Frank Sinatra would have been singing "My Way," followed by Sammy Davis Jr. singing "I've Gotta Be Me."

Nolan Ryan rolls into Alvin doing 55 and laughing.

The house sits behind three 130-year-old oaks and in front of 80 acres of land. There are bird dogs on the patio, horses on the lawn and cattle roaming the pasture. He is very much at home on the range, far away from the vertical claustrophobia of Manhattan and the postage stamp lawns of Orange County. There are 600 more acres on a site 100 miles west in Gonzalez, and his dream is to be self-sufficient as a rancher.

"I like ranching better than baseball," Ryan says. "I could be very content doing it. Everyone has his dream. I guess I got mine when I was younger and my uncle owned a dairy. I wanted to own a large tract of land, maybe 2,000 acres, and my own head of cattle, maybe 200–250 cows. You could sell the calves each year. That'd be enough to support my family."

You have to see him at home to know him, see him away from the ballpark in his jeans and flannel shirts and tractor driver cap (caps are de rigeur in southeast Texas; it's like everyone is a closet conehead), see him hugging Wendy, 3, or playing hide and seek with Reese, 4, or helping Reid, 8, paint his model car, see him open the car door for Ruth, his childhood sweetheart and best friend, see him at the table



when Reese says grace, see him in the pickup running an errand to the feed store, the three kids climbing all over him and his smiling the kind of smile that Norman Rockwell painted on magazine covers, see him in Alvin waving to the fathers and sons of people he grew up with.

Nolan and Ruth Ryan are straight out of a Stovetop

Stuffing commercial.

They stay at Holiday Inns. They call their elders "Mr." and "Mrs."

They were reluctant to buy their Mercedes because they felt that a Mercedes was a rich person's car, and even after they bought the sedan because they were convinced it would appreciate, they promised each other not to buy anything else that would make people think they were putting on airs.

"He was always very sincere and he always treated me

special," Ruth, who is wearing a Ryan Express T-Shirt and curlers in her hair, says as she prepares supper. "He's really old-fashioned and romantic. He bought me a book of poems once, and sometimes for no reason at all he buys me flowers. He calls me at least once a day when he's on the road. He's very understanding and protective, the exact opposite of what you see on the mound. He's never mean with the kids, he's never mean any time. What can I say? I always feel safe with him."

"That's why I signed with Houston," Ryan says as Reid, Reese and little Wendy run through the house. "It was for my family, because I thought the kids were getting to the age where moving twice a year and changing schools was

disrupting their lives. Ruth and those kids come first, they come before everything. You want to know my greatest responsibility? It's rearing my children to know the difference between right and wrong. It's not throwing a baseball."

Baseball.

Ryan's eyebrows are jumping beans. "You know how much time I spend thinking about baseball in the off-season?" He makes a fist. And giggles. "Zero."

Not much on abstract thought either. Doesn't think too much about being the fastest gun in the game. Likes it. Likes the power. Wouldn't want to be the fifth fastest, but doesn't think about it too much. "I think of it mostly as a gift, something I didn't have too much to do with," he says. "I accept it. I'm not awed by it. I try to work as hard as I can so I know I did everything I could with it, because I don't want to look back in 10 years and say well, you know, if I'd worked it, it'd been better, but I don't spend time thinking about it."

If you press him on it, Nolan Ryan will say that yes, there have been times, "certain nights when I've thrown and I've had to believe that I've had as good stuff as anybody ever had, when I can't imagine anyone ever throwing any better." But when you follow that by asking him what it feels like to be that fast, he just stares. And should you ask him why he was singled out to receive such a gift, you will get a

grin and he will say, "When are you going to understand that I don't think like that?"

His eyes are staring through the wall. "I'm sorry," he says. "What were we talking about?"

The moment is gone, and he is out of his seat. He can't sit still for long, can't sit in a car, can't sit indoors. Rather be outside doing something with his hands. Can't spend more than an hour indoors without getting antsy.

"Come on," he says. "Let's take a ride."

Cruising the sidestreets of his hometown with his children, Nolan Ryan points out a gas station where unleaded is selling for \$1.08 a gallon. "I used to pump gas at that station," he says, his Texas twang thick and rich like a barbecue sauce. "I remember once we got in a gas war and I was selling it at 23.9." He laughs. He can't believe 15 years have

passed since he was an Alvin Yellow Jacket, and that yellow jacket that now hangs in a trophy case at the high school covered his once 150-pound body like a tent. The citizens of Alvin have retired his number—he can't remember, it was either 18 or 19—named a street, Ryan Drive, in his honor and renamed the high school field "Nolan Ryan Field."

"It's one of the greatest honors a man could have, having his hometown name something after him, being so proud of him."

To the paint store and the feed store, and on the way back, when the kids are quiet, Ryan slows the pickup to a crawl and says something about reincarnation. He says if there was such a thing, he'd like to come back as a cougar. And run free.

I f you press him on it, Nolan Ryan will say that yes, there have been times, 'certain nights when I've thrown and I've had to believe that I've had as good stuff as anybody ever had.'

The contract sings. It calls for a guaranteed \$3.5 million over three years and \$1 million more for a fourth year if Houston decides to exercise its option.

"When I signed with the Mets I wasn't even sure I could get past A-Ball," Ryan says. "When I made the majors I figured I maybe had a shot at getting my four years in for my pension. I never expected to get this far. What's funny is that the scouts said I had a 'million-dollar arm' and I laughed at them."

A possible \$4.5 million for a .500 pitcher. Or, as Buzzie Bavasi, the California GM, says when asked—How can you replace Nolan Ryan?: "You mean, could I find two 8-7 pitchers?" So much for the depth of feeling between Bavasi and Ryan.

Actually, had Harry Dalton still been the GM at California, Ryan never would have become a free agent. He liked the area, the field, the organization and especially the fans. But Bavasi's coming two years ago changed things. Ryan never liked him. But even with Bavasi there, as late as after the 1978 season, Ryan would have taken an extension on his contract, another three years for \$1.2 million. Bavasi looked at Ryan's 10–13 record and passed. Then, when Ryan became a free agent after a 16–14 season, the most Bavasi offered was \$475,000 a year.

"He just wouldn't negotiate," says Richard Moss, Ryan's

attorney. "At one point I mentioned a five-year contract with the million-dollar figure for the last two years strictly as a first offer. He didn't make a counterproposal. He just went public to the papers with it trying to embarrass us. All he succeeded in doing was getting other owners to think about it, and making me intent on getting Nolan that figure."

Or, as Bavasi says, "We've had enough of Mr. Moss." So much for the depth of feeling between Bavasi and Moss.

Ryan thought five clubs might come after him heavy, and he was wrong only about one, Boston; the Red Sox didn't even draft him. Texas, Houston, the Yankees and Milwaukee, where Dalton is now GM, were hot for him. Ryan felt Texas wouldn't be able to be competitive in the negotiations, then eliminated the Yankees and Brewers because he

thought he ought to make his home permanently in the city he selected, and he preferred staying in Alvin, 30 miles southeast of Houston. The negotiations were handled by Moss and John McMullen, the Houston owner. They did not take long.

And now we must ask ourselves what Houston bought for its \$4.5 million, because as Ryan himself says, "I don't know what my potential is, but I'm 33 years old and I've got to figure that whatever it is, I reached it somewhere back on down the road. If they expect me to be 25-5 for them, they're not thinking straight. [It's always they; Ryan is keeping distance until the Astros let him know he is blood, not just money.] I've got to feel they're paying me on what I already did."

First of all, this is a business. Dalton says that each time Ryan started, it meant 5,000 extra fans. At 36 starts a year, that works out to 180,000 extra fans. At an average of \$5 a ticket, it works out to \$900,000 in extra revenue to be shared between home and visiting teams, not to mention parking and concession fees—or the reasonable possibility that Ryan will help the Astros to a pennant and fan interest will spill over, increasing attendance, parking and concessions for all 81 home games. Nolan Ryan, even at \$1 million a year, should make money for Houston.

Over the last eight years the top pitchers in the American League were arguably Palmer, Perry, Ryan, Catfish Hunter, Vida Blue, Ken Holtzman, Luis Tiant and Ferguson Jenkins. Ryan had more starts, innings, complete games, shutouts, strikeouts and walks than all the others, more victories than all but Palmer—and, of course, more losses.

The most interesting statistic is individual winning percentage as compared to team winning percentage. Ryan's percentage at California was .533 (138–121) while California's percentage, even with Ryan, was only .481—that's a plus 52. Only Perry (plus 88), Palmer (plus 61) and Tiant (plus 59) were better.

The statistic that Ryan supporters—and Ryan himself—point to with the most pride: In the 114 games in which Ryan took a lead into the eighth inning with the Angels, he

won an incredible 109, lost 2 and had 3 no-decisions.

"If you're down to Ryan after seven," says Dick Wil-

liams, "you just pack up the bags."

"It's my game," Ryan says. "With the Angels we didn't get the lead that often. When we did, I wasn't going to let it get away. You look at my record and see .500, but there's a difference. Some people are losers. I'm a winner."

As Dalton says, "Every time he goes out there there's the

possibility of a no-no."

Four no-nos. Seven one-hitters. Fifteen two-hitters. Twenty-five three-hitters.

"You beat him early, or you don't beat him," says Ruth Ryan. "Either way it's always exciting."

That's what Nolan Ryan thinks the Astros should be selling. Either way, it's always exciting. Ryan, his new team-

mate J. R. Richard and Ron Guidry are the only starters in the majors who are truly thrilling, and Ryan is the most thrilling. "Things happen when I pitch," he says. "A sinker-ball pitcher gets three ground outs and nothing happens. It's boring watching guys get singles and ground outs. My games are exciting. Fans love 'em. Yeah, they cuss when I walk a run in, but that's me, that's the way that I pitch.

"My performances are for the fans. I want those fans to say, 'He gave it all he had.' When I get out of the game for good I'm probably going to have too many losses for anyone to consider me a great pitcher, but I'd like people thinking of me like this—when Ryan was on the hill we knew we were in the

When Ryan is on the hill and at his best, the hitter has two choices. He can look for the fastball, which is virtually unhittable; it comes in so fast that even Ryan can't appreciate the speed "because I never see it hit the glove, I'm always on the other end of it." Or he can look for the curve that breaks down as if it has been poured from a bottle over

the side of a cliff.

Then again, you really can't look for the curve. "If you do," Belanger says, "you wind up in the hospital."

They say a hitter can't have any fear, but Belanger will tell you, "If there is anyone you fear, you fear Ryan." And Williams will tell you that when he managed the Oakland A's against Ryan, some of his biggest bats took the afternoon off. "They came down with a rare flu," Williams says. "I called it Nolanitis." It's a sudden attack of the nervous system brought on by the thought of feeling that proud heat rush past your face. "We're all in the major leagues," Belanger says. "But he has something special. It's a moral victory not to strike out against him."

It's not that he's so physically intimidating. Ryan's 6–2, 195 pounds. Many are bigger. But none are faster. And he always saves the fastest stuff for the biggest hitters. Ryan does not like facing slap hitters; hates it, in fact. He considers them gnats, loathsome and annoying. He wants to prove

himself against lumberjacks.

So great is the thrill from the challenge of that kind of hitter, that in confrontation Ryan seems to take the other seven men on the field behind him and discard them like pieces of wrapping paper. Nothing else exists but that hitter. It's not concentration Ryan seeks, but dominance. "The reason I like facing Reggie so much," Ryan says, "is because Reggie always goes for the downs against me. I like the confrontation. I like facing a threat. That's where it's at."

It goes both ways. "I remember one time a couple of years ago, it must have been 85 degrees out there, and by the 12th inning, he'd thrown maybe 160–170 pitches against us," says Jackson. "The Angels had bullpen problems, and there was no relief in sight. Back in the eighth, he'd gotten in a jam, and from then on had thrown nothing but fastballs. Everybody in the park knew what was coming, every pitch.

Twice I faced him between the eighth and the 12th, and twice he struck me out. I don't remember who won the game, but I remember that. After the second time, I just tipped my hat to the man. Thank you, I was saying, for allowing me to watch that performance, and I had the best seat in the house."

Of all his pitching records, the one Ryan enjoys the most is the 383 strike-outs in 1973. When he talk about it now, he still shakes his head in appreciation. "That proved what I could do over a whole year. I did it against designated hitters, on a flat mound. I look at that record and I get the feeling it might last a long time."

Which brings us full circle.

Jim Palmer: "I used to think strikeouts were his main criteria for success, and winning was incidental."

Harry Dalton: "As far as he was concerned, a strikeout was a putout. You can't argue with the logic."

Dick Moss: "He goes out every time to pitch a no-hitter. Until he can't do it anymore, he's going to do it."

Nolan Ryan: "I never think no-hitter, and I'd rather win 5-4 than lose 1-0 in 12 with 16 strikeouts. There's just no comparison. You can't put personal goals ahead of your team's. That's not right."

Your call.

This is it. Three years, four at the most, and counting down.

"The only way this wouldn't be it is if I was winning 15 to 18 a year and they wanted me and I was enjoying it," Ryan says. "I don't expect it. I'm in a pay bracket where they don't keep you around just because things are going well. I'll tell you—the amount of pitches I've thrown, I'd be surprised if when I'm 38 or 39 I'm still throwing in the 90s."

Already the phased withdrawal has begun.

Nolan Ryan can leave it. He doesn't love it like Tom Seaver or need it like Pete Rose. He will not overestimate what he has left and embarrass himself like Willie Mays and Hank Aaron, nor will he be tortured by the nightmares like Mickey Mantle. No, he will pick the fruit when it's ripe, squeeze it, drink the juice and walk away from the table. He is emotionally secure enough to know there is life after baseball, life during baseball. All the trophies, Nolan's for baseball and Ruth's for tennis—intentionally placed over Nolan's in one side of the trophy case—are in one room. "For the kids," Ryan says. Of all the balls, plaques and cups the one that means the most to Ryan is the Newsweek cover he got in 1975, "because that one wasn't a sports magazine."

He is tall, rugged and handsome. He has a beautiful wife for whom he still opens car doors and three adorable children for whom he would do anything. He is responsible, soft-spoken, unpretentious and polite, a good and kind man who works hard, does what he's supposed to, as his father did before him. He's got big money but small needs, and the

envy of his peers because his talent is so astounding that they can only shake their heads in wonder at it. He is a Texan, a rancher—a cowboy—and though Californians personify the American Dream, it is Texas cowboys who personify the American Hero.

But heroes are supposed to be winners.

This hero hasn't been one. Consider that he was 16-14 last season with a club that scored more runs than any other club in the last 17 years but the 1976 Minnesota Twins. And now he moves to a team that hit only 49 homers all season (only two over a fence at home after July 15 and one of those was by a pitcher) and to a park where 28.3 per cent fewer runs were scored than in the average of the 11 other parks in the National

League. Consider that his fastball, like the sun, also rises, and the National League umpires see the strike zone as any-

where at all between the knees and the thighs.

"The strike zone isn't a factor. I can pitch down. The biggest adjustment will be learning the National League umpires. I like pitching complete games. I've always prepared myself for an extra-inning game. I've prided myself on my ability to go 12 innings and be as strong in the 12th as in the fifth, but I'll do whatever the manager says. If he wants to take me out in the seventh, fine, as long as it helps the club. I'll never express my feelings unless they ask me. You see, I knew all this when I decided to come here, and it was all secondary to my feeling that this would be the best situation for my family. For the first time in years, I'm really looking forward to playing baseball."

If Ryan is aware of anything at all about coming back home a rich man to play in Houston, he is aware of the pressure that sits on his shoulders like a harpy. He is not ever going to be just one of the guys. If he thinks at all in the abstract, he thinks about this. He does most of his thinking in the car, and the Astrodome is a 40-minute ride from Alvin.

"I don't know exactly how to say this, but one thing I believe in is not disappointing people who put their trust in me. I want people to say that the Astros made the right move. I'm the highest-paid player in baseball and people ex-

pect me to achieve higher levels than others. I think I can put it in perspective because I saw what happened at California when we signed Rudi, Grich and Baylor. The organization built them up like we were getting three Willie Mayses in their prime; they promised the fans a pennant. So Rudi and Grich got hurt that first year because they were pressing too hard, and Baylor got off to a miserable start. The next season Lyman Bostock was our free agent and he was so uptight he swung at balls in front of the plate. Last year even as great a player as Rod Carew got off below his standard. You see what I mean? The free agents have a tendency to give in to the pressure because they want so badly to show the fans they're worth the money."

All winter long Ryan worked out so he could be in the best possible shape for spring training. He ran laps and lifted

weights in the Dome, worked outdoors and lifted more weights at the house in Alvin. He is conscious of and somewhat alarmed at the effect of aging on his body. He sees his weight settling around his middle, so he lays off beer a little more than he'd like, and he runs more than ever because he has a history of calf and groin pulls and his legs are where he gets his arm from; the legs go and he's in the 80s in no time.

"Some of these kids on the team look at me like I'm one of the coaches. Time goes by so fast, it scares you. I used to take my ability for granted; I don't know. I work harder. I don't go out there and say I don't have to run cause, hey, I've got it. I work hard every day."

The word "clenched" doesn't go far enough in describing Tal Smith, the Houston GM. He makes breathing seem like a 50-mile run with full pack. If he ever chose to open his mouth wide enough, he could probably bite through the Houston telephone directory.

ry.
"Not the kind of guy you can make small talk with," says
Ryan.

The first thing Smith says about Ryan is, "I didn't handle the actual negotiations."

No GM in his right mind would want to take responsibility for giving a player—especially a pitcher—a \$1 million a year contract, and furthermore Smith has always been opposed to building a club through free agency; Ryan is the first prominent free agent in the Astros' history. "One or two men won't change a club when it's dead last," Smith says. "I submit as evidence of that San Diego and Atlanta."

Ryan was the owner's call. All the way. Smith is already setting up the bailout.

Which makes sense. He tailored this club to the dimensions of the Dome. It's the toughest park in baseball to hit home runs in, so he brought in players who ran fast, played defense superbly and slapped singles and doubles. To complement that kind of a defensive team you need quality pitching, control pitching. You can't afford a pitcher who walks a lot of people, because a weak-hitting team can't af-

ford to give anything away. Smith says that "walks may take a bigger toll on a pitcher here than elsewhere." Sometime this season, if he stays healthy, Ryan may break Early Wynn's record for walks, career (Wynn had 1,775, Ryan 1,646). Then again, like Smith says, "You sign the best pitcher in the world and he will only get 35 or 40 starts and you hope he'll win 60 per cent of those—that's the best you can hope for with a pitcher." In his years with the Angels, Ryan won 48 per cent of his starts. Smith goes on to say that Ryan "hasn't enjoyed consistency and has had control problems." He allows that Ryan "is a potential Hall of Famer," but qualifies that by saying, "[it's] in some measure due to the dramatic nature of his performance. He's certainly memorable."

But Smith maintains that the time was right to sign a free

agent. Now that the Astros are contenders—they finished 1½ games out last season—one player can boost them into a pennant. "We've added a quality pitcher."

For \$250,000 you can get quality. For a possible \$4.5 million, the seas should part.

Before driving home to Alvin after the workout at the Dome, Ryan takes a shower and standing there, dripping wet, Nolan Ryan's right arm looks pretty much like anybody's right arm, fabled or otherwise. A right arm. Not bionic. Not smoking. Not even particularly muscular. A right arm.

In his locker a uniform is hanging. No. 34. The Houston public relations people gave him the same number as Earl Campbell of the Oilers to create potential advertising tie-ins. There is a

stack of mail waiting for him, an orange Houston cap and a baseball glove. Ryan's locker is at one end of the clubhouse, diagonally across and some 60 feet away, respectful distance, from that one belonging to J. R. Richard.

"Nolan Ryan understands the problem, and he's been magnificent in attempting to overcome it," says McMullen, the owner who made the call. "We talked to J. R. He understands, too. J. R.'s position is: I'll wait for my turn to come. Besides, we came very close to winning the pennant last year. Maybe Nolan Ryan will be the difference."

Ryan has seen the arrangement. "I'm very concerned not to create any problems on the club. I feel like I can get along with anybody. I do my work and I keep quiet, but because of the contract I'm sure a lot of people will be jealous and they'll be looking to see how I handle it.

"If they want to dislike me, let them dislike me because I am Nolan Ryan—not because of the contract."

There is a noose around his words as he speaks. And he is loosening it with a wink.

"I'm somewhat alert," he has said. "I pay attention to what I see."

On the wall, not more than two feet from Nolan Ryan's locker, is a fire extinguisher.

Tony Kornheiser writes for The Washington Post.

U.S. Government Report:









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Salem Lights	11	0.8
Vantage	11	0.8
Vantage Menthol	11	0.8
Winston Lights	14	1.1

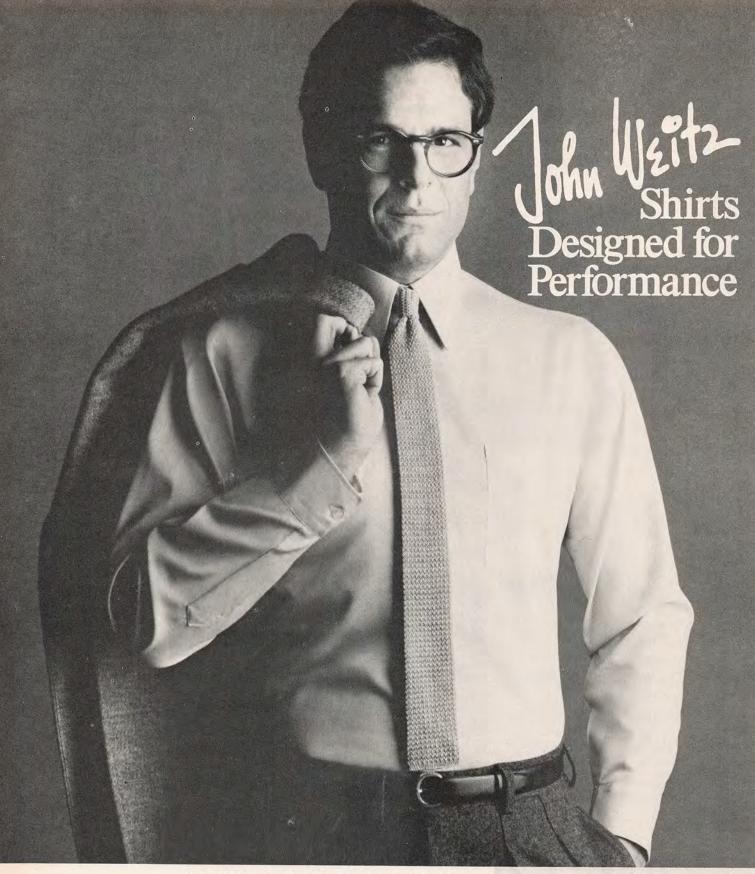
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BASEBALL'80

THE ONCE AND FUTURE KINGS

BY THOMAS BOSWELL

aseball is about to see a new hierarchy.

The most famous teams of the last decade, old friends whom we know thoroughly and hate to lose, are fading. Unfamiliar faces, indistinct

as strangers, are replacing them.

Each baseball season plants the seeds of its own future. Teams ripen, reach their peak, then eventually rot.

Baseball's most interesting years are those that follow a great harvest when a massive scything of old teams leaves the land clear for new growth.

The 1980 season holds just such promise because of the harrowing done last year when dynasts fell in

every division.

Four teams which made the game fascinating in the late seventies—the Yankees, the Dodgers, the Phillies and the Royals—won 11 of the 12 division titles from 1976 to 1978. They probably are ready to decompose. Put the Red Sox, equal to those four in talent if not in achievement, in the same category. Two other distinguished divisional powers of the seventies, Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, may well undergo a similar withering in 1980.

These seven teams, the best-known and the richest of the last decade, are still seen as favorites by fans. All look like .600 teams when seen with the optimistic eyes of spring. What compatriot of baseball could will them less? Yet come September, .500 will probably be closer to their resting place.

As the game shifts, five clubs with newly constructed team personalities have come to prominence: Baltimore and California which won their divisions in 1979, Montreal and Houston which nearly won, and Milwaukee which won 95 games. We will probably have to learn to appreciate these new acquaintances because, if the recent past is any teacher, their imprint will define the early eighties.

All five appear slightly stronger than they were a season ago. St. Louis and Detroit, both young and both still vague in our mind's eye, won 86 and 85 games last year and should improve.

This broad picture of baseball is a result of redigesting the seventies, drawing some rather hard-toescape conclusions, then applying those observations to the present.

Baseball is a game of trends, but seldom transformations. The sport changes course slowly. It takes sizable chunks of time to see the directions of the changes. In the seventies, baseball produced a succession of modest dynasties—teams which coalesced for a few years of superiority, then either disappeared totally, or had to have major repairs.

In each of the four divisions, the process was almost identical. Once a team reached the top, it stayed there for three to five years. And once it faded, it seldom snapped back quickly.

The kingpins of the four divisions during the decade were Pittsburgh (six titles), Cincinnati (six),

Baltimore (five) and Oakland (five).

As if that were not dramatic enough, each division produced a team that won three division titles in the seventies: New York, Kansas City, Philadelphia and Los Angeles.

Thus, eight of baseball's 26 teams (31 per cent) won 34 of 40 division titles (85 per cent), 18 of 20 pennants and all 10 World Championships. In fact, 20 of the 40 division winners were repeaters: three times what would be considered statistically normal.

The moral? Three kinds of teams have excellent chances to win their divisions: Those that won the year before, those that almost won and those which showed dramatic improvement in rising above .500.

Conversely, any team, once it has had a serious and confidence-destroying slip, is unlikely to come all the way back, even if, as in the case of the Yankees, Red Sox and Royals, it still has one of the game's best records.

After all, this is the way most baseball fans would want it. If the histories of our teams did not have continuity and a sense of direction, we would lose interest. Baseball is not a flighty game. The fate of franchises is usually over-determined, controlled by many factors tending in the same direction, rather than haphazard events.

In a sense, this could be a sad season to fans if

they must watch vivid and popular teams like the Yankees, Red Sox and Dodgers fading.

One glance around the Yankee clubhouse shows a shattered and transformed team. Absent faces and ended careers haunt every cubicle: Hunter, Lyle, Munson, Rivers, Chambliss, Martin. Only 11 of the 1977-78 World Champions remain.

The team which so recently had one of the grittiest collective personalities in the history of the game now has no team character.

It was just 18 months ago that gimpy, rag-armed Thurman Munson waddled to the mound in the final game of the World Series and told ancient, proud Catfish Hunter, "Cat, you better hit my glove exactly where I put it, 'cause you ain't got diddly squat tonight."

Now, the Yankees are amorphous, constantly in flux. Odd, itinerant denizens of baseball's netherworld of eccentrics, aging stars and sadly colorful characters have been floating through the clubhouse for a year.

Ruppert Jones, Rick Cerone and Dick Howser are being marketed as solutions to major problems in the outfield, catching and managing. It's fitting to turn our eyes away.

The Red Sox are New England's loose tooth—aching, jiggling and causing torment. When they are finally ripped out of the pennant race by the root, it's almost a relief.

New Englanders grow wrinkled and die, still mystified at what happens to their beloved Red Sox on the road. Season after season, they just refuse to comprehend.

The reason, of course, is that the club they see in Fenway Park is a carefully crafted illusion, while the one they hear about, bumbling through the hinterland, is real.

The Red Sox are weaned on fantasy baseball. Hit a weak fly ball to left and get a double. Never steal a base. Don't bother developing southpaws. Never figure out why promising rookie pitchers have their confidence destroyed. Fenway, a delight to all senses, is a fun house that distorts a team's sense of itself like the reflections in a carnival midway mirror.

A point of no return has been reached for this group of young darlings, national heroes in the 1975 World Series, who have backslid to ever more galling defeats since.

The Dodgers, like the Phillies and Royals, are a team that matured together, had their day and are now bailing water furiously to counteract all the leaks caused by age and ailment. All eight of the Dodger regulars are at least 31, and six of the eight candidates to be starting pitchers are 30 or over. A dozen of these Dodgers have been together for a dozen years, stretching back to Albuquerque. It's hard to hold that hungry edge for decades, especially when you are rich and playing in Dodger Blue Heaven on a multi-year, no-trade contract as 17 Dodgers are.

The Phillies, like the Dodgers, have learned too late. Dallas Green, the impressive player-personnel man who, along with Paul Owens, built a Phillie lineup that began last season with a National League All-Star at every position, finally replaced Danny Ozark as manager the last day of August.

That move came seven years too late. Ozark, one of nature's gentle men, did not have a toothpick's worth of managerial timber in his whole

> If you combined the Astros' hitting and the Angels' pitching, you'd have the Toronto Blue Jays.

kindly, sweet bear of a body. Posterity will be left to guess how many champions might have played in Veterans Stadium if, before the 1976 season, the watercooler had been appointed manager.

Now, Green decorates the Phillies' training camp walls with signs that say, "We, not I." Long, long overdue.

The damage is irrevocable. The splendid benches of the 1976-77 teams that each won 101 games is scattered. The once-promising golden arms of young Randy Lerch and Larry Christenson have proved to be lead. Finally, a great four-man bullpen has aged and dwindled until its best man in 1979 had a 4.15 ERA.

Perhaps the most persistent pitfall in baseball team-building is that success breeds stagnation. The Kansas City Royals died of it last year and both the Pirates and Reds are showing signs of the dread disease this spring.

There is no surer killer of defending champions.

Three times Whitey Herzog won his division, lost the playoffs, then begged Kansas City management for a free agent. Nothing happened. Why tamper with a winner? Why spend?

So, finally, the Baby Blue Tricycle,

as Hal McRae called the Royals' bargain-basement version of the Big Red Machine, tired out. Fractious personalities, through years of rubbing, struck sparks. The pitching soured.

Despite their 207 steals, their illegal corked bats, their high-spiked hustle and dusters, the Royals succumbed to the dollar-short, not-quite-goodenough syndrome.

The solution: Fire Herzog. Kansas City will probably be sorry.

Mirroring the Royals are the Reds, still draining the last 90-win season out of their stable of Hall of Famers, while hoping that the free-agent rule will disappear.

Sometimes a team stands pat because it is cheap or cautious or just frightened a bit by its own success. Occasionally, as with the Pirates, it's done from gratitude.

No one who watched every twist and turn of the last six weeks of the Pirates' championship year would want those hard-way Bucs changed.

Through interminable extra-inning games, exasperating rain delays into the wee hours and makeshift pitching nightmares, the Pirates managed 41 come-from-behind wins and 25 victories in their last at bat.

The Pirates are a team of loud noises and large men, huge egos and massive reputations. A vein of intimidation runs through their play. Their metier is the humiliating whuppin'. They are classic athletic bullies, in the best sense, who will prance 'n preen, jive talk and woof.

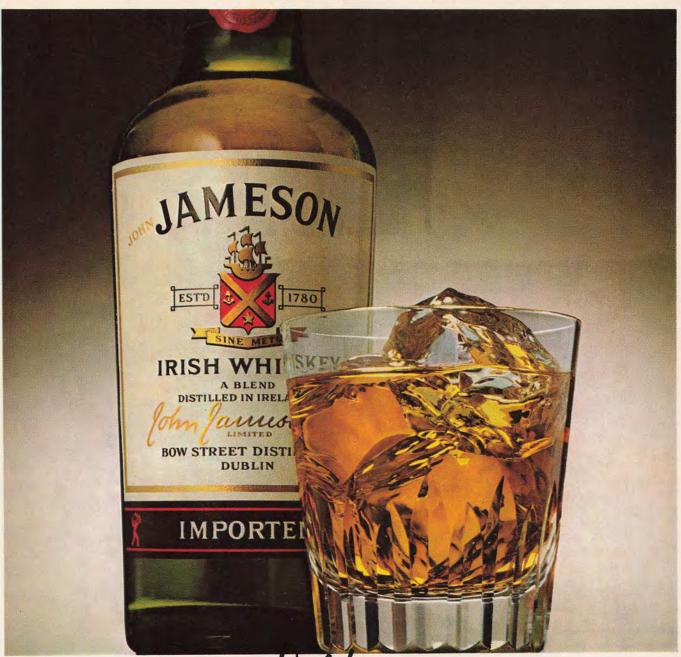
Yet, beneath that exterior, runs a thread of humble philosophy summed up in the slogan, "Whatever it takes."

If ever a team, for a few magic weeks, played with an extra dimension of crackle and togetherness, it was the Pirates. When they finally ended the Great Eastern pennant race with a giddy communal bath in Great Western champagne, the man of the moment was Willie Stargell.

Figuratively, the Pirates rub the stomach of their aging baseball Buddha for a sense of peace. Like an actor who seemed miscast in the flashy roles of his youth, Stargell has been reborn to play the guru. He knows it. He loves it.

On the second day of spring training 1980, the Bucs presented Stargell with a huge cake on his 39th birthday. After a congratulatory speech, which conned him, they shoved the cake in his face.

It will be a considerable loss if this Pirate team has passed its peak and



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THE FAMILY PHOTO ALBUM

SPRING 1980

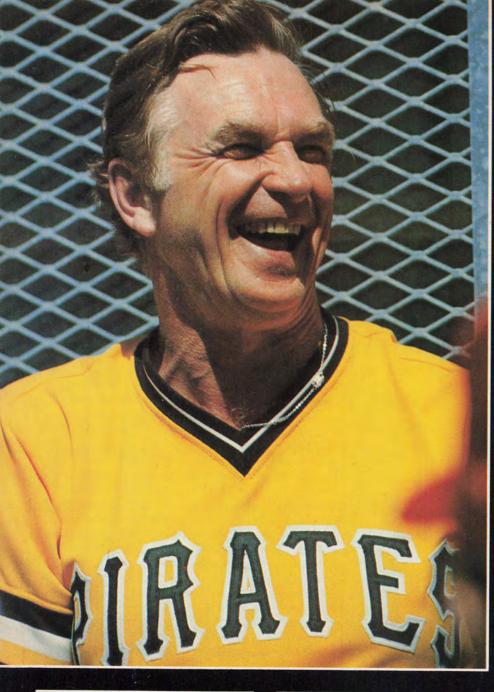
radenton, Florida. Listen close. Maybe you'll hear "We Are Family" driving through the palm trees. The theme song of the Pittsburgh Pirates, who insist that an old-fashioned virtue like team spirit is essential to the making of World Champions.

And the beat goes on in spring training. Shortstop Tim Foli tunes up idle muscles, while third baseman Bill Madlock snaps his wrists in the batting cage. Manager Chuck Tanner likes what he sees: The curveballs of bearded Bert Blyleven; the wicked sidearm of reliever Kent Tekulve; the exuberance of rightfielder Dave Parker, cheering second baseman Phil Garner around the bases.

Each deserves a snapshot in The Family Photo Album. "Pops" gets a full page by himself

Willie Stargell, 39, the first baseman with the rumbling voice, is the Patriarch of the Pirates. "When we had to win," says Tanner, "the guys would say, 'Come on, Pops, hit one out and get us back into the game." Which is what Stargell did game after game, leading his teammates back into a World Series that appeared to be lost—and polishing off his MVP season with a memorable seventh-game home run against Baltimore. After 18 seasons and 461 homers, Pops is stretching his sore sinews for another year. A tip of the cap to you, Pops.

BY JAMES DRAKE

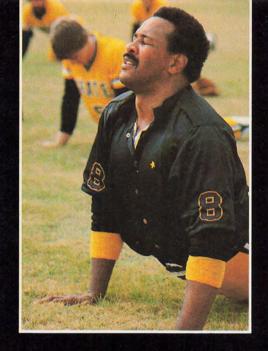


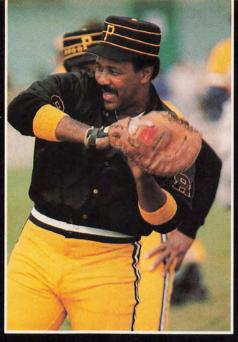














BASEBALL'80

Continued from page 36

must now try to maintain its pose as the all-powerful, imperturbable Family without the guns to back up the bravado. But that's probably what's in the cards.

For everything that falls, something must rise. When we look to see which clubs are in ascendancy, the picture has a convenient symmetry.

Each league has a genuine power which won 95 games last season, yet faces the task of dethroning a team that distinguished itself in the World Series.

Montreal and Milwaukee, either of which would have won easily in its league's West Division, may have the game's two most impressive young teams. Each is also having an appealing affair with its town.

Montreal understands and appreciates style—even demands it. In a city of parks and bronze statuary, no quality is more ingrained than good taste.

Olympic Stadium is a microcosm of Montreal—clean, modern, constantly full of civilized surprises. Boutiques, cafes and promenades pop up throughout the stadium complex.

In the stands, a beautiful girl constantly walks among the crowd selling long-stemmed roses. Buy some for your sweetheart. If loving Canada had her way, every Expo would wear a rose.

Ross Grimsley calls the Expos "a team of wackos and flakes ... we're baseball's secret." They are ideally suited for this town of European tolerance.

The Montreal clubhouse has its provinces and its separatists. Manager Dick Williams is an instinctive autocrat in the midst of a team full of free spirits. Each has a corrective effect on the other.

Perhaps no team ever lost a division title with as much distinction as the Expos. They managed a 16-1 streak in September and finished the month with 23 victories, a league high for a single month.

Montreal is a class act. The Expos' vulnerability is their three eccentric veteran pitchers—Bill Lee, Grimsley and Steve Rogers. If they produce, the World Series will be in Montreal.

If Montreal is emblematic of fine wine, then Milwaukee is proud to be a beer burg. When one of Bambi's Bombers hits a homer for the Big Blue Brew Crew, then Bernie Brewer slides down a chute into a vat of suds.

Some teams are complex. Milwau-

kee's simple. It's a team about which only two questions need be asked.

First, will Larry Hisle, after shoulder surgery, drive in 14 runs as he did in 1979 or 115 as in 1978? Second, can interim-manager Buck Rodgers nurse along a lousy pitching staff until the return of manager George Bamberger? (He will miss the first part of the season because of a heart condition.)

Only Bamberger, once the dean of pitching coaches in Baltimore, can make the Bozos on the Brewer pitching staff look competent. It's a dubious proposition. With any of perhaps 15 others staffs, Milwaukee would be a lock for 100 wins.

While quality products like Montreal and Milwaukee must worry about their divisional fate, two teams which didn't win 90 games last year—Houston and California—will have to selfdestruct to stay out of the playoffs.

When Rose, Stargell and Yastrzemski disappear, the game should be so vigorous that they will hardly be missed.

The Astros and Angels make spectacular foils for each other. If you combined the Houston pitching and the California hitting, you'd have the 1927 Yankees. If you combined the Astros' hitting and the Angels' pitching, you'd have the Toronto Blue Jays.

The Astros have less power (49 team homers), relative to their era, than any team in history. The Angels, by contrast, scored the second-highest run total (866) in baseball in the last 17 years.

On the other hand, Houston had the second-best ERA in the sport (3.19), while California's was 21st (4.34).

Two teams have a right to look at the Astros and Angels with disgust and envy. If Detroit and St. Louis were in the West Divisions of each league, rather than the East, both would be almost certain contenders deep into September. The Tigers and Cardinals, with classic lineups but hunt-and-peck pitching, will probably have to struggle to finish third.

What these teams best exemplify is the way that the eighties have already taken shape before they have even be-

Pundits are now, retrospectively, picking their "Teams of the Seven-

ties." It's tough work.

A much easier job might be to pick the team for the decade for the eighties—they've already appeared and established themselves.

The late seventies produced the greatest talent rush in the majors since the mid-fifties when names like Aaron, Mantle, Clemente, Banks, Frank and Brooks Robinson appeared.

Who doubts that the Cardinals' Garry Templeton, who at 23 last year had 211 hits, and batting champion Keith Hernandez, now 26, will be the shortstop and first baseman of the decade in the National League.

Tigers like Steve Kemp and Jason Thompson, both 25, have already had years of 105 RBIs, while Sweet Lou Whitaker and Alan Trammell, both 22, may be the double-play team of the eighties.

Here is a Team for the Eighties, all 26 or under, and all proven commodities:

Catcher—Montreal's Gary Carter.

First Base—Baltimore's Eddie Murray.

Second Base—Milwaukee's Paul Molitor.

Shortstop—St. Louis' Garry Templeton.

Third Base—Atlanta's Bob Horner.

Leftfield—Kansas City's Willie Wilson.

Centerfield—Chicago White Sox's Chet Lemon.

Rightfield—Milwaukee's Sixto Lezcano.

Designated Hitter—Detroit's Steve Kemp.

Righthanded Pitcher—St. Louis' Silvio Martinez.

Lefthanded Pitcher—Baltimore's Scott McGregor.

Reliever—New York Yankees' Ron Davis.

This list's charm is that it leaves off at least one already-prominent name at every position.

If the age limit were raised to 28—and analyses have shown that a base-ball player's best years are between 28 and 32—suddenly we would include Jim Rice, Fred Lynn, George Brett, Dave Winfield, Dave Parker, Mike Flanagan and an avalanche of others.

The point is simple. The best players in baseball are young and quickly reaching their peak. When names like Rose, Stargell, Yastrzemski, Jackson and Carew disappear, the game should be so vigorous that they will hardly be missed.

Just as closely discernable as the existence of these young stars is the pres-

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ence of one team that, at least for the next two seasons, has the potential to be in a class by itself: the Orioles.

It's hard to keep secret a team that wins 102 games, blows away the best division in the history of four-division play, then loses a World Series in seven games. This club is still neither appreciated nor understood.

In the future, all discussions of baseball's internal chemistry, all debates about the game's hidden gears and levers, may have to start with theories that explain these Orioles.

Just three years ago, the Orioles looked like a distressing anachronism, a painful reminder of baseball's modest sanity in the past and the brutal uncertainty of its free-agent future. Inside the game, the Orioles were asked about as one might inquire about a seriously ill friend.

But this team nurtured its farm system, developed its young players with patience and built a team of complementary players. Baltimore has not only survived the free-agent battles but has won the war.

Pitching is baseball's equivalent of mental health. A team with doubtful pitching will develop a different neurosis every day. A team with good pitching stays calm because the players know their pitchers will give them time to find a way to win.

The current Oriole staff is probably one of the 10 best in the history of baseball. The team ERA (3.26) was more than a full run better than the 13 other American League teams combined (4.29), a feat only accomplished eight previous times.

The worst ERA among the Orioles' five starters (Steve Stone's 3.77) was better than the team ERA of the Yankees (3.83), who were second-best in the league.

The Orioles' luck has been as good as their management. A succession of free-agent defectors has been replaced by young players who surpassed them. This year, the Orioles' mysterious addition-by-subtraction will probably strike again.

Baltimore management was secretly delighted to see Don Stanhouse go. It solved the stagnation problem by opening the doors to Tim Stoddard, Sammy Stewart and Dave Ford who can now all take the next careful step in their development as pitchers. Only one need pan out. All three probably will.

Earl Weaver must bite his tongue to keep from growing euphoric about his staff. Think Jim Palmer won't win more than 10 games? Think McGregor didn't discover himself in the postseason? Think Dennis Martinez will ever have another losing season (15-16)?

Weaver has a staff on which only one man had a winning percentage of less than .600 (chew that). He also has a great hydra-headed, offensive attack that few people grasp.

At seven of nine positions, the Orioles platoon. Only sluggers Eddie Murray and Ken Singleton are regulars. Last year, Oriole leftfielders had 36 homers and 98 RBIs. Their composite second baseman had 94 RBIs. And their multiple designated hitters had 94 RBIs. The power's there, but it's hard to find. Weaver keeps it disguised with his shuffling.

Any team can be derailed, especially by injury. The measure of a club, however, is how much ill-fortune it can endure and still win. By that standard, the Orioles' margin of superiority over a 162-game haul is probably greater than even their fans suspect.

Until the Orioles' next major freeagent crisis rolls around after the 1981 season, they are in an excellent position to establish the sort of minor dynasty that Oakland, Cincinnati and New York all achieved in the seventies.

"No one is exempt from saying silly things," says Socrates. "The misfortune is to say them earnestly."

In this spirit it should be noted that previews of each division begin on the following pages, composed by writers who cover teams in these divisions. They will probably disagree with me, but what is baseball without a good argument?

When the season opens—on schedule or not—the only certainty is that our anticipations will be shattered. Caprice will play its part. Afterward, all will seem simple, self-evident. How did we miss it?

That, perhaps more than any other factor, is baseball's central charm. Each play seems isolated and accessible to our analysis. Every strategy is common knowledge—grist for the second guess.

Everything appears to be in the open (a prerequisite for magic). Yet year after year, through untold days and nights at the ballpark, through innumerable box scores and statistics, the game does its dance of the veils.

More than any other American sport, baseball creates the magnetic, addictive illusion that it can almost be understood.

Thomas Boswell covers baseball for The Washington Post.



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BY PETER GAMMONS

his is the Social Register Division. Or at least that's what people in the American League East tell one another, conveniently ignoring Toronto and Cleveland. Do you know what four teams have won the most games in all baseball the last two years? In order, the Orioles, Red Sox, Yankees and Brewers, and the first three were among the six biggest winners of the past decade.

This is the division without phony turf (save Toronto), without Halston doubleknits, without Phillie Phanatics or chickens, without indoor games and without forced sym-

metrical boundaries.

It is also the Division of Ifs. Carlton Fisk. Bill Campbell. Carl Yastrzemski. Tony Perez. Bruce Hurst. Larry Hisle. Charlie Moore. Lary Sorensen. Moose Haas. Dan Boitano and Dwight Bernard. Rick Cerone. Ed Figueroa. Luis Tiant. Ruppert Jones. Tim Stoddard. Ki(c)ko Garcia. Jim Palmer. Mark Fidrych. Dave Rozema. Kirk Gibson. Figure out those Ifs, and you can figure out this year.

The Yankees made some moves this off-season, following a year of tragedy, disappointment and aging. They acquired a righthanded bat (Bob Watson), a catcher (Cerone), a centerfielder (Jones), a lefthanded starter (Tom Underwood) and a lefthanded reliever (Rudy May). On paper, there aren't as many everyday stars as in Boston or Milwaukee,

but, like the Orioles, they have the pitching.

Having Rich Gossage for an entire season makes more of a difference than other teams admit. Ron Guidry is the game's premier pitcher until his 155 pounds turn to dust. Tommy John keeps scaling pancakes to the plate. Gossage, Ron Davis and May are a deep bullpen. For the Yankees to win it, Figueroa must come back from his elbow operation, and Tiant cannot suddenly show his age.

Without Munson, without Chris Chambliss, with Lou Piniella and Graig Nettles in their twilights, does this team have that nasty chemistry? And we don't really know about

Cerone, Watson or Jones in Yankee Stadium.

The Milwaukee lineup is awesome. Second baseman Paul Molitor is, in Sparky Anderson's opinion, "the best young player in the game," and add Cecil Cooper, Sixto Lezcano, Stormin' Gorman Thomas (45 homers and 175 strikeouts), Ben Oglivie and Robin Yount. It all depends on Hisle's shoulder, Moore's recovery from surgery and the pitching.

No one worries about Mike Caldwell or Jim Slaton. However, interim-manager Buck Rodgers hopes righthanders Sorensen and Haas will go from 26-25 to 12 games over .500. The other key is the bullpen, which last year was like Ms. Murphy's cow. Boitano and Bernard should help.

Going into spring training, the Red Sox didn't know

whether Fisk could catch, Campbell could pitch or rookie lefthander Hurst could stand the big leagues a year out of Class A. Yastrzemski at 40 and Perez at 38 can still play, but the years of finishing second and third have taken a psychological toll. There is a lot of the Bo Schembechler syndrome throughout Red Sox history, which is why their last championship came the year Ted Williams was born.

But don't underestimate the talent. Rick Burleson, Dennis Eckersley, Bob Stanley, Jerry Remy and Butch Hobson are in the prime of their careers. Fred Lynn is the best centerfielder in baseball, and Jim Rice is the best righthanded

hitter in baseball.

The Tigers may have more Ifs than the Red Sox, but they also have legions of young talent. They have two potential 20-game winners, righthander Jack Morris and lefthander Dan Schatzeder. "How we do depends on the other pitchers," says Anderson, which means Fidrych, Rozema and perhaps the emergence of Dan Petry or Bruce Robbins.

Gibson, the former Michigan State wide receiver who can hit balls 600 feet and run a 4.2 40, must show he can play. Lance Parrish, the Arnold Schwarzenegger of baseball, is becoming one of the game's top catchers. Steve Kemp can hit, and shortstop Alan Trammell, in Don Zimmer's opin-

ion, is second only to Burleson.

Everyone still has to beat the Orioles. They have the best pitching. People remember Mike Flanagan's winning 23 games and being Cy Young in 1979, but forget that Cy Old (Palmer) missed almost half the season, Scott McGregor missed two months and Dennis Martinez couldn't find the strike zone until the second half of the season. Stoddard, who Earl Weaver thinks is the new Dick Radatz, and Sammy Stewart should become better than Don Stanhouse, but can they protect 25 of 27 leads as he did? And can Tippy Martinez ever be 10-3 again? Can the clutch hitting of John Lowenstein, Pat Kelly and Gary Roenicke continue? Can Garcia and Mark Belanger rotate at shortstop? Despite these questions, the pitching may be enough.

You have to feel sorry for the Indians and Blue Jays. Cleveland was 81-80 last year, but when you contemplate the possibilities of Jorge Orta in right and Gary Alexander in left, you realize that 95 wins is a fantasy. Toronto has the oldest manager in baseball (Bobby Mattick, 64), the longest contract (31 pages, Rico Carty), the best basketball player in Canada (Danny Ainge) and no chance to finish sixth. It could be worse: Harold Ballard and Punch Imlach could get

hold of them. .

Peter Gammons covers the Red Sox for the Boston Globe.



BY PHIL HERSH

ou can't tell the players in this division without a tax table. That is the law of the American League West, where the competition is not between teams but owners. No division in baseball has fewer big names on the field and more in the executive suite. The price of fame is expensive. The cheap thrills of being a maverick are gone; the poor Chicago Veecks and Oakland Finleys have lost beyond recognition.

Gene Autry is a spendthrift, Charlie Finley a shrill miser, Bill Veeck a shill. Kansas City's Ewing Kauffman stands pat, Seattle's Danny Kaye sidesteps and Minnesota's Calvin Griffith saves money. Texas' Eddie Chiles is the latest to swagger onto the primrose path. Which one should he fol-

low? Only his CPA knows for sure.

A Ouija board might be just as useful in figuring the relationship between spending money and winning pennants. Autry's Angels, with millions in free agents and the \$4 million (plus cost-of-living raises) man, Rod Carew, may not have enough healthy pitching to win again. Griffith's Twins made \$550,000 on the fourth-lowest attendance in the American League. Kauffman's Royals fired a manager who had finished first three times and second twice in five years.

Baseball may go belly up again in Seattle, which has quietly put together the West's best pitching staff. (Psst. The starters are former Yankee Jim Beattie, Floyd Bannister, Rick Honeycutt and Mike Parrott. Neither the names nor their ERAs are impressive because every fly ball is a thrill in

the Kingdome.)

Brad Corbett is letting another man have the chance for fame and misfortune. "Baseball is a tremendous business for men with big egos," Corbett has said. "But ego can take you only so far. After that, it has to be a good business proposition." Corbett finally took his own advice in early March. selling his share of the Rangers to a group headed by Chiles, a Fort Worth oilman and champion of conservative causes. The Rangers have been champions of nothing because Corbett ran the team like Chuckles the Clown. The fat contracts he threw around to the likes of Richie Zisk (\$2.9 million for 10 years) leave Chiles holding the money bag for \$15 million in deferred payments. The Rangers signed no new free agents, but Corbett made 13 separate deals involving 19 players during the off-season. Yet Texas should start the season with an established lineup—solid players like Al Oliver, Buddy Bell and Mickey Rivers-and an abundance of riches-Jim Kern, Sparky Lyle, Adrian Devine-in the bullpen.

Autry continued to litter his team with free agents—adding pitcher Bruce Kison for \$2.47 million and shortstop

Fred Patek for \$550,000. The Angels' big man, Most Valuable Player Don Baylor, should eventually collect whatever Autry saved by giving up Nolan Ryan. Baylor had 139 RBIs last year even though Carew, who batted in front of him, produced 70 fewer hits than his usual 200. Good health for Carew and outfielders Joe Rudi, Dan Ford and Al Cowens could make the Angels baseball's best offensive team.

The Angels will miss Ryan's perseverance more than his erratic performance. Frank Tanana has had elbow trouble for two and a half years, Jim Barr broke his finger in a fight with broadcaster Don Drysdale, Chris Knapp has back trouble and Kison, Don Aase, Mark Clear and Dave Frost all have tender arms. California could use one of the left-handers Veeck has in Chicago—Ken Kravec, Ross Baumgarten, Steve "Rainbow" Trout and Richard Wortham.

The only thing up to date in Kansas City is new manager Jim Frey and the trading of Cowens for the Angels' Willie Mays Aikens. The Royals, who missed the 1977 World Series by a bad hop, are now going backwards on the course owner Kauffman has resolutely followed. Consistency—take third baseman George Brett—is the Royals' most prized quality. Only Brett, who in 1979 was baseball's most effective offensive player (.329, 23 home runs, 107 RBIs, 119 runs, 42 doubles, 20 triples, 17 stolen bases), regularly plays at a championship level. Despite improved attendance Kauffman refuses to accept free agency as a cure for his team's fading health.

Calvinistic dogma: Secretaries come cheaper than sluggers. Griffith scrimped enough on players that his front office got Christmas bonuses equal to 25 per cent of salary. Arbitration has spoiled his master plan, forcing Griffith to ante up for the young players he can briefly keep. To make ends meet, he would like to unload \$300,000-a-year reliever Mike Marshall, whose unionizing irritates the master. The old curmudgeon has talked Minnesotans out of million-dollar concessions to move into a domed stadium in 1982. By then, Minnesota may be without catcher Butch Wynegar, shortshop Roy Smalley, first baseman Ron Jackson and manager Gene Mauch, all free to leave after 1981.

Finley and his new manager Billy Martin may not outlast 1980 in Oakland, even with unusual sacrifices by underpaid players. A's pitcher Dave Heaverlo shaved his head again, put the hair in an envelope and mailed it to the balding Jeff Newman, Finley's highest paid player at \$150,000. Even in baseball's owner-rich, player-poor division, the nouveau riche can't buy everything.

Phil Hersh covers baseball for the Chicago Sun-Times.



BY BILL CONLIN

im Foli spent a sullen April watching Shea Stadium grow a little grayer and more disheveled, like the team that plays in the National League's Attica. Three thousand miles to the west, Bill Madlock leaned grimly into the wind of Candlestick Park, the National League's Alcatraz.

Neither player had the faintest suspicion that the new order of things would unite them in Pittsburgh, that on a chill October evening they would celebrate a seventh-game

World Series victory.

The new order—free agency, long-term contracts and the players' right to refuse a trade down any old river—has turned today's general manager into a commodities trader. The risks are great, and there has never been a more urgent need for inspired judgment. But the rewards can be enor-

mous for the gambling GM.

Harding Peterson, a man who became as popular as a steel strike in Pittsburgh after subtracting hitting stars like Richie Zisk and Al Oliver from the Pirates' traditionally prolific offense, picked up Foli, the defensive shortstop Chuck Tanner lacked, and Madlock, the righthanded buttress Tanner needed. Foli, whose mood in New York often approached autism, became docile in the Pirates' rocking clubhouse. Madlock had his normally introspective personality drawn upward and outward in the disco atmosphere Tanner encourages.

There seem to be few reasons to predict that Foli and Madlock will spend October any differently this season—not the acquisition of Ron LeFlore by the exciting young Expos, not the "Repair-and-Prepare" program Phillies manager Dallas Green promises will restore his invalids to East Division contention and not an offensive improvement by

the Cardinals.

"If you picked the Phillies to win last year, then you should pick us to win again," Pete Rose spent the winter telling banquet audiences. "There ain't no way we can have all those injuries again. Montreal is going to miss a lefthanded pitcher like Dan Schatzeder and a leader like Tony Perez. The Pirates are going to miss Bruce Kison in September, and there's no way all those guys who had their best seasons are all going to have them again."

The Phillies remain the division's least predictable team—they could finish anywhere from first through fourth. This season, every member of the starting eight will be at least 30 at the end of the year. Rose is correct; rarely has a quality team suffered such a bizarre run of injuries. On a slow day last summer, deposed manager Danny Ozark lost lefthander Randy Lerch to a Society Hill mugging, righthander Larry

Christenson (just coming back from a pre-season bicycle spill) to a groin tear and righthander Dick Ruthven to a lower-back injury. Every starter but Rose lost significant time. Every pitcher but reliever Ron Reed missed at least a week.

The bottom line on the Phillies is that even in the pink of health, even with Greg Luzinski matching Mike Schmidt's 45 homers and any other pitcher matching Steve Carlton's

excellence, the Pirates and Expos are better teams.

The Expos already had the best outfield in the National League, and the addition of the swift LeFlore means that a third of it, Warren Cromartie, will be at first base. The starting lineup is potent, with the middle infield the only area of suspicion. But righthander Steve Rogers has trouble staying healthy. Bill Lee is getting old, and although manager Dick Williams performed bullpen miracles last year, Elias Sosa seems to follow a good season with a bad one. More relevant, the Expos enjoyed health in direct proportion to the Phillies' injuries—uncommon health. For Montreal to go from near-miss to pennant, Ellis Valentine, the unfulfilled rightfielder, must do more in September than occupy space.

The Expos may be outplayed on occasion, but they will rarely be outmanaged. Williams is the best baseball strategist north of Earl Weaver. He demands obedience and respect from his athletes, not popularity. Williams is a master at extracting the last ounce of efficiency from a pitching staff, and pitching will win it or lose it for Montreal.

Any team with Ted Simmons, Keith Hernandez, Garry Templeton and Bobby Bonds is dangerous. But without one lefthanded pitcher of note, the Cardinals will be hard

pressed to match their 86 victories of 1979.

The Cubs and Mets are a light year behind the competition. The Cubs will probably make traditional first-half noises before their annual swoon. Dave Kingman will hit a

ton of majestic homers.

The Mets, a slim paperback purchased by publishing giant Doubleday for a hard-cover price, will pay for past front-office ineptitude for years to come. However, the new owners took a bold first step by hiring Frank Cashen, a certified empire builder from the brilliant Baltimore organization. Cashen will feel like the city planner entrusted with rebuilding Hiroshima.

It will take an exceptional team to dethrone the Pirates. They have achieved the elusive balance between offense, pitching, defense and bench. The only change the Bucs need to make is in their theme music. Sorry, Sister Sledge.

Bill Conlin covers the Phillies for the Philadelphia Daily News.



BY HARRY SHATTUCK

ot long ago, they were the Conservative Three: Cincinnati, Los Angeles, Houston. Next to them, Ronald Reagan was a radical. They spurned free agents; resisted change, period. They watched the National League West Division stepchildren San Diego, Atlanta and, sometimes, San Francisco play the big-money game, and they laughed at the failures.

But at some moment between Toni Tennille's national anthem and Reggie Jackson's homers on Mr. October night, the Dodgers switched policies. They reached an extreme by signing three free agents, pitchers Dave Goltz and Don

Stanhouse and outfielder Jay Johnstone.

Meanwhile, New York shipbuilding-tycoon John J. McMullen visited the Houston Astrodome, found the place distasteful but bought the team wearing those funny-looking orange, yellow, red, white and blue uniforms. What better place than Boom City U.S.A. for McMullen to satisfy his quest to out-Steinbrenner Steinbrenner, an old friend and new business rival? So what if Nolan Ryan wants \$800,000 a year? Give it to him and add a couple more hundred thousand to make the figure more impressive. Sign Joe Morgan, too, and quadruple your player payroll in three years.

The Reds, meanwhile, are content to lose Pete Rose one year and Morgan the next and get nothing in return except another West title in 1979. They still rely on old-fashioned gimmicks like farm systems and George Foster's home runs.

Are the Reds passé? Not likely. Ray Knight hits well, fields well at third base, leads well and reminds you of ... well, of Pete Rose. Dave Concepcion still masquerades as a vacuum cleaner at shortstop. Foster's Black Beauty is the prettiest bat of all. Johnny Bench isn't Superman any more but is still the best catcher in the division. Ken Griffey and Dan Driessen, when healthy, are steady performers. Frank Pastore pitched like a young Tom Seaver in September. Tom Seaver pitched like a young Tom Seaver, too. Mike La-Coss was exceptional early but struggled late. Bill Bonham was occasionally superb and occasionally injured. Tom Hume and Doug Bair had their days in relief. But only Seaver has proven himself year after year and that's why the Dodgers and Astros see hope.

Los Angeles was abysmal early last season, but the Dodgers were the division's best team after the All-Star break, too late to catch Cincinnati and runner-up Houston. Steve Garvey, Ron Cey, Dave Lopes, Reggie Smith and Dusty Baker give the Dodgers the league's best power (183 homers in '79).

Remember all those years the Dodgers lived on great pitching? Forget 'em. That is, unless Goltz (14–13 at Minnesota) and Stanhouse (7–3 with 21 saves for Baltimore)

lead a resurgence. Rookie Rick Sutcliffe was the top winner (17) last year as Don Sutton (12–15, 3.82 ERA) temporarily ran out of sandpaper and Burt Hooton ran out of luck (a team-best 2.97 ERA but an 11–10 record).

General manager Tal Smith and manager Bill Virdon have quietly built Houston into a contender in just over four years. If McMullen's willingness to spend money makes a one-and-a-half game difference (Houston's deficit to Cincinnati last season), who can complain? And if relaxed player attitudes win championships, place your bets. Joe Niekro, a 21-game winner and leader of probably baseball's best pitching staff, says he is copying Willie Stargell and ordering stars to give each Astro home-run hitter. "I've ordered 25 for this season, but I can get a refund on those I don't need," Niekro says. Reliever Joe Sambito credits Niekro for his success: "Without his inability to finish a game, I'd never get to pitch."

Two-time All-Star pitcher Joaquin Andujar, quoted (erroneously, he says) last winter as criticizing Virdon, reported 11 days late to spring training and explained, "Mr. Virdon locked my visa in his office desk." Nolan Ryan was optimistic about "regaining the pinpoint control I had when I was a newspaper carrier. I always hit the front porch then."

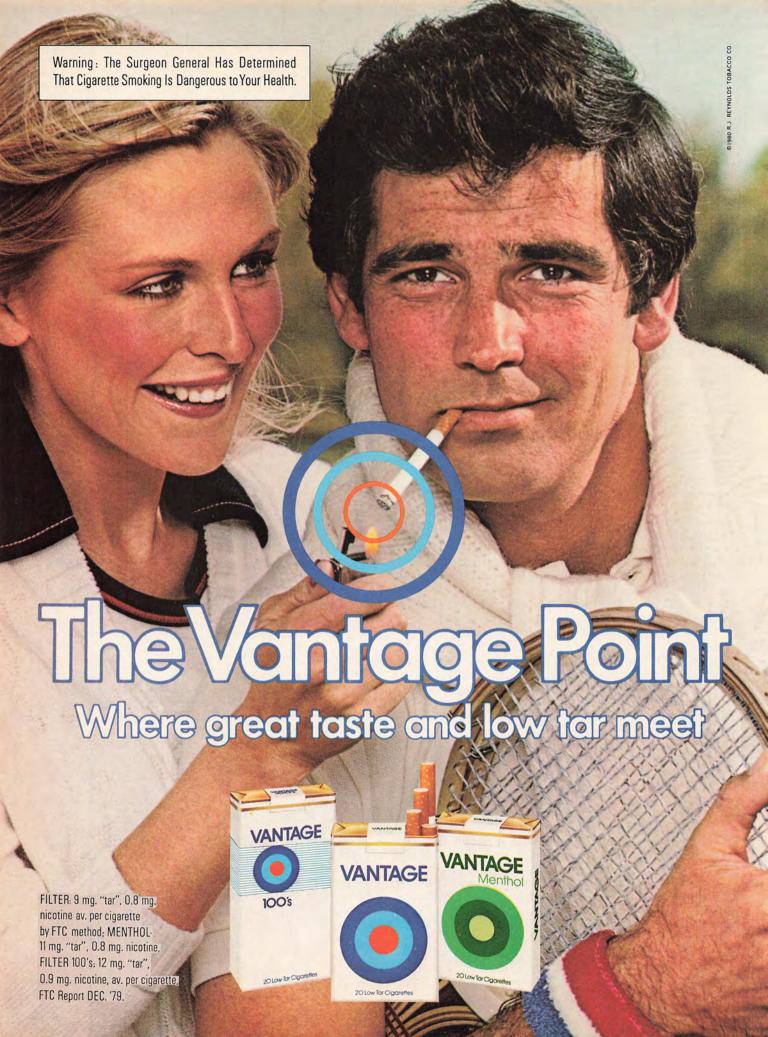
Enemy hitters aren't likely to find Astro pitchers humorous. Of the "Big Six"—J. R. Richard, Ryan, Niekro, Sambito, Ken Forsch and Andujar—five are recent All-Stars. Surprise, only Richard is not. Despite the pitching, though, Terry Puhl, Craig Reynolds, Enos Cabell, Cesar Cedeno, Morgan and the others must string together enough singles in the massive Astrodome to avoid 0–0 ties.

The rest of the West? San Francisco, San Diego and Atlanta are all improved but not enough. Giant GM Spec Richardson spent more money on free agents (Rennie Stennett, Milt May and Jim Wohlford) than on cigars. Now if only he could purchase calm, warm weather for Candlestick Park. Vida Blue, Bob Knepper, Ed Halicki and John Montefusco made a remarkable turnabout—in the wrong direction—in 1979 and won 31 games combined. Only a reversal of that can save the Giants from fourth place.

San Diego may have to pay Dave Winfield more money than its celebrated stadium chicken but isn't Winfield worth a few million? Yes, and so is Phil Niekro, the class of Atlanta. If only Winfield could pitch. If only Niekro could play all nine defensive positions. Luckily, San Diego owner Ray Kroc has his hamburgers and Atlanta owner Ted Turner

has his sailboats.

Harry Shattuck covers the Astros for the Houston Chronicle.



THE TANK A THE OPENING DAY TRIVIA QUIZ







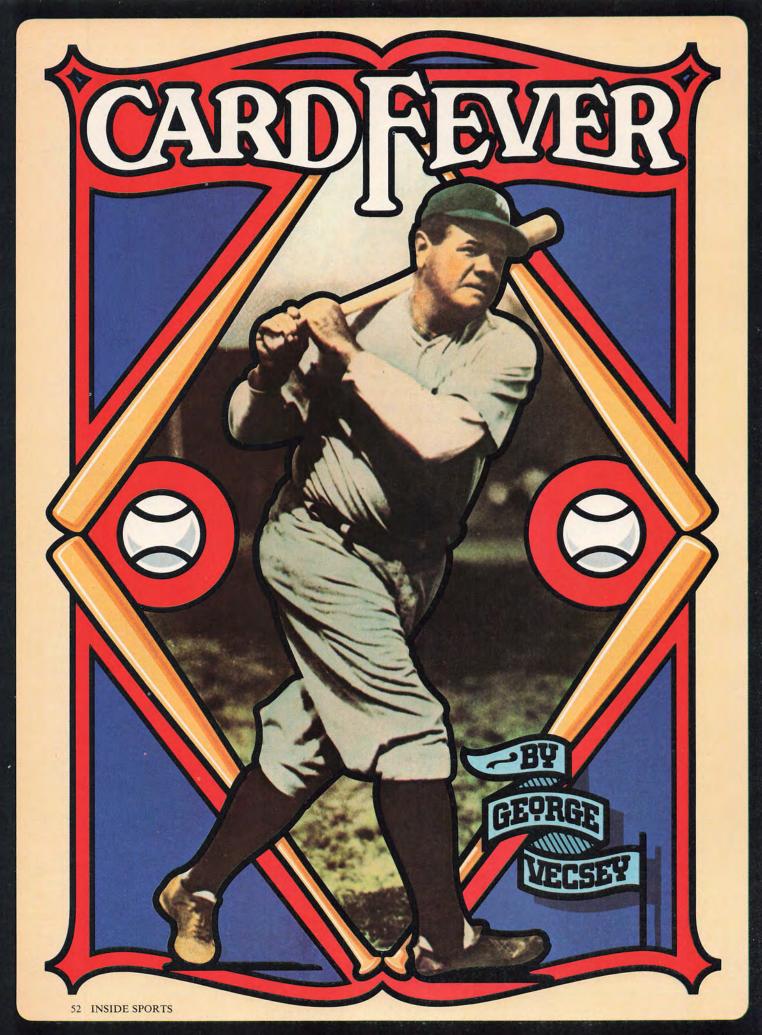
- What five former Dodgers played for the New York Mets in the Mets' debut on April 11, 1962?
- 2. Who was the only Hall of Famer to hit a home run on opening day in his first major league at-bat?
- 3. Baseball and social history were made in the Brooklyn Dodgers' 1947 opener. Who was the Dodger second baseman?
- 4. The 1974 season began with Hank Aaron needing one home run to equal Babe Ruth's career total of 714. Aaron ended the suspense in a hurry, connecting in the Braves' opener against a pitcher whose cousin, a Hall of Famer, once served as the president of Aaron's team. Who was Aaron's victim?
- 5. In 1967 the Boston Red Sox, a 100-1 shot, dramatically won the American League pennant. Who was their starting second baseman on opening day?
- 6. On opening day in 1966, a Houston pitcher started his 13th National League opener, a league record. (Walter Johnson pitched 14 in the A.L.) Who was the pitcher?
- 7. On April 25, 1901, Detroit's first game in the American League's first season, a Tiger had four doubles, a feat which has never been duplicated in an A.L. opener. Who was he?
- 8. Who was the Brooklyn Dodger manager when Jackie Robinson

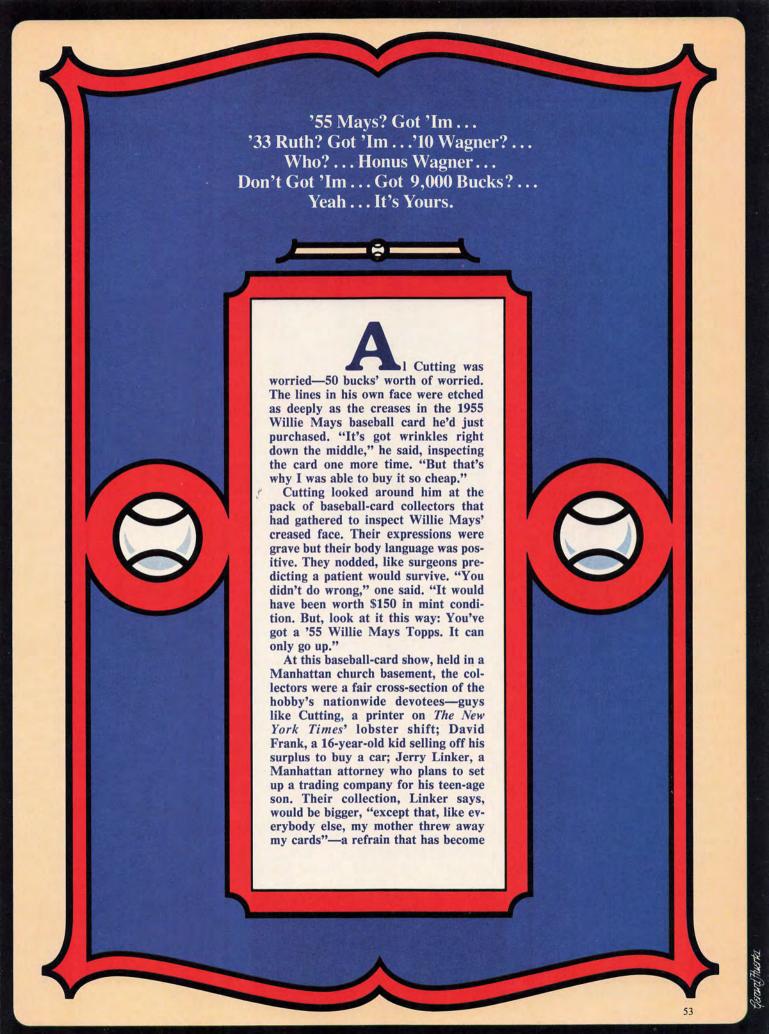
- made his major league debut?
- 9. What Chicago Cub pitcher threw a one-hitter on opening day in 1934 against the Cincinnati Reds and pitched a one-hitter in his next start against the St. Louis Cardinals?
- 10. When the Houston Colt .45's opened in 1962, the starting—and winning—pitcher was the only man to have been selected in the first expansion drafts of both leagues. Who was he?
- 11. What four future major league managers played for the Mets in their first game ever?
- 12. Who was the starting Baltimore Oriole pitcher in their first opener in 1954?
- 13. When the Boston Red Sox opened against the Philadelphia Athletics in 1925, what two Hall of Famers made their debut?
- 14. When Ruben Gomez beat Don Drysdale in the first opening day ever played on the West Coast (1958), what stadium served as the venue?
- 15. Who threw out the first ball on opening day for the first game of the expansion Washington Senators?
- 16. On opening day in 1951, the "Miracle Giants" started four future major league managers and had two more on the bench. Who were these six men?

- 17. Name the only two pitchers to throw nine-inning no-hitters on opening days.
- 18. The winning manager in the 1962 Mets' home opener at the Polo Grounds was also the winning manager in the last game played by the Giants in that ballpark. Who was he?
- 19. In the starting lineup for the Kansas City Royals' first opener (1969) was that year's rookie of the year, although he was wearing his fourth major league uniform. Who was he?
- 20. Four players who played on the Mets' first opening day led another team in RBIs. Who, and what teams?
- 21. The Montreal Expos' first home run was hit on opening day 1969 by what former Notre Dame placekicker?
- 22. The first batter ever for the Minnesota Twins was a future American League MVP. Who was he?
- 23. In the St. Louis Cardinals' opener in 1957, he went 0-for-3, but this future manager went on to hit .265 and lead all National League outfielders in fielding percentage. Who was he?
- 24. What Hall of Famer, in his first game as a Yankee, made an error in centerfield which enabled the Athletics to beat the Yankees 3-1 on opening day?

Answers on page 63

BY GEORGE KIMBALL & JOHN McCLAIN





the Portnoy's Complaint of the cardcollecting set.

And with good reason, it seems. When everybody's mother threw out their cards, they threw out the makings of a small fortune in some cases. If you had been lucky enough to own a 1952 Topps Mickey Mantle in mint condition-of which only six or seven are known to exist-its value would have jumped from \$600 to \$2,000make that \$3,000-in the last 12 months. But, just to complicate the issue, if someone had folded that card in half, or otherwise defaced it, it would be worth less than \$1,000. The '54 Ted Williams, priced at around \$800, gets the distinction of being the rarest postwar card in existence because fewer of them, regardless of their current condition, exist. The card that wins the dollar sweepstakes, though, is the 1910 Honus Wagner Sweet Caporal. It goes for as high as \$9,000. At the church show there were rumors that the Great White Whale itself, one of those perfect Topps Mantles, was going to be offered-either at auction or privately-and anxious eyes scanned the horizon, but the Bronx Behemoth never surfaced.

As I wandered among the tables crammed with piles of cards and year-books and autographed baseballs, I kept bumping into 19-year-old Rich Klein of Saddle Brook, New Jersey, a political-science major at Columbia.

"This is a special card to me," Klein said, displaying a 1962 card for Hal Reniff, a chubby blond relief pitcher with the New York Yankees.

"I was just a little kid when Reniff came over to the Mets in 1967 and won three and saved three in his first month with the club. Boy, was he hot. But by the end of the season, he wasn't even invited back."

So Klein had purchased the '62 Reniff for a dollar out of sentiment?

"Not exactly. That year Topps printed a Babe Ruth series from numbers 135 to 144, but—look at this—they made a mistake and put Reniff right in the middle, at 139. So, the '62 Hal Reniff Topps is worth more than a dollar. I'm glad to have it for the memories, but, sure, I'd sell it if the price was right."

Klein said he owns 18,000 cards, which sounded like a lot to me.

"Not even in the top 25 in Bergen County."

Purists may deplore this commercial trend, and a few diehard "collectors" will only trade—not sell—their cards. But, as Vivian Barning, one of the most knowledgeable devotees of

the hobby, points out: "With a decreasing supply of old cards in circulation and a geometric rise in collectors, the law of supply and demand is driving prices through the ceiling"—the same way prices of other "collectibles," like rugs, paintings and antiques have gone up. And some people are bringing serious money into the game. Barry Halper, a paper-goods distributor from Livingston, New Jersey, sold \$15,000 worth of stock four years ago and put every penny of it into his sports collection.

Just like
people take rooms
at Holiday
Inns to buy
gold or
silver,
I buy cards—
some 90,000 of
them on this
trip alone.

"I'd had that stock for a few years and it wasn't going anywhere," he recalls, naming AT&T and Universal Oil as two of his discards. "I was buying on margin and if the stock had fallen below a certain limit, I'd have had to pay interest. Who needs that? I took my money and put it into baseball cards. Those stocks today would be worth between \$10,000 and \$15,000. But I used some of that money to buy the '52 Mantle card—for \$200. Now it's worth \$3,000."

And George Lyons, a collector who also happens to be a senior vice-president at Lehman Brothers, a Manhattan-based brokerage house, concurs. "Stocks," he says, lowering his voice to a conspiratorial whisper. "Stocks are bound to go up soon. I'm putting everything I invest into certain growth companies—like Philip Morris and Pepsi-Cola. They've got to go up. But there is no doubt in my mind that the average baseball card has done better than the average stock. When I see what some of these baseball cards are doing, I'll tell you, I throw up."

But Lyons has some words of encouragement for the smaller investor: "You've got to look more closely at the card market. The boom is mainly in superstars—mainly in national cards, like Topps or old Bowmans. You can still get an average player from the 1970s for six or seven cents."

For older cards, though, there are no steals anymore—not even in rural America—says Paul Marchant of Charleston, Illinois, who recently drove 2,500 miles into the Carolinas, advertising in local papers that he was buying cards. On this trip, he accumulated them at a fantastic rate—some 90,000, weighing nearly 400 pounds.

"Just like people take rooms in Holiday Inns to buy gold or silver, we buy cards," says Marchant, who owns over 10 million of them. "I picked the Carolinas for the trip because I was looking for tobacco cards from the 1910s, and that's where you find most of them—in tobacco country."

Marchant, a former teacher who has been a full-time collector for three years, says the large Eastern cities—which he avoids as "too hectic"—are the best market for postwar chewinggum cards from Topps and Bowman. But he also points out that there are many regional series of cards issued by local bakeries, milk companies, newspapers and department stores.

The Southwest has been slower than other regions in converting "collectors" to "dealers," and there are fewer card shows there than in the Northeast and California, says Vernon Harrison, a 35-year-old lawyer from Houston. Harrison, who bought his first card at the age of eight at Siptak's grocery store in Bay City, Texas, later served as president of the Lone Star League during 1977, its last year, "so I could work with real players instead of cardboard ones for a change."

Even so, Houston has the distinction of being the only major-league town whose ballclub operates card conventions. For the past two summers, the Astrodome has been the scene of a collectors' meeting—just behind rightfield—one weekend out of the season.

The big regional card—the one Houston's card freaks search for—is part of a 1963 Pepsi-Cola series put out when the local team was still called the Colt .45's. Each card in that series is worth only about five dollars—except for the John Bateman, which was added toward the end of the printing run. That card now costs between \$275 and \$500, depending on condition. Which, as anybody remembers from watching John Bateman (lifetime batting average: .230) wobble around home plate, was never too good in real life.

For the most part, collectors, whether they now amass cards for profit or nostalgia or both, are bound together by a childlike sense of awe for the folk tales, deities and documented realities of the cards. There is a subculture of past and present collectors who understand one another—who have shared the same experiences, even if thousands of miles apart.

The most obvious manifestation of the card subculture is the collectors' show. The concept of these shows, where people could get together and sell their cards, was first introduced by Gavin Riley, a junior high school teacher from Artesia, California, who, in 1969, organized a meeting in a private home in Brea, California. At that historic event, 13 collectors, who now consider themselves the Founding Fathers-all other claims notwithstanding-lunched on hot dogs and potato chips, traded cards and went to a ballgame. By 1973, the original group had multiplied to 650 and moved its klatsch to a hotel, following the example of a similar group in Detroit the year before. "Money wasn't the object back in those days," Riley says nostalgically. "It was a hobby."

Regardless of what it was then, today the boom is on. To try and catalogue the ever-increasing prices of the cards—which change from week to week and convention to convention— Bert Randolph Sugar published *The*

Sports Collectors Bible.

The book lists the dollar values of various kinds of sports memorabilia but focuses mainly on baseball cards. To give you an idea of the nationwide scope of card collecting, when the book first came out in 1975, 20,000 copies were sold. The second edition, released in 1977, sold out to the tune of 25,000 copies. This year, the third edition came out-some 40,000 strong. Which accounts for a lot of books and adds up to an awful lot of card freaks. This Labor Day weekend, Gavin Riley will host the "First Annual National Convention" for collectors at Los Angeles' Marriott Hotel. Some 6,000 people are expected to attend, bringing with them roughly \$500,000 worth of old baseball cards.

I spent my own childhood neck deep in baseball cards, and I realize only now how sports crowded out all other possibilities between the time I was nine and 13. When I might have been reading Dickens or growing a garden or experimenting with tools or writing a poem, I was up in my room, playing with my cards.

Back then, the cards were my every-

day link to the games on the radio, my private connection with Dick Young's columns in the *Daily News*. At Ebbets Field, my friends and I would cheer Jackie Robinson dancing off third base, and when the game was over, we'd implore Pee Wee Reese for his autograph as he clomped through the tunnel from the dugout to the clubhouse

But to me, that world of the Brooklyn Dodgers was no more real than my world of baseball cards. My friends and I bought them, traded them,

hen I
might have been
reading
Dickens
or growing
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I was
up in my
room, playing with
baseball cards.

scaled them (the closest to the wall kept the pot), and when we brought home the booty at the end of the day, we were as omnipotent as Commissioner Happy Chandler himself.

My baseball league was based in the attic of a three-story house at the edge of New York City. This was during the Cold War—Cold War I, that is—and I always worried that if the Russians bombed New York, my attic room would be wiped out, even if the rest of the house managed to survive. But when I wasn't worrying about atomic bombs, I was running a baseball league, just like everybody else.

I never had enough nickels to acquire all the players, so I set up an eight-team league, combining the two New York teams—the San Francisco Giants used to play on the island of Manhattan, remember?—the two Chicagos, the two St. Louis, the two Philadelphias and the two Bostons. Then I'd match Cleveland and Cincinnati, Detroit and Pittsburgh, and Brooklyn and Washington. Although I was a Dodger fan, I let Eddie Yost play third base ahead of Billy Cox—what use would Billy Cox's ratty little glove be to me in a dice game?

I've never admitted this to anybody before-and I'm a little embarrassed to admit it now-but as commissioner of the league, I used to rig the rosters. To make sure my Dodgers had a strong pitching staff, I would assign Ewell Blackwell from the All-Ohio team to my Dodger-Senator amalgam. In real life, Ewell Blackwell of the Cincinnati Reds was a tall, skinny pitcher with a wicked sidearm delivery-they called him "the Whip." In real life, the Whip used to terrify the Dodgers, and in my league I wasn't taking any chances. I'd take the Whip's card and stick it among Oisk and Newk and Preacher in the Dodger pitching rotation. It was my league, and I cheated like hell.

The league was played by rolling the dice (double sixes were a home run). In every 154-game season I ever conducted, I nudged the dice into favorable positions often enough to ensure a pennant for the Dodger-Senators. I kept batting averages and pitching records, too, but I never read David Copperfield until I was 35.

I had more sense than to even dream about being a major-league player; I'd just sit there, looking at the records, staring at the uniforms, idly hero-worshipping the faces on those

cardboard squares.

At least they had faces. With their caps on, with their caps off, you could tell what they looked like. I never collected football cards because even as a kid I knew that all football players looked alike. When I grew up and became a sportswriter, that childhood theory was confirmed: I once conducted a poll among the New York Giants, the football team, asking them what the weather was like that day. Thirtynine players said they'd have to check with Coach before venturing a response, and the fortieth guy answered me but got cut the next day.

Anyway, I spent a good deal of my youth maneuvering to complete sets of baseball cards. One summer we lived in a tiny hamlet in God's Countrythat is to say, high in the Adirondack Mountains of New York State. Every Sunday, right after church, we'd visit Sullivan's General Store and Gas Station to stock up on baseball cards, but it took me a month of Sundays to realize the proprietor had received only one shipment, back in June, and that all the packages were identical. I can still see myself unraveling the wrapping and finding Jerry Coleman, Alpha Brazle, Dino Restelli, George Strickland and Ted Williams himself. After a while I got so weary of this I began chucking all the cards into the icy tributary of the Hudson that flowed near the store. Today one of those Ted Williamses would buy a box seat at a ballgame, and popcorn, too.

Except for that summer in the Adirondacks, my instincts were to hang on to my cards, which was not always easy. When I was around 12, my little brother Pete rounded up all my cards and went out to flip cards with Big Otto, the biggest kid in the neighborhood. To this day I cannot imagine Big Otto running a baseball league or keeping averages, but he collected the cards and in a few furious minutes Big Otto had collected mine as well, in a series of flips and trades with my brother.

That evening I came home from school, went up to my attic for a fast doubleheader before supper, reached into my desk and came up with air. My kid brother had blown the family fortune. Fearing for my life, shoebox in hand, I tiptoed to the home of Big Otto and, with right and reason and morality and the entire Judeo-Christian ethic on my side, bargained for what was mine. Big Otto was in a good mood—a real good mood—so he gave me back half my own cards.

Within the next few years, I discovered reading and high school sports and cars and girls and college. I met a young woman and moved away, leaving my baseball cards behind. Years later I inquired what had happened to them and learned my mother had thrown them away.

Both Frank Barning and his wife, Vivian, survived parental houseclean-

ROY CAMPANELLA

Right now, 30 bucks will buy you Campy's best year—.325 in '51.

ing rampages only to go on to become prominent figures in collecting. As publishers of *The Baseball Hobby News*, a handsome monthly newspaper for the collector, the Barnings have a vested interest in the current boom. Their paper, which costs \$11 per yearly subscription, serves as a boon to hundreds of Americans to whom winter would be unbearable without a faint whiff of baseball. Says Vivian: "We get calls from people at all hours. And the calls pick up whenever it snows. Whenever people are

tiptoed
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stuck in the house, they call us and say, 'Whaddya got?' They have to talk about the cards."

"It's like a fever," Frank agrees. "Like a craving for drugs. People need a fix or they get withdrawal symptoms. They need to buy a card—even if they don't need it." The Barnings recall one particularly bad stretch about a year ago, when Long Island was hit with a snowstorm—all those baseball nuts, stuck at home, condemned to watching winter sports on the tube. The phone rang at the Barnings'.

"This guy lived at least 15 miles away, and the police had warned people not to drive," Vivian explains. "So he hitched a ride part of the way and walked the last couple of miles—just to look at our '54 Topps series. That's the one that has rookies like Kaline and Aaron in it. The guy wound up spending \$700 in that snowstorm."

Six years ago the Barnings did not even realize there was an adult market in cards. He was working in public relations and she was teaching the fourth grade when a boy in her class announced he was throwing away that year's cards. "I said, 'Don't throw them away,'" Vivian recalls. "I'll

give you a few dollars for them.' I think I paid him a few pennies per card—maybe five or \$10 at the most."

She took the cards home and, a few weeks later, put them in order. Then she took some of Frank's old 1953 cards and put them in order, too. The feel of the cards, the lingering sweet air of chewing gum, the colors and the poses in the pictures brought back thousands of memories.

Within a year, the Barnings had become serious collectors, specializing mostly in old Brooklyn Dodger cards but also collecting other Dodger-related objects. Their house on Long Island is stuffed with movie posters (*The Dizzy Dean Story, The Babe Ruth Story*), Dodger yearbooks and Gil Hodges memorabilia—pictures, plaques, contracts, even a luggage tag. "What can I say?" Barning asks. "He was my hero. I could even imitate his walk."

The couple went from collectors to business people in 1979, and their assured income dropped "from \$40,000 to zero" in one terrifying moment, but they have since realized that theyand their paper—are going to survive nicely. The Baseball Hobby News is full of lists of the value of specific cards but, mirroring its owners' concern with the commercialization of the hobby, it also carries player interviews, features on collectors and photos of famous card series. In the September 1979 issue, Bob Tryon of New Jersey wrote a column headed: "You Know You're a Collector When ..."

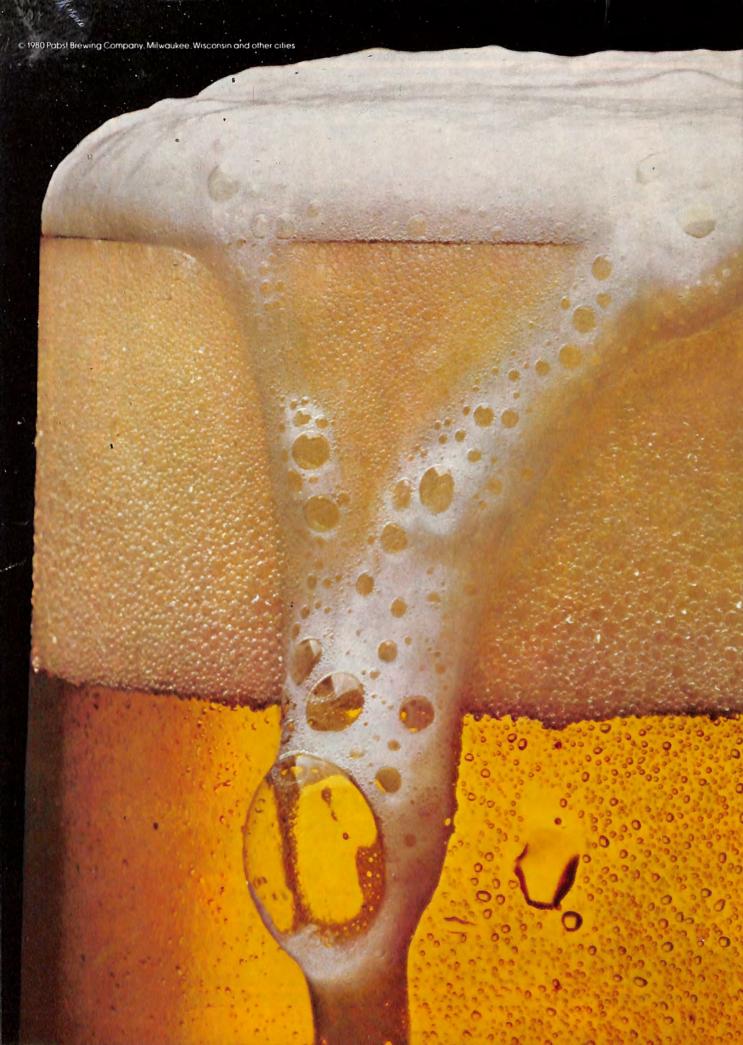
• You travel to Pennsylvania twice a week in order to go through the garbage outside the Topps factory.

• You remove the *Playboy* centerfold from your bedroom wall and replace it with a picture of Don Mossi [see INSIDE SPORTS foldout poster featuring baseball cards].

The Barnings have also filled one wall of their office with steel file cabinets containing their "hoard file"—mint-condition cards of current stars, as a speculation against the future.

They have hundreds of cards for each of several dozen stars, which they have purchased through friends, dealers and wholesalers. "We've had some foresight," Vivian Barning says. "We'd pay a few pennies apiece for cards like Jim Rice, Dave Parker, Fred Lynn and Dave Winfield when they first came up. We got a three- or four-year jump on other people." Now they watch the price jump from quarters to half-dollars to dollars. They rarely sell from their hoard file except as a "favor" to friends.

"We don't always agree on our purchases," Frank says. "We both believe





Honus Wagner 1910 \$7,000 - \$9,000



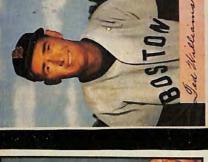
Eddie Plank 1910 \$3,000



Napolean Lajoie 1934 \$2,000 - \$3,000



Mickey Mantle 1952 \$3,000



Ted Williams 1954 \$750 - \$800



Babe Ruth 1933 \$200



Hank Aaron 1954 \$225



Lou Gehrig 1934 \$125 - \$150



Bob Feller 1950 \$25 - \$30



Ty Cobb 1909 - 1911 \$20 - \$60



Cy Young 1911 \$40 - \$50



Stan Musial 1952 \$50



Jackie Robinson 1952 \$450



Walter Johnson 1912







PHILADELPHIA ATHLETICS

SANCE LOTTE IS A PRINCE THE PARTY CHINAS TON THE PARTY CHINAS SALES

MANAGER

CASEY STENGEL

Casey Stengel 1965 \$2



Jimmy Foxx 1933 \$100 - \$150

Al Lopez 1938 \$30 - \$40

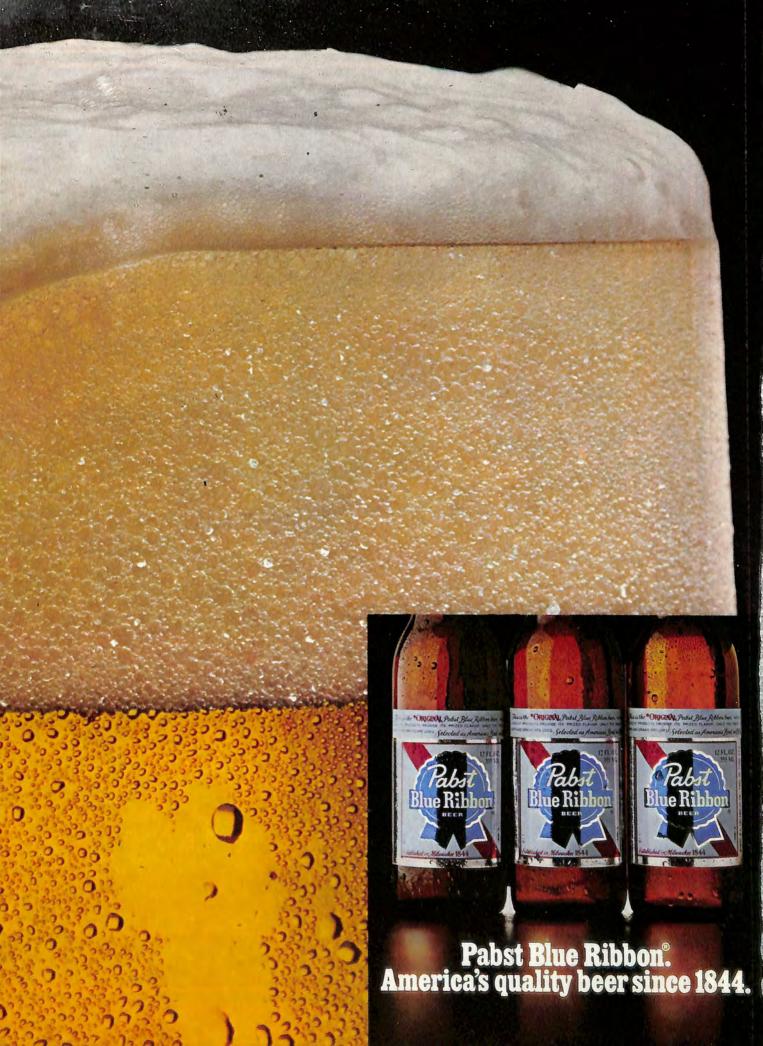


Joe DiMaggio 1941 \$175

ext time you call your mother, mention that box of "junk" she threw out when you were about 16. By now, it could have bought you a villa in the South of France. Fewer than two dozen of that old Honus Wagner card exist-and that's why you can't afford it. The

same goes for the six or seven 1952 Mantles that are in mint condition—while the most elusive card from the postwar era, regardless of condition, is the Ted Williams 1954 Bowman, at about \$800. The remaining cards are a random selection—not so expensive, but enough to keep you in polyester and beer. Thanks, mom.





in Garry Templeton, but we're not sure about Keith Hernandez. We have always disagreed on Bill Madlock. But if we had to pick one star for 1980 and advise kids to start saving his card, we'd probably pick Bob Horner."

Like any speculators, though, the Barnings have made their mistakes. A few years ago they laid in a supply of Don Gulletts, just before Gullett's shoulder broke down. His cards are currently worth exactly four cents each—and holding.

Baseball cards are really a variation on humanity's love of depicting and collecting likenesses of itself. It started with painting bulls on the walls of caves, moved into coins with likenesses of Roman emperors, medallions depicting European poets and artists, portraits in the centuries before photography, then snapshots of everything under the sun.

Only an inning or two after baseball had become America's national sport, somebody put out photographs of its early heroes. The first known set of trading cards was included in packs of Allen & Ginter "little cigars" in 1885. Early in this century, cards were placed as stiffeners in packets of Old Judge, Polar Bear, Recruit, Sweet Caporal and Piedmont cigarettes. One of these became the classic card. Sweet Caporal included Honus Wagner, a nonsmoker, in its series. When the star shortstop of the Pittsburgh Pirates heard about this indiscretion, he feared that the children of America would think he was endorsing the nasty habit of smoking, so he threatened to sue. Sweet Caporal quickly withdrew all the Honus Wagners it could find, and if you happen to have one lying around your attic, do not give it to the little kid down the block. It's worth \$7,000 to \$9,000 to somebody.

In the lunatic collectors' market of today, superstars have far more value than obscure players. Personally, I do not know why this is. I was thrilled to find a Sammy Drake card the other day, mainly because it was Sammy Drake who emerged from the lavatory to lash the first hit—a triple—in the first intrasquad game of the first New York Met spring training in 1962. People say an early Harmon Killebrew is worth 100 Sammy Drakes. But then again, I don't understand why people buy and sell gold either.

Sometimes, however, a fringe ballplayer escalates in value because of his scarcity. A 1909 Sweet Caporal depicting Bill O'Hara, a rookie catcher with the New York Giants, is no big deal today. But in 1911 O'Hara was traded to the St. Louis Cardinals and Sweet Caporal hastily issued another O'Hara card showing him in a Cardinal uniform. He never played for the Cardinals, the card was quickly withdrawn, and a 1911 O'Hara St. Louis is today worth at least \$150.

Another big item from that era is the Turkey Red series—rectangular 6" × 10" colored portraits of heroes of 1910—distributed in exchange for coupons from Turkey Red, Old Mill and Fez cigarettes. Today a Ty Cobb T-206 1910 Turkey Red is worth \$400

believe in Garry
Templeton,
but we're
not sure
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have always disagreed
on Bill Madlock.

or more, according to Bill Miller, a former major-league pitcher who happens to own one.

Bill Miller was better known as Mickey Mantle's first major-league roommate. After his back gave out in the late 1950s, Miller went into the meat business in Pennsylvania. One night in 1962 he was sitting around Bowen's Bar in Philadelphia when a customer lurched up to him with "a paper sack" full of Turkey Reds.

"The guy said, 'Hey, you're a ballplayer. You ought to have these things. Why don't you give me something for them?' So I gave him \$10 and took 'em home. I didn't think they were worth a damn."

Maybe they weren't back in 1962, but today Miller's Turkey Reds—he has close to 50, featuring Ty Cobb, Cy Young, Tris Speaker—are worth a few thousand dollars and they're going up all the time. Miller says he'd sell them, but only "if the price was right."

Bubble-gum manufacturers moved into the trading-card business in 1933, suspended operations during the war, then resumed in 1948, when the Bowman company issued a series of small black and white cards. The Topps peo-

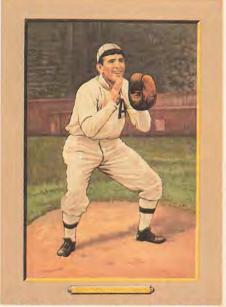
ple joined the market in 1951, producing the border war between the sheepherders and the cattleherders, as the two rivals struggled to sign players.

If you happened to live in an area where Topps predominated, you might have wondered why the Cleveland Indians won two pennants in that period, since you would never have seen a card for Bob Lemon, Bob Feller, Early Wynn, Mike Garcia, Art Houtteman, Hal Newhouser, Don Mossi, Ray Narleski or Bobby Avila, all under exclusive contract to Bowman.

Bowman dropped out after 1955, and Topps has been the major force ever since, despite a suit by the Fleer Company in 1975, alleging antitrust violations, which is still in the courts. Topps pays the players between \$250 and \$600 each year, taking the photographs in spring training for the next year's series. The company prints 500 million baseball trading cards every year and in 1978 brought in \$73 million in gross sales. It has a home office in Brooklyn, a distributor in Ontario, Canada, a factory in the Republic of Ireland producing soccer cards and its main plant in Durvea, Pennsylvania.

"We don't allow visitors into that factory," says Sy Berger, Topp's vice-president for sports. "We've got so many different operations there, it's kind of a hodgepodge. It's not like we just make cornflakes all the time."

The secret of the Duryea plant is said to be the cutting machine, which takes sheets of 264 different cards, cuts them and separates them into random patterns. The company has not patented the machine because it is considered a corporate treasure.



In 1911 a coupon would have bought an Ira Thomas Turkey Red. Now you need \$40.

Nevertheless, there are leaks. Last November, several sheets of cards were displayed at a collector show in New York three months before the issue date. "I consider it stolen merchandise," Berger says. "The idea of people buying and selling material that could only have been taken from the factory is a disgrace. The thievery is at low-epidemic stage now."

Topps maintains the posture that it produces the cards "for the enjoyment of children," as Sy Berger puts it. He estimates that only "one-half of 1 per cent" of the cards are sold to adult speculators. The company sells to dealers (not wholesalers but individuals who buy and sell sets of cards) in cases containing 12,000 cards each. The dealers must buy a minimum of five cases per order, at a cost of \$79 per case plus shipping charges. According to my arithmetic, that figures out to 6.5 cents for every 10 cards. Many dealers then advertise that they will sell a box of 500 cards, unopened, for around seven dollars-which is about 14 cents for every 10 cards.

The corner candy store will be selling packages of 15 cards for 25 cents (16.7 cents for every 10 cards) or 25 cards for 39 cents (15.6 cents per 10 cards). You can also order an entire set, guaranteed, of 726 cards for \$13.95—which comes out to 19.2 cents for every 10 cards with no risk of duplicates and no suspense of opening a new pack on allowance day.

When the cards begin to filter out, collectors look for those inevitable mistakes that turn simple cards into treasures. In 1974, Topps anticipated the rumored transfer of the San Diego franchise to Washington, and put a "Washington" on every San Diego card. The move never took place. Later, it inexplicably traded Bump Wills from the Texas Rangers to the Toronto Blue Jays but kept the card in circulation, suppressing its value. There have also been some intentional pranks, like the one in 1959, when Lew Burdette of the Milwaukee Braves posed as a lefthanded pitcher.

"When I was with Montreal, I tried posing for my picture wearing Woody Fryman's glove," says Joe Kerrigan of the Baltimore Orioles, "but they wouldn't let me do it."

Kerrigan and Gary Carter of the Expos are two of baseball's best-known collectors. Few active players have bothered collecting cards, per-haps because they see so many shoved in their faces for autographs, perhaps because most of them assume their careers will go on indefinitely, perhaps because they don't consider them-

selves fans. But Carter is said to have completed a series for the last 20 years while Kerrigan has a more eclectic assortment of uniforms, seats from Connie Mack Stadium, scorecards and cards—particularly from the National League in the 1950s and '60s.

"I grew up in Philadelphia," he says. "My father used to sell newspapers outside Connie Mack Stadium for two cents apiece. When I was a kid, I used to love the sixties cards, which showed the stadiums in the background. I could identify every stadi-

In 1977
Topps tried revising
a card series
for Burger
King,
producing
a stampede
unseen since
the Gold Rush
of 1849.

um, but today they all look alike—the same colored plastic seats." Kerrigan recently began assembling cards from "flea markets, relatives, collector shows and people who send me stuff in the mail." He says he does not plan to sell any of his cards.

Like other fans, Kerrigan laments that the Topps cards are printed in November, far ahead of many off-season trades. This year's cards, for example, will continue to show Nolan Ryan as a California Angel.

"It's a problem," Sy Berger concedes. "We go over our lists at the end of the season and try to figure out which 25 players will make the team the following year. Once we decide on our 726 cards, it's impossible to start changing them. The kids want all the cards to come out at once, not in a series of 132, the way we used to do it."

Berger recently tried revising a card series, producing a stampede unseen since the Gold Rush of 1849. In 1977, Topps had agreed to produce a set of 22 Yankees for Burger King. After mulling over the candidates that spring Berger decided, on the basis of newspaper stories, that Lou Piniella was going to be traded. But by the

time the series was issued, Piniella was having a hot season for the Yankees.

"George Steinbrenner called me up and said there was no way we could distribute Yankee cards without Piniella," Berger says, visibly wincing. "We rushed out and had enough printed to give 100 to every Burger King store manager to distribute by hand to the kids. Before I knew it, I was getting calls from people offering me \$20 for a Piniella. We don't keep inventories around here. If my own brother had asked me, I couldn't have given him one." Today, a 1977 Burger King series with Piniella may be worth \$24 compared to the nine dollars quoted for a complete non-Piniella set.

How much is a baseball card worth? I wondered about this as I worked at my typewriter on a snowy morning, counting the months until the real sports season could regenerate from the bleakness of winter.

I began shuffling through my son's baseball cards, the hundreds he has accumulated in the past few years. The cards sifted through my fingers like so many good-luck charms, tarot cards that told my fortune: warm weather, Saturday-afternoon games in the sunlight, parents teaching their children how to keep score.

I picked up the latest Tom Seaver card, still unable to accept him in a Cincinnati uniform, even though it is almost three years since that scoundrel, M. Donald Grant, shipped him away. The card, despite the Red uniform, brought back memories of Seaver leading the Mets to a championship in 1969, legging out an infield single, rushing over to cover first base, striking out the last batter of a tight game. That one strip of cardboard brought back those memories to me, brought summer in the dead of winter.

You cannot buy a Tom Seaver Met card in the 20-cent discard boxes anymore. Those cards are all consigned to the dealers' coffers, wrapped in cellophane, worth 50 cents or a dollar, going up all the time.

My son has managed to accumulate one Tom Seaver card in the blue-andorange uniform he should still be wearing. Remembering the tales of mothers who threw away their sons' baseball cards, we have made a pact that as long as the cards are stored neatly—not on the living-room floor—they will never be thrown away. Nor will they ever be sold. In this house-hold, some values remain constant.

George Vecsey is a staff writer for The New York Times.

RIVIA

ANSWERS

- 1. Roger Craig, Gil Hodges, Clem Labine, Charley Neal and Don Zimmer.
- 2. Earl Averill, on April 16, 1929.

3. Eddie Stanky. (Jackie Robinson

played first base.)

- 4. Jack Billingham of Cincinnati. (His cousin, Christy Mathewson, headed the Boston Braves, who moved to Milwaukee and, eventually, Atlanta.)
- 5. Reggie Smith.
- 6. Robin Roberts, whose first 12 openers were with the Philadelphia Phillies.
- 7. Frank Dillon.
- 8. Clyde Sukeforth. (Leo Durocher was suspended for the 1947 season by Commissioner "Happy" Chandler.)
- 9. Lon Warneke.
- 10. Bobby Shantz.
- 11. Roger Craig, Gil Hodges, Jim Marshall and Don Zimmer.
- 12. Don Larsen.
- 13. Mickey Cochrane and Lefty Grove of the Athletics.
- 14. Seals Stadium in San Francisco.
- 15. John F. Kennedy in 1961.
- 16. Alvin Dark, Whitey Lockman, Eddie Stanky and Wes Westrum started. Utilityman Bill Rigney and coach Herman Franks were on the bench.
- 17. Bob Feller threw one for the 1940 Indians. In 1909, Leon (Red) Ames of the Giants pitched hitless ball for 91/3 innings, losing 3-0 in
- 18. Danny Murtaugh of the Pittsburgh Pirates.
- 19. Lou Piniella. After brief trials with the Indians and Orioles, Piniella was selected by the Seattle Pilots in that year's expansion draft and traded to the Royals during spring training.
- 20. Ed Bouchee (Phillies), Gil Hodges (Dodgers), Felix Mantilla (Red Sox) and Frank Thomas (Pirates).
- 21. Pitcher Dan McGinn.
- 22. Zoilo Versailles.
- 23. Ken Boyer.
- 24. Babe Ruth, on April 14, 1920.

George Kimball, a sports columnist for the Boston Herald American, will lead a party of two dozen to the opener at Fenway Park for the tenth straight year. John McClain is a member of the Society for American Baseball Research and a songwriter.



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10 AGAINST ONE.

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We asked ten leading Bay Area dealers to choose what each considered to be his best FM car stereo. Using the same antenna, the same speakers and the same power supply, we drove around and had each expert listen, then weigh the quality of Magi-Tune's performance against his own choice.

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Finally, there's the Pin Diode. Our Clarion engineers have designed a new LO/DX Circuit using a Pin Diode. What it does is expand the

usable range of FM reception in strong signal areas to greatly reduce interference oise

noise.

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Out of ten tests we got nine wins and one tie. It was so one-sided it almost seemed unfair.

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*Panasonic CQ 8520 EU



HE ALWAYS DOES IT JAY'S WAY

Let's just say he has an affinity for the bizarre. There was the 43-year-old priest who played hockey, the one-armed fencer, the wrestler who was legally blind, the cross-country runner with fallen arches and...oh, yes, the second baseman who set an NCAA record for the most times hit by a pitch—112. Jay Horwitz handled almost every species of athlete in his seven years as sports information director at Fairleigh Dickinson University in New Jersey—and his talents didn't go unnoticed.

This month, Horwitz begins toiling in the big leagues—as director of public relations for the New York Mets. His primary responsibilities will be helping the media who cover the team—and creating a positive image for the Mets and their new owners. With the Mets, Horwitz will be earning a nicer salary, in his words, than the \$18,000 he got at FDU. During the season, he'll be working seven days a week—but that doesn't bother him. "It's the same schedule I used to work at FDU."

Horwitz insists that he never recruited oddballs to the Teaneck and Rutherford campuses; they came to him. "Because I'm a little off-center, I tended to look for the weird or the unusual and that affected my news sense. I liked to find the guy averaging one point a game, not 20. I conditioned the athletes there. They knew what I liked to write about and often they came to me with their stories." He pauses. "People think I made these things up—I really and truly didn't. It's just that I had my best success with abnormal athletes."

Some stories were easier to sell than others. "When Franklin Jacobs broke the world record for the high jump, I got 97 phone calls," says Horwitz. "Nobody ever called me."

It was FDU's less prominent athletes that inspired Horwitz, the master promoter. His first off-beat story dealt with a shot putter who drank nine quarts of milk a day to gain weight. Hardly page-one stuff even for the lo-



As SID at Fairleigh Dickinson, Horwitz faced all sorts of challenges—like getting ink for a one-armed fencer and a basketball player named Redonia Duck.

cal newspapers, but *Dairynews* loved it—and put the kid on the cover. Then along came Redonia (Red) Duck, a basketball player. It took 13 slices of white bread, but Horwitz managed to set up a picture of Redonia feeding a school of quacking ducks. Presto, a feature in *Ducks Unlimited*.

The biggest crisis of his career came in 1975, when Horwitz finally realized every SID's dream-he got a story into a national magazine. The subject was Clyde Worthen, a 31-year-old judo champion who was the husband of a wrestler and the father of six little judo champs. The story was a hit. It was the headline that upset the administration, faculty, alumni and student body. Big, bold letters depicted the school as a "HAVEN FOR ODDBALL ATH-LETES." Then, the headline writer really got cute—and said that Fairleigh Dickinson should otherwise be known as "FAIRLY RIDICULOUS."

"I was probably the first SID to almost get fired for SIDing. It was as if I wrote the headline and made up the term 'fairly ridiculous.' Heck, they've been saying that since before I was born." Horwitz' defense fell on deaf ears. The student senate passed a resolution banning the sale of that issue of the magazine.

By the time Horwitz was nine years

old, his parents already had a notion that their little boy was touched by a madness for sports. Once, after the New York Giants suffered a heartbreaking loss to the Brooklyn Dodgers, Horwitz was so distraught that he trudged to the roof of his apartment house to mourn the defeat. Hours later, the fire department was summoned to retrieve the disconsolate child.

At Clifton High School in New Jersey, Horwitz channeled his energies into managing the baseball, basketball, track and cross-country teams. When he graduated, he had collected more stripes on his sweater than his school's quarterback.

As daffy as Horwitz is over sports, he envisions the day when he will walk away from the world of fun and games. Horwitz is working on his Ph.D in political science at New York University and has worked for the McGovern, Humphrey and Carter campaigns. "Politics is sports. It's like a basketball game. You keep trying to make the last shot. If you're ahead, you find ways to keep the lead. If you're an underdog, you plot different ways to catch up. It's win or lose, and it's the final score that counts."

Donna Foote is a Newsweek correspondent based in Chicago.

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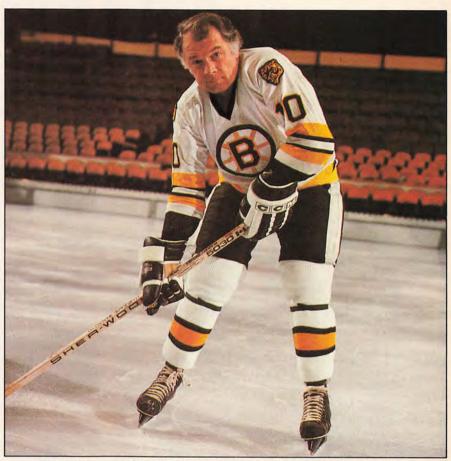
THE PLEA FOR GRACE AND ELEGANCE IN HOCKEY

As a youngster I competed in the traditional sports-baseball, football and hockey-and set no serious records. Being quite a bit younger, and therefore smaller and lighter, than most of my classmates in prep school, I was varsity material only on the ice, where speed was an acceptable alternative to brawn. I had been skating since I was four and had strong legs.

I was a right wing for Kimball Union Academy and heavily influenced by the Dartmouth College style of play, for Dartmouth and its wizard coach, Eddie Jeremiah, were just a few miles to our east. My greatest sports thrill was stepping onto the perfect glaze of the Dartmouth rink to play the Dartmouth freshman team in 1948.

The drill in those days was quick skating, smooth stickhandling and playmaking beginning in your own end, with brilliant three-on-two rushes down the ice. There was a grace and elegance to the sport then which disappeared into the slap-it and chase-it philosophy which has dominated pro hockey for the past 25 years. There is an art and a beauty in skillful puck handling and coordinated passing which is not enhanced at all by the gross and clumsy style of play that requires repeated assaults with deadly weapons (hockey sticks) and bone-jarring encounters with the boards. I yearn for a better day in hockey, where success can be counted in something other than stitches and false teeth.

It is ironic that the Soviets, whose image in the U.S. has always been that of a blocky, brutish Ivan the Terrible, come on more like Nureyev when whistling by our Brawlin' Bruins and Fearsome Flyers. Until the recent Olympics I hadn't seen the pretty stuff by both sides since the U.S. played the Soviets in the 1960 Olympics, although some of the rushes put on by Bobby Orr could stir a memory or two. I will never forget the first time I saw Orr in 1966. While I heard that he



The author, a semipro for four years, lives out his Boston Bruin fantasy.

was "out of sight," I also knew he was an inexperienced rookie. But after watching him rush solo down the ice, skipping smoothly around and through the opposition, it was clear that this 18-year-old kid was starting out as a superstar.

Without being one of those tiresome people who yearn for "the good old days," I wish we could turn back the clock to the teachings and the discipline of Jeremiah, who began coaching Dartmouth in 1937 and retired in 1967 with a 300-247-10 record. The skating game was every bit as exciting, if not more so, than the game played now. It also caused fewer injuries (Dartmouth players mostly had their own teeth) and suffered fewer whistles. And you didn't have to be built like the Incredible Hulk to qualify as a pro.

I often wonder what would happen if we abolished the blue lines and simply required that the puck be first over the red line. It might sour the game, or it might force it back toward the Dartmouth style. At least it would be fun to try for a while.

There are those who will argue that the Jeremiah style wouldn't stand up to the stormy bang-crash method, but if one had watched the Soviets walk all over our best last year in the Challenge Cup series, it sure seemed as though Eddie J. had defected to Moscow.

As my final witnesses, I call coach Herb Brooks and his Golden Olympic team of 1980. They beat the Soviets at their own stylish game. Who can forget Brooks' saying, before the encounter with Russia, "We can win, but to do it we're going to have to keep all six players on the ice and out of the penalty box." They skated, they carried the puck, they hustled, they scored in the clutch and they made us all proud to be Americans.

The defense rests.

MANCHILD INTHE PROMISED LAND

In this life-without-father tale,
Darryl Dawkins comes into his own, takes the backboards
as they come . . . and talks to ushers
when he feels like it.

BY PETE DEXTER

arly February. Frank Dawkins is sitting in a second-floor office made of cement and insulated against the noise downstairs in the plant. Exactly what is manufactured in the plant is hard to say, but it has something to do with a lot of guys dropping pipes on a concrete floor.

Dawkins' sneakers are crossed and resting on Arnold's desk. Arnold is the business partner, and it is a long, long ways from his desk to Frank Dawkins' chair. You don't need to be told who is Darryl

Dawkins' father.

The plant is in Queens. Frank and Arnold bought it four and a half years ago, about the time Darryl was coming out of Maynard Evans High School in Orlando, Florida, and signing a six-year, million-dollar contract with the Philadelphia 76ers.

"Right after we got the place, Darryl just walked in one day," Arnold says. "He looked around here, smilin', and told us he was gonna make more money than we did. Just walked right in, remember that, Frank?"

Frank Dawkins smiles, nods. He is on the phone right now with a woman named Ann, sizing her for a raccoon coat. "Was that a 10 or a 12 now, hon-

ey?" he says.

There is a pause, he holds up his hand to interrupt her. "I only wish I had the words to express my hopeless indebtedness having been with you even once," he says. "No, no, I would not let snow fall on New York without you being here to hold my hand.... Yes, oh yes. There must have been a thousand things my heart forgot to say...."

Arnold shakes his head, shuts one eye and looks at Frank. "That's one of eight," he says. "This one's calling from Florida. Promises every one of them raccoon coats, sends them flowers. Al there has to go charge them with his Sears card."

Al is Frank's huge brother. He is spilling over both sides of a chair in the corner, also shaking his head. Frank is saying his heart is truly sad when he thinks of all the things that might have been, and Al puts his hands over his ears.

"He gets all that from Bo Diddley," he says.
"You talk like that too if you want to spend two hours in Sam Goody's reading the back of record

albums...."

Frank is cradling the phone now, closer to it, almost blowing into Ann's Florida ear. He says, "I will show you the true New York, Frank Dawkins' New York..."

Arnold looks at the ceiling. "Burger King, Mc-Donald's...."

Frank puts his hand over the mouthpiece. "This is not a Burger King lady," he says.

"Ask her about gettin' in bed with you and another chick," Arnold says.

Dawkins nods. He says, "Darling, Arnold says if you love me you will do my lifelong thing that I have always wanted. . . . You and another lady, yes, at the same time." There is a long pause. Dawkins says, "A love like you would be wasted if shared anyway."

He asks once more about what size raccoon she wears, absently scribbling a 10 on the pad in front of him, then says "bye-bye" and, still holding the phone, looks across the desk at Arnold.

"She says after I pull that off with her and another chick I might as well go over to Iran and get

them hostages free."

Until the day that Darryl walked into the office in Queens, Frank Dawkins had seen his second son three, maybe four times since he was a baby. He'd left his family in Orlando and come to the worst part of Harlem in 1962. He'd waited tables, driven



trucks and then finally met Arnold and gotten into some money coating pipes. He moved to a nicer apartment in the worst part of Harlem.

Dawkins puts the dead phone back on the desk and the words come harder. "I am proud of Darryl," he says. "Proud because he made it when I wasn't there to help. The NBA don't mean nothin' to me, I never liked basketball anyway. But he proved he could do what he had to do. It was inevitable, I think. Just as it was inevitable that I would do what I had to do. One of the times I did see him, we had what I would call very strong words. It showed me right there, I didn't have to worry about him, he had character."

Frank Dawkins studies his hands. "Of course, I regret not being there when he was growing up. Darryl and Mitchell and Chico, too. If any of them needed anything I had, all they'd have to do was ask. Maybe a father who was there wouldn't feel that way. You compensate, but the family is a basic thing."

Arnold says, "You're not going to say you'd give up all the leg you've had for a family?"

Dawkins thinks. "Well, all the ladies I had back when I left, it wasn't that much back then."

"I want to hear you say it. 'I would give up all the leg I had to raise my family."

Frank Dawkins smiles, runs his fingers through long, gray hair. He can't make that come out of his mouth.

The two suburban New York sportswriters are sitting in the press box at the Spectrum, analyzing what is wrong with Darryl Dawkins. "Ever since all the pub with the backboards, he got the big head," one of them says.

The other one just nods toward the court. "Lovetron, Chocolate Paradise. Look at him, talking to ushers, laughing...." The sportswriters are so disgusted they cannot continue.

It is three minutes into the second quarter and Darryl is on the bench in early foul trouble. And just now he is saying something to an usher. It is unprofessional, of course, and offensive to suburban New York sportswriters everywhere, but Darryl Dawkins still talks to anybody he wants to talk to. He also picks his own friends.

Some of them are across the Delaware River in New Jersey, and if they don't care much about basketball, they don't hold it against Darryl that he does. One owns a record store, another one has spent some time in jail.

"That one," Dawkins says, "Jack

McMahon keeps tellin' me to stay away, stay away. He says he going to hurt me. A long time ago he got in some gang trouble. He was doin' a gang thing, and they got him on speed. Sellin' speed and somethin' else. Yeah, murder. But that was a long time ago, and I don't go look at what you did 10 years ago. I told him 'If you still doin' anything like that, don't bring it with you when you around me.' "

McMahon is an assistant coach with



Dawkins' mom: I look at him and ask, 'Lord, how could it be?'

the 76ers, the man who brought Darryl to Philadelphia. He scouted him, he recommended him. And after he got to Philly, he helped him at a time when head coach Gene Shue wouldn't. You will never hear Jack McMahon say a bad word about Darryl Dawkins.

"I go down to Orlando one weekend when Darryl is a senior," he says. "Cost me \$20 to get in the back door, and I just stand there, watching Darryl. He's leading breaks, shooting from the perimeter, rebounding. He's so strong. It was hard to believe I was watching a 17-year-old kid.

"Everybody in the stands is screaming and beating each other on the back and, of course, I'm just watching Darryl. Finally a guy next to me looks over and says, 'Don't you care who wins?' I tell him nope. He says, 'Where are you from?' and I tell him Philadelphia. The guy says, 'Philly?' I told him, 'I don't know, I just like basketball. . . . ' "

Back on the court, Caldwell Jones picks up his third foul and Darryl goes back into the game. For three minutes he is everything a center can be. He blocks a shot, fills the lane for fast breaks, rebounds at both ends of the court.

As he slams home a dunk, the visiting sportswriters start screaming for a technical foul. "He's hanging from the rim, look at that shit. They're afraid to call it on him.'

Dawkins is also playing defense, which means he is using his hands. All players in the NBA use their hands to play defense, but Darryl seems to have more talent for it than the others. When he doesn't want somebody to be somewhere, he moves them. When he doesn't want somebody to leave, he holds them. With Bob Lanier and Artis Gilmore, Dawkins, at 6-11, 260 pounds, is one of the three strongest people in basketball. He is the only one still getting stronger.

In the dressing room after the 76ers have beaten them, one of the Nets will say, "Darryl? Strong? He holds your hand to your side, you think it's nailed there."

"The hand check rule hurt my game," Darryl will say later. "When they took that out, it meant all you could do was push and release, push and release. You couldn't grab no more." He thinks a minute. "It hurt Henry (Bibby) too. Henry'll bite you to keep you gettin' past. . . .

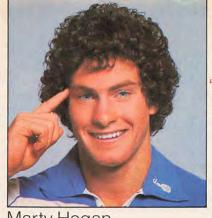
Just now though, Darryl feels someone in behind him, under the basket. He reaches back, without looking, and his hand finds one of the Nets' guards who has come loose underneath on a pick. To be more specific, he has found the head of one of the Nets' guards who has come loose on a pick. The legs move, the head stays right where Darryl is holding it. The guard screams, Nets coach Kevin Loughery screams, the referee misses it.

A minute later, at the other end, the same referee calls Dawkins on a loose ball foul that involves almost no contact and doesn't mean anything to the play itself. Referees in the NBA do that sometimes when they know they have missed something earlier.

The call stops Darryl. He stands with his hands on his hips, his feet crossed and both flat on the floor, looking confused, and maybe insulted. He opens his mouth, shakes his head and walks away.

"You don't come right into the referee's face," he says. "You embarrass 'em and they'll get you back. I remember once George [McGinnis] called one of them a racist in the newspaper, and for weeks they called him for stuff you couldn't believe. Finally he had to apologize so they'd let him alone. I





"Just use your head."

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don't say nothin' to them, except maybe if I'm gettin' held a lot I might say, 'Please take a look.' Mostly though, somebody do something to me, I just do it back."

Suddenly Darryl changes. You have to be watching him to notice it, but he is a shade slower, he loses track of his man underneath the boards and gives up a cheap basket on an offensive rebound, he isn't in the offense. After a basket he half-runs to the other end of the court, stops when he gets there like Roger Bannister at the end of his mile.

A week later, during a morning practice, a janitor will stop at the door of the Widener College field house, lean on his broom, and watch the 76ers go four-on-four up and down the court, and this is what he'll say: "It sure don't take Darryl long to stop runnin', do it?"

Dawkins says, "Whatever happens out on the court, I try not to let it bother me. I know sometimes I'm going to look like a million dollars and sometimes I'm going to look like 55 dollars. When I'm 55 dollars I try to do other things—pass, rebound, concentrate on defense. I used to get my feelings hurt 40 times a game. When I'd ask to bring the ball around to me and they didn't. I thought they were doubtin' my talent. But then I finally realized there was other things goin' on. If Julius (Erving) can give up part of his game (for the team), well..."

After the game Dawkins sits in sunset-colored underwear and gold neck-laces, drinking a beer in front of his locker, talking to a dozen reporters: about the game, about Lovetron and Chocolate Paradise—the two planets Darryl invented—about shattered glass. He has had something close to an average night—15 points, nine or 10 rebounds. Dr. J is sitting on the floor with ice bags over each knee, Steve Mix is on a table with ice on his knees, too.

Bobby Jones, the third forward and the player Dawkins looks up to more than anybody else on the team ("He actually works hard at practice, man") has already dressed and left.

A seven- or eight-year-old kid, somebody's nephew, works his way toward Dawkins, too shy to say anything when he gets there. He is holding a picture of Eagles quarterback Ron Jaworski that he got with a pack of bubble gum.

Dawkins hands the kid his beer and takes the card. "Hey ... a sissy." He reaches for his beer, the kid reaches for the sissy. Dawkins presses a fist into the boy's cheek. They stare at each other a second, and suddenly the

kid hugs the hand against his face, and then he's gone.

Darryl is still watching him through the crowd when one of the suburban New York sportswriters suddenly is in front of him, telling him he wants an interview. That's the way he puts it. "I want to talk to you." Something comes across Dawkins' face that you wouldn't want to see if you were alone with him. He starts to dress.

The sportswriter sits down in front of Darryl and searches his eyes. He

'I know
sometimes I'm
going to look
like a million dollars
and sometimes
I'm going to look like
55 dollars,'
Dawkins says. 'I
used to get
my feelings hurt 40
times a game.'

puts a tape recorder in front of Dawkins' mouth and says, "Do you feel not going to college has hurt you, in overall fundamentals?"

Darryl says, "I have answered that question 34 times tonight, and now I forgot what I said the first time so I ain't going to answer it again."

"Some newspaper people," he says later, "they act like they own you. They got one like that at the [Philadelphia] Inquirer, too. When I first came to Philadelphia, a lot of them treated me like I was ignorant because I didn't go to college. I had reasons for that—I didn't take no money under the table, I had to consider my family—but they talked to me way down, like a child. Finally one day I told one, 'I wished if you had somethin' to ask me, you'd just go ahead and ask it so I can answer it and get out of here.'"

Then he pulls on his shoes, puts two Lite beers in a travel bag a school kid back in Florida painted for him, and walks out of the building. Outside, half a hundred women are waiting for him, they all want to ride in his Corvette.

The suburban New York writer shakes his head. "Do you believe

that?" he says. "Do you believe what you just saw?"

Around the league a lot of people look at Darryl Dawkins and don't believe what they see. The strength, the quickness, the touch. People say he has more ability than he knows what to do with.

On the other hand, there is the complaint that Dawkins hasn't developed as fast as he should have. The plays he is in, he dominates, but he isn't in enough plays. He doesn't set many picks, he is still prone to early foul trouble. And his best games are consistently against the league's weak teams.

Some of that you can hand to Gene Shue, and some of it goes to the situation Darryl walked into in Philadelphia in 1975. The team then had George McGinnis, Lloyd Free, Joe Bryant. A year later they added Julius Erving. It was a team of egos, of one-on-one basketball, led by a coach who was a substituter, not a teacher.

Five years later in Darryl's first year as a starter, the complexion of the team has changed—the 76ers are one of the least selfish teams in basketball. McGinnis, Free and Bryant are gone, Erving, an absolutely professional athlete, has adjusted his game to fit Billy Cunningham's.

But while Cunningham has more time for Dawkins, and more interest, he is still a young coach and not a teacher in the sense that Jack Ramsay, Red Holzman or Hubie Brown is.

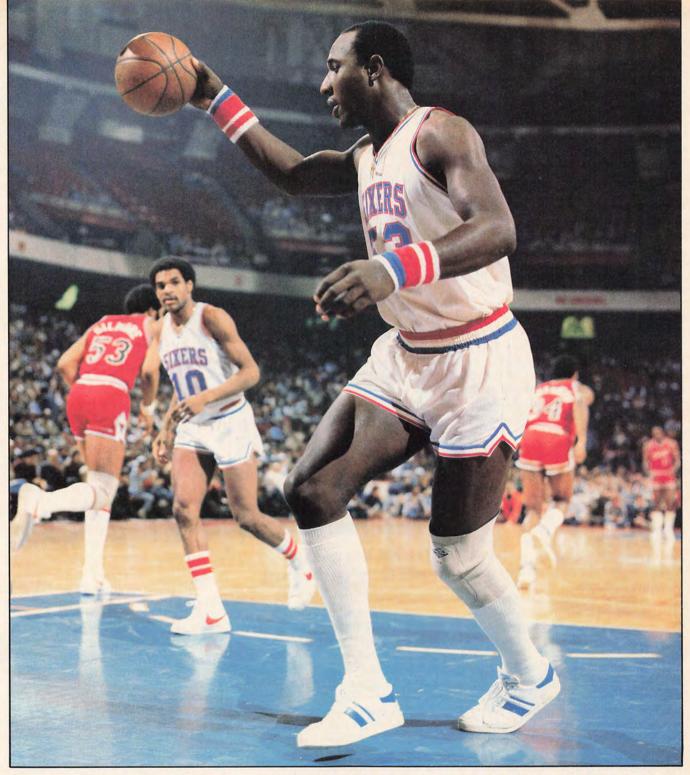
The fairest and most basic measure of an NBA center is how much better he makes the rest of his team play—think of Willis Reed and the Knicks—and so far Darryl Dawkins, who has similar tools, hasn't approached that. But it is early, Dawkins is still only 23 years old.

Cunningham says, "He's getting better all the time," and Darryl has all the time in the world.

When a student enters Maynard Evans High School in Orlando, he is required to fill out a sheet that asks him, among other things, what he wants to do with his life.

"I remember when I found out I had Darryl I went in and looked up his entrance sheet. He'd wrote down that he wanted to take care of his family on the first line. Then he'd skipped the next line, and down on the bottom there was something about bein' a disc jockey."

Fred Pennington was Darryl Dawkins' high school coach at Evans, a series of one-story buildings that spreads out, an afterthought at a time, over



Dawkins is one of the three strongest people in basketball. 'Darryl? Strong? He holds your hand to your side, you think it's nailed there.'

several acres. He is the vice-principal now, but the sign on the door still says "Coach Pennington."

Inside the door are walls covered with pictures of Darryl Dawkins and his 1975 state championship basketball team, a desk that belongs to somebody neat, a small man with sideburns and new ulcers.

"I coached basketball 24 years," Pennington says. "Always the dream I had was a state championship. You got to understand how it was, I went 10 years without a player over six foot and then suddenly I had Darryl and two other kids, 6–8 and 6–5. The three of them would go into a Crystal Hamburger joint, and the bill'd be \$24.

"Darryl was probably the best high school basketball player who ever lived and he was one of the best people I ever met, you'd forget sometimes you were talkin' to a kid.

"He worked sweepin' up after

school and Saturdays he worked over to Charlie's tire place. He come to class every day except when he'd leave to pick oranges to give his mother a nice Christmas. There was always somethin'... peaceful between us.

"I saw people throw bananas at him, animal crackers. Once, in a game up in Winter Park, somebody said somethin' about his mother and he chased the kid right up into the stands.

"He came back to the bench and be-

gan to tell me what happened, and I hit him right in the chest with the ball. It was the only time anything like that ever happened between us. I looked at him and thought he was going to cry. Inside I said, 'My God,' Outside I said, 'Don't you ever alibi to me.'

"Later I told him, 'What good are you going to be if you get thrown out of a game every time somebody says somethin' about your mother?' He was a coachable kid. You could get on Darryl's frame without him showin'

you his press clippings."

Fred Pennington looks around his office at the pictures. "I don't know, I coached another year after he left. But all of a sudden I saw where I had gone so long at it, I felt tired. I could see it in myself that I wasn't eager anymore. . . ."

He shakes his head. "I loved him," he says. "I still do. People expect him to be exactly the same when he comes back, they don't understand you can't go to places like Las Vegas and Bourbon Street and L.A. and not change some.

"You know, though, when Charlie and I went up to the NCAA's in Philly, Darryl [in his rookie year] met us at the plane, he gave us his car to use, he carried our bags right into the hotel. You imagine that? He carried our bags right into the hotel...."

Half a mile away, Charlie Caperilla sits in his tire store where Darryl worked Saturdays and holidays while he was in high school. He also worked there at \$2.50 an hour the first two summers after he'd signed his milliondollar contract with the 76ers.

"I'll always feel like I owe Charlie," Darryl says.

Charlie says, "The reason I got interested in him like I did was basketball, but the reason I treated him like I did was because I liked him. Never had to tell him to work, he'd always find something to do. He tried hard. I advised him, I lent him my car. I told him what I thought when the college coaches came by Saturdays to offer him cars and money."

There are pictures of Darryl on Charlie Caperilla's walls too. He takes the cigar out of his mouth and carefully lifts one of them down, turns it around. On the back Darryl has written, "To the coolest white dad a black dude ever had."

He looks at it a minute, puts it back on the wall and gets his cigar out of the ashtray. "At dinner the other night, my daughter Kelly—just turned eight years old—suddenly she puts her fork down and right out of the blue she says, 'Damn, I miss Darryl.' Don't

know where she picked up that kind of language."

Caperilla is still looking at the picture of Darryl. "Did I tell you the time when me and Fred went to Philly for the NCAA finals? Come got us right at the airport and carried our bags right into the hotel...."

As soon as he signed with the 76ers, Darryl Dawkins bought a house for his mother. It's a yellow house on the bend of a quiet street, about two miles



'Darryl learned to play right there in the yard.'

from the project where the Dawkins family lived. There are flowers in the yard, and Darryl's mother and his brothers Mitchell and Chico are just back from church.

In the living room are half a hundred trophies—one of them for the state discus record Darryl set in junior high school—a line of black dolls sitting in ruffled dresses on the floor, a life-sized cardboard Darryl standing in the corner.

Harriet Dawkins moves the dolls, gently, to make a place to sit on the sofa. "Let me get my babies out the way," she says.

Mitchell and Chico walk through, bare-chested, eating chicken. Neither of them are quite as tall as Darryl, but they look about as strong. Mitchell is a year older than Darryl and Darryl is a year older than Chico. "Them boys used to fight, I'd turn the hose on 'em," Mrs. Dawkins says. "Darryl come home they still go outside and tussle sometimes."

Mitchell says it wasn't really fighting. "It was testin' each other. Called it the Mandingo Drop, you go til you can't go no more... No," he says, "the neighbors didn't come outside to watch. They always go inside and watch."

Harriet Dawkins says, "Darryl was the longest baby you ever seen. When everybody else wearin' five and six shoe, Darryl was wearin' nines. He went up past Mitchell, and he jus' never stopped. Everybody was always sayin' when he fill out, that boy's going to be somethin'." She smiles. "And they was right."

She looks at the cardboard Darryl and sighs. "Sometimes I look at him and ask, 'Lord, how could it be?'

"Even when he was little, he was always tryin' to look out for his family. His sister get sick, you could hardly get him to talk. There was so much pain in that boy. Still is. If somethin's wrong in the family, it just tear him apart.

"We got to the place now we don't let him know if somethin's happened, if we can help it. He call home, oh yes. And we call him. And sometime at three o'clock in the morning on the same day, he'll call up again, just ask what we're doin'."

The phone rings then. Darryl, from Denver. His mother says, "Hello, baby, how are you?"

Darryl has the flu. She asks if he wants her to send up some of his grandmother's concoction.

Amanda Jones is 74 years old and she still lives in the house across the street from the project, the house where she and her daughter raised Darryl and his brothers and sister, brought them up to be Christians under the guidance of the Rev. William Davis Judge and his Antioch Primitive Baptist Church.

The church is about four blocks away. A block or two farther than that is the cemetery where her side of the family is buried. She did not want a new house when Darryl signed his contract, so Darryl had the old house remodeled.

She gave up maid work six years ago because she got sick. "Stomach troubles," she says, "and I limp so bad. You know doctors, they don't never turn you loose."

She is sitting in her chair now, watching a golf tournament on the television set. A cane leans beside her against the doorway. On the wall is a picture of The Last Supper in black ovelvet, and on the table are school pictures of some of her grandchildren.

"I know that boy," she says. "I know him better'n anybody. I raised



him right here in this house. It used to rain in the kitchen, but Darryl fixed that." She looks up at the ceiling, around the room. "He fix everything.... You say you seen Darryl?"

She settles into the chair and listens to the news that Darryl has the flu. "He need some of grandma's salve," she says finally. "Snake livers, lizard tongue, alligator lip, olive oil and Vicks mentholatum. Cook it all till it go together and it do you all the good in the world."

She watches while that settles, she begins to smile. "Darryl learned to play right out there in the yard," she says. An old wooden backboard stands out there, leaning to the right. The rim is gone, Darryl's 11-year-old cousin climbed a ladder and took it down with a two-handed dunk. The ground around the backboard is smooth, but here and there the grass is beginning to grow back. She says, "They was always a yard full of children playin', I don't know where they come from. I don't know where they all gone to now.

"On the television sometime I see Darryl breakin' them boards. I like to fell out of my chair. I say, 'It's terrible.' That child don't know his own strength. . . . No, I never been to one of the games. I couldn't stand it. Airplanes, they fall too much.

"I see him on the television, though. I get so nervous, and then everybody get to yellin' at him, oh, I could hardly stand it...." She reaches out for her cane, and shakes it at the set. "I yell too," she says. "I say, 'Don't you hurt that boy."

It's a Wednesday, a couple of days after Darryl's 23rd birthday, and there is a lot on his mind.

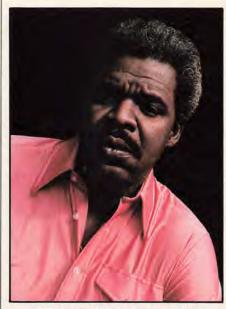
He is the 11th and last 76er on the floor for practice. He comes out wearing black Paul Revere pants, white stockings, a black sweatshirt. By the time he walks out of the dressing room Henry Bibby is already sweating, Julius and Steve Mix are jogging laps around the gym together. Erving runs without effort, Mix seems to concentrate to make his legs work. You wonder how they would take it tomorrow morning if they woke up with each other's talent.

Dawkins picks up a ball, puts it behind his back, throws it up over his head toward the basket. He moves slowly—toes pointed toward each other as he walks—over to rookie guard Clint Richardson and grabs him by the back of the neck.

"I'm tight with Clint," he says. "He came in here with no friends, he jus'

tried to do his thing. Didn't come around braggin' or cocky, but he was here to play. I seen what he was about right then...."

He lets Richardson go and moves to another basket to shoot some jump shots with Henry Bibby. Darryl stands about 18 feet from the basket, Bibby jumps in his face every other time he puts the ball up. Darryl hits six straight, throws up the ball behind his back again.



His dad is 'proud of Darryl. He made it when I wasn't there.'

Practice lasts an hour and a half, and at the end Dawkins is preoccupied. He goes to a diner, orders lunch. Five fried eggs, sunny-side up. Three scrambled eggs on the side. Double toast, pancakes, double bacon, double sausage, orange juice and two glasses of chocolate milk.

No shit.

"I got things to do today," he says. "Got to pick up the four-wheel drive I bought, got to take my lady to the doctor's. Thinks she's pregnant."

The next night, after a game with Portland, he is still bothered. "Things didn't work out yesterday, Darryl?"

He shakes his head. "They had to move the speaker so they could get an extra rail in, give me room for my legs. Another two days, at least."

Five years ago, when the 76ers took Dawkins instead of waiting for him to go to college, Jack McMahon, whose 27 years pro experience includes two head coaching jobs and an NBA championship as a player, explained it to the press this way: "People like

Darryl Dawkins are meant to play basketball."

Dawkins was picked fifth in the NBA's 1975 draft, behind David Thompson, Dave Meyers, Marvin Webster and Alvan Adams. A year earlier Moses Malone had come out of Petersburg (Virginia) High School and became one of the dominant centers in basketball.

Malone's transition into the pros probably had something to do with the 76ers being willing to take a chance on Dawkins. Malone averaged 19 points and 15 rebounds per game his first year with Utah.

Steve Mix and Doug Collins are the only active 76ers who were on that team. "I had my doubts about a high school kid being able to come in and play with professionals," Mix said. "No, I didn't feel protective of him, hell, he's bigger than me. Everybody in this league knows there's a time when they won't be able to play any more, and when you come in you better be ready to take care of yourself."

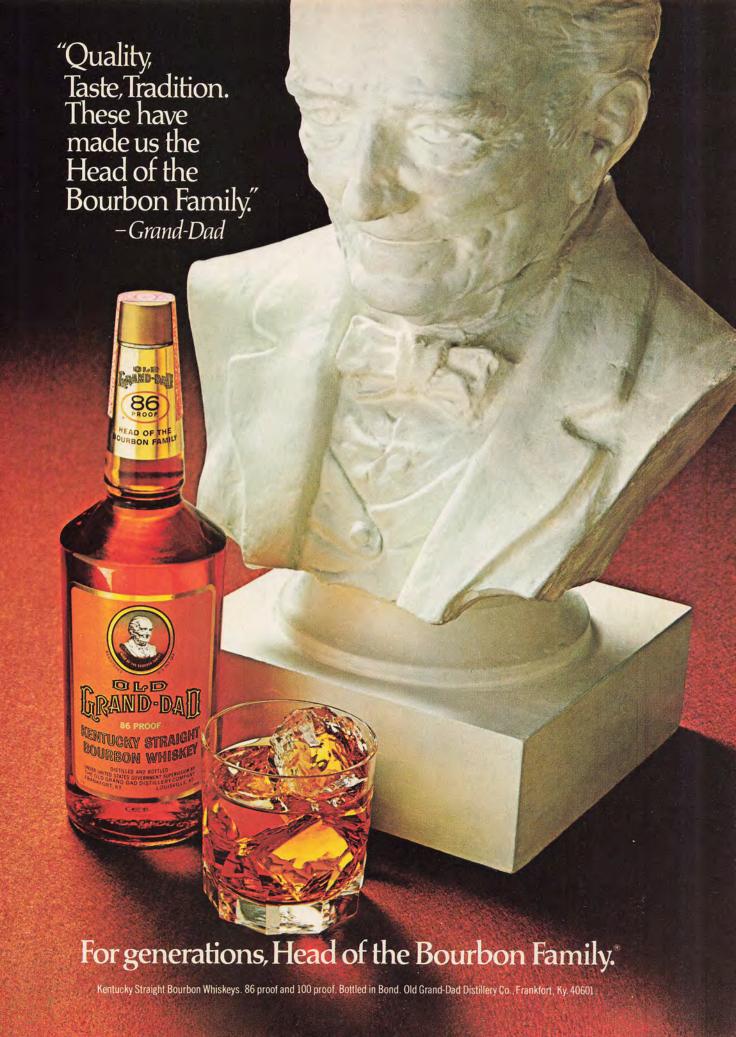
At the time of the signing, coach Gene Shue had this to say: "He should be able to play somewhere if he can't play here." And for two years Darryl sat on Shue's bench (playing only 165 minutes his first year), getting little pieces of playing time in the blow-outs and, after the first summer, very little of the coach's attention. In his second year he asked to be traded.

He had come from a high school that played an all-zone defense, where he'd led breaks, shot from the outside, done everything there is to do on a basketball court. When he got into games in the NBA he tended to lose concentration playing man-to-man defense. On offense, he would get frustrated without the ball and float out to a high post looking for it.

Jack McMahon says, "He was an 18-year-old kid, close to his family. He didn't know anything about checking accounts or getting an apartment or people who would try to take advantage of him. All the things you learn little by little as you grow up, Darryl had to learn all at once. What kept him here is that he's a smart kid. He needed to be reassured because none of it was easy. . . ."

And Darryl says, "It still gets me down, somebody come by and say he need \$200 for his mother's house payment, and he'll get it back to me in two weeks. Then the two weeks never come around, and I know somebody's got advantage of me again."

One of the hardest times came in the 1977 playoffs against Portland, when Dawkins was ambushed by



Hey, Calvin Klein, Gloria Vanderbilt, Yves St. Laurent-meet <u>our</u> jeans Designer.



It was a cowboy who told us how to make jeans. We mean a *real* cowboy, with snake hips and long Texas legs and plenty of pride in his looks. Dickies were designed for *him*, but you know something? That design sits snugger on a cowgirl's hips and bottom than a lot of jeans that cost three times the price. We think the Dickies horseshoe will be around long after some of these fancy pants are on their last legs. Williamson-Dickie Apparel Mfg. Company, Fort Worth, Texas.

Maurice Lucas and punched in the back of the head. Nobody was hurt in the scuffle except 76er guard Doug Collins, who Dawkins himself accidentally popped over the eye, but after the game Dawkins tore up a toilet stall.

Dick Weiss, who covers the 76ers for the *Philadelphia Daily News* and knows Dawkins as well as any writer in the city, says the reason Darryl took out the toilet didn't have anything to do with being embarrassed about not having taken out Lucas.

"Darryl's a bigger person than that," Weiss says. "What it was, right or wrong, he felt he'd been abandoned and that goes back a long time..."

Darryl Dawkins was in eighth grade the first time he dunked a basketball. He was playing in Hankins Park in Orlando, with Snake and Jessie and Pete—all of them four or five years older. It was about midnight and there was a light rain, so every now and then they'd stop playing to sweep off the court.

"I didn't know what the hell I'd done," he says. "All I knew was all of a sudden everybody stopped playin' and their eyes got big. Somebody says, 'My God, you dunked it, man.' I remember that feeling when it hit me. That feeling was, 'Hey, I want to do that some more."

Dawkins is sitting in his bedroom, and the talk about dunks gets around to the two that shattered backboards earlier this season.

He named the one in Kansas City the "Chocolate Thunder Flying, (Bill) Robinzine Crying, Teeth Shaking, Glass Breaking, Rump Roasting, Bun Toasting, Wham, Bam, Glass Breaker I Am Jam." Two hundred and ninetyfive dollars of glass all over the floor.

Then NBA Commissioner Larry O'Brien called him into his offices to talk responsibility and good examples and possible injury and certain fines.

"What do I think about Larry O'Brien?" Dawkins says. "I think he is a very powerful man. We talked it over and decided that of course I knew better than to try to capitalize on breaking backboards."

All this was going on, of course, while CBS was using the film of the "Destructo Dunk" to try to get people to watch their basketball games.

It is not known what O'Brien had to say to CBS. "Contractually, we have no control over promotional aspects," he says. "No, I'm not going to comment on whether CBS was irresponsible, but I will say overall they have done a terrific job. I'm just doing everything I can to see that nothing like this leads to serious injury.

"Frankly, I like the dunk. I get just as excited as the other fellow, and I think you'll agree that a hell of a lot of guys can dunk in the NBA."

Oh.

The main implication of the ruling then is that Darryl Dawkins can probably play Larry O'Brien's game better than O'Brien can play Dawkins'.

Anyway, the bedroom is on the second floor of the house Darryl bought

'I'm 23
years old and I ain't
never gettin'
married, but it's time
for children.
I take care of them,
not necessarily
the mothers, but my
children will
always have what
they need....'

in a development in Somerdale, New Jersey, and filled with white furniture and hanging vases and cardboard likenesses of Teddy Pendergrass and the O'Jays and Chaka. There is a swimming pool in back and a bird bath in front, neither of which, according to an anonymous hometown source, will see water until it rains. "Darryl don't want anything to do with nothing drowning," the source said, "but don't say I said that."

Dawkins says, "The only thing I'm afraid of is the unknown. That and ice skatin'."

The bedroom has chairs and paintings and piles of records, but the thing you keep looking at is the bed. There is a lot of room on that bed. It's round and covered with blue velvet, and there is a canopy over one end with a stereo system built into it.

"Yeah, I get my share of the ladies," he says. And that is true. They chase him in the parking lot after games, follow him in cars, run after him at stop lights. Dawkins has his phone number changed maybe once a month, but there is a girl at New Jersey Bell who always gets the new one.

"The girls I know," he says, "they got to like me for me. They say, 'Darryl, how come you don't buy no Jag or Rolls?' I tell them, 'You don't have to like my cars.'

"I'm 23 years old and I ain't never gettin' married, but it's time for children. I take care of them, not necessarily the mothers, but my children will always have what they need. . . ."

And after nearly a month of following Darryl Dawkins around, that will be the only thing he really says about his father.

Over the weeks the games blur. The 76ers play out a winning streak, lose badly to Boston and Seattle. There are moments, though, that stay clear.

Julius Erving working without the ball, the sounds his shoes make against the floor. Bobby Jones coming off the bench again and again to keep the 76ers in games, the way it sounds when somebody tries to run through a Steve Mix pick. And a flat jump shot from the side that hits the rim and bounces almost straight up.

Dawkins sees that bounce and takes two strong steps from the free throw line. He jumps and his hand is at least even with the top of the backboard. For an instant, the ball and the hand are stuck together, and then the ball is gone, through the net, bouncing away from the referee. And clear up in the five-dollar seats, two old regulars who can watch a month of basketball without saying a word look at each other and one of them gives in. "I never . . ." he says.

On Sunday, February 10, the 76ers play the Lakers in a nationally televised game at the Spectrum.

The Sixers come from six points behind with three minutes left to win 105–104. Toward the end of the game, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar comes out to guard Dawkins. They hit each other as Dawkins crosses into the lane and suddenly Jabbar is going backwards. Dawkins gets the ball and dunks.

As Dawkins' dunks go, it's nothing spectacular, but the game is close and the fans at the Spectrum explode.

And sitting in the middle of that explosion you suddenly are thinking of a 74-year-old woman sitting under a velvet picture of The Last Supper somewhere in Florida—the person who knows Darryl Dawkins best in the world misunderstands the noise and shakes her cane at the television.

"Don't you hurt that boy," she says.
"That boy's been hurt enough."

Pete Dexter is a columnist for the Philadelphia Daily News.





minority who won't give up, it's on to another tryout camp, back to another lonely gym to work on the game they thought they had sharpened. And usually it means a trip to the bush leagues and starting over.

For some, success in a minor league like the Continental Basketball Association may mean a job in the NBA. Everyone who has played in outposts like Utica, Bangor, Anchorage and Scranton knows of Bob Love, Ray Scott, George Lehmann, M. L. Carr, Bob Weiss, Paul Silas, Charlie Criss, Mike Riordan. They made it back.

But the return trip may bring another run of hard times-second and third shots, tryout camps ad nauseum. Who knows what goes on in the head of a man who has bounced around? There's nothing stable about big time ball. The minimum salary in the NBA these days is \$35,000; in the CBA the pay can be as low as \$70 a game even for an ex-NBA player. The lobster dinners, the swank hotels, the jet travel that are de rigeur in the NBA are not part of the CBA life.

Every time a man is waived, the

odds of his finding a job in the NBA decrease. Deserved or not, he gets a book, a rep that he can't shake. "He's a head case." "He can't play the good D." "He's got box scores in his head."

He plays scared, worried that his next pass or shot will betray him. He adjusts his game to impress the coaches, the scouts, anybody who can

He stops checking the sports pages for injury reports, cuts, waivers, news of expansion and plans for roster increases. Phone calls to the NBA won't do any good. In the bush leagues, everyone is waiting for the call.

And waiting means surviving. Playing in the CBA is a little like being a character in a cartoon. "Looney Tunes," is the way Mike Riordan describes it.

"The fans in some of those places," Riordan says, "you just wouldn't believe. Coal miners in overalls and hayseed hats, chomping on straws. Even the refs were characters.

"One time a ref called a foul on this guy, Bob McIntyre-he'd played at St. John's-for pushing. A guy on the other team had ripped Bob's pants. You could see flesh up to the hipbone. Bob pointed to the rip and said, 'What about this?' The ref said, 'Fuck you, man.' Afterward he wanted to fight.

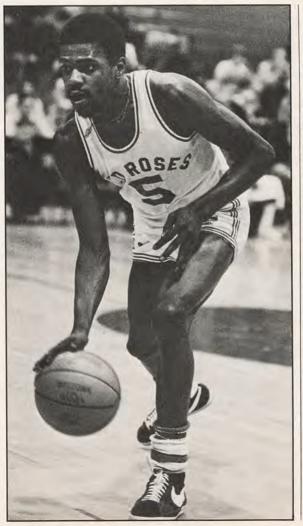
"I was used to playing to win. But the thing there was to fight your own team for the ball. The league had a three-point rule. One time a guy shot from 25 feet on a fastbreak, missed, followed his shot, got it and dribbled out to 25 feet and shot it again."

When Riordan played, it was a weekend league. Today, the CBA is recognized by the NBA, the teams play during the week and they travel from Lancaster to Honolulu. Still, game sites mysteriously change; schedules, too. Rosters are cut from 10 men to nine to eight.

There are plenty of 6-3 guards out there, guards who can run and shoot. The Dennis Johnsons, the George Gervins, they stand out, and the others move in a restless pack around them. The idea is to keep the skills polished and hope that somewhere in a poorly lit gym you'll catch the eye of the NBA. The idea is to keep pushing.

CONIEL NORMAN

Height 6-3 Weight 170 Arizona Drafted by Phil., '74 Waived by Phil., Oct. 20, '76 Signed by Wash., May 25, '77 Waived by Wash., Oct. 17, '77 Signed by S. D., Sept. 19, '78 Waived by S. D., Dec. 5, '78



wintry wind is blowing in under the door of Room 138 of the Congress Inn (\$11 a room) out on Route 30 in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, seeping through the rolled towels wedged against the door.

For Coniel Norman, the chill takes on metaphorical significance. Once Norman was one of the country's hotshooting youngbloods, averaging 23.9 points a game at the University of Arizona while a freshman and sophomore. A hardship case in 1974, he was drafted in the third round by Philadelphia, then moved on to Washington and San Diego-with minor-league stops in Allentown and Tucson. Now, at age 26, he is a Lancaster Red Rose and, to hear it from some basketball men, possibly out in the cold for good.

Norman's first time in the CBA was brief and tumultuous. "Four games," says Norman. "That's all it lasted. I guess you could say I was upset about being in Allentown. I felt I should have made the Philadelphia 76ers. It deflated my ego for a little while. I got angry and got technicals called on me. I was the kind of guy who never got T's called. I got three in four games and packed it in."

Norman plays with gliding, smooth strides, never in a hurry. Off those § easy steps, he accelerates for a variety & of shots, frequently put up in traffic. As ever, Coniel Norman can shoot the basketball. On February 10, against &

the Anchorage Northern Knights, he pounds up and down the court of McCaskey High School in Lancaster scoring 32 points as the Roses lose 128-112 before 360 fans. A week later, he scores 54 points in a double-overtime loss to the Pennsylvania Barons.

Scoring was once enough for Norman, but no longer. The rap against him in the NBA was that he was a one-dimensional player—a shooter who didn't know squat about defense or team play. In the minors he was

supposed to rework his game.

By Norman's account, it hasn't been easy. At Tucson in the old Western Basketball Association, he says, coach Herb Brown had favorites-"Herb's boys," he calls them-and at Lancaster, too, there have been coach's pets, players he nicknamed God and Jesus. Somehow, their preferred status put a crimp in the Norman style.

Allentown, Tucson and Lancaster twice: For Norman, there are too many seasons in too many nowhere towns. Maybe he has one more shot left at the NBA. If not, he doesn't figure to be back here next year. But what the hell, he's a guy who can put the ball in the hole, no matter what they say about him. And they'll always want a shooter somewhere.

The trouble with pure shooters is they tend to see basketball in terms of me/myself, which makes them disruptive to coaches trying for a team game. "Coniel," says Bob Raskin, the Lancaster coach until he was let go at Christmas, "is an intense competitor, but when he's off, he tries to get back all alone. If somebody blocks his shot, he takes it personally. He has to do it all by himself. He shoots you in and

out of ballgames.

"I spoke with the 76ers' GM, Pat Williams, and their scout, Jocko Collins, when Coniel first came here. They thought his attitude was great at Philadelphia. And in 1978, he was no problem for the Red Roses. He put out defensively. He gave up the ball if he didn't have the shot. In fact, I voiced his case to NBA teams. I was pushing for him. . . . This year, he was not the same player. His attitude, after playing part of last season at San Diego, had

changed.

"You speak to him off the court, and he's a nice enough fellow. In ballgames, though, he'd throw towels. Constantly bitching and moaning. You'd want to put your fist to him. He and I once almost got into it after a game—the only time in the 13 years I've been coaching. On the court, he'd over-control the ball and force up shots. If you'd take him out-even if he's played 42 minutes-he'd complain: 'Gee, Bob, you play all these

other guys.'

"We had a team meeting this year about team priorities, passing the ball and so on. Came his turn to speak, he said, 'I got nothing to say.' I told him: 'Let's talk it out. You're an integral part of the team.' He says, 'All these rookies ... I got nothing to say because I'm going to get mine.' Meaning, he'd get his points. And that's Coniel. He wants to win. He works hard. But if he can't be one of the featured characters, he's not interested."

The day after Norman scored 32 points against Anchorage, Raskin's successor at Lancaster, Stan Novak, a school principal who has coached 31 years in the minor leagues, sat at his desk at Enfield Middle School in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, and made these notations about his

'I was upset about being in Allentown. I felt I should have made the Philadelphia 76ers. It deflated my ego for a while.'

ballclub:

1. Selfish.

- 2. Not caring about winning.
- 3. Pass ME the ball.
- 4. Facial expressions.
- 5. Quit if someone does something you don't like (rather than encouraging

the guy).

Against Anchorage, Novak saw his club suffer from dissension. "I learned," says Novak, "that Coniel told one of our forwards, Sylvester Cuyler, 'Gimme the ball,' two or three times. And Sylvester got mad and took himself out of the game mentally. Which got the pivotman, Jim Bostic, annoyed. And so you ended up seeing a lot of faces being made out there and a team giving up on itself.

"When I took over as coach, I talked to Coniel about working on his defense and hitting the open man. He said yes, he would. But I think he's played so long his way it's difficult for him to change. The night after I talked to him, somebody missed him on a pass. 'See,' he says, 'they missed me on the pass. And you talk about me?'

"To be honest, if I were coming into the situation fresh, I'd get rid of Coniel first thing. Now I coached Charlie Criss at Scranton the night he scored 72 points [January 25, 1976] against Hazleton. Criss was the kind of guy who could score all those points and not have the other guys resent him. He had a great attitude. A great kid. He'd encourage everybody. That's why he's playing NBA today. Today, ability might even be secondary."

If Norman has an attitude problem, as Raskin and Novak claim, he doesn't know about it. He disputes many of

their assertions.

"I came from the NBA to the minor leagues and didn't take stuff some of the younger guys might. The league don't care about its players. I'm one of the top guys-third-leading scorer, when I left. And when they didn't treat me right, I let them know. I wasn't even the highest paid player on the team. In fact, I was about the fifth highest. [Team officials say he was the fourth highest.]

"On that kind of money, you can't survive. Those of us who stayed in Lancaster—there were five of us at the beginning of the season and three of 'em left by February-were promised jobs. And we didn't get jobs. The team didn't keep its promise. And because they didn't treat me right, I let 'em

know.

"As for the other stuff, I'll tell you this: It doesn't surprise me about Bob Raskin. He and I didn't get along. We had words. But that didn't mean he should lie about me. That meeting in Anchorage, that wasn't about me. The young players called the meeting. They felt they should be getting more playing time and getting the ball more. Those young dudes directed their conversation to Bob. I never said, 'I'll get mine.' That's not in my program.

"As for Stan, that surprises me. I liked Stan. But after what you tell me, I think he could have confided in me and not gone behind my back to a reporter if that's how he felt. I don't consider myself a guy that creates animosity. My teammates get me the ball. I never cry for the ball. It was a misunderstanding on Stan's part about me and Sylvester. We had a meeting on facial expressions, and I think we cleared it up. Me and Sylvester are best of friends. None of the players conflicted with me. I felt I got along with everybody."

On the weekend of March 1, Norman missed two Lancaster games. He then went back to Detroit, he says, to rest for a few weeks. This spring, he plans to join a pro league in Mexico.

ass is over. And at 7:15 on a Saturday night, workmen remove folding chairs from the gym of the Phillipsburg (New Jersey) Catholic High School. The Lehigh Valley Jets are about to play the Hawaii Volcanos.

At tipoff time, a problem develops. One of the game's two officials, Vince McKelvey, has turned up at the Jets' other home court, in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, unaware of the schedule switch. The announcement in the change of the starting time is garbled by microphone feedback piercing enough to contravene the Geneva Conventions. And so it goes on a midwinter's night in the CBA. Mere anarchy, in Yeats' phrase, loosed upon the world.

For Rickey Green there is order

among chaos, a welcome change for him after two troubling seasons in Lawrence F. O'Brien's league. He is doing what he was supposed to do in the NBA: He is running a basketball team. With Golden State and Detroit in the NBA. Green had trouble getting his own game in gear. His stats are a throwback to the Syracuse Nationals and Fort Wayne Pistons: In two NBA seasons, he shot 38 per cent from the field and 63.1 per cent from the freethrow line.

For Hawaii, he is shooting a whisker under 50 per cent from the floor and averaging 20 points, eight assists and a couple of steals a game. Against Lehigh Valley, he hits jump shots, steals the ball and deftly sets up teammates-22 points, nine assists in a 135-133 loss. The performance brings back images of his glory years at the University of Michigan, where he was an All-American and, it was said, quicker than a speeding bullet.

So how did he land in the CBA?

Gordon "Scotty" Stirling, assistant to the president, Golden State: "He was not a very good shooter. The mechanics of his shots were bad. But that can be improved. Look at Dennis Johnson of Seattle. He worked at it and became a credible shooter. But Rickey Green didn't work on his game. Some players have good work habits. Some don't. He could have been a good player. Talk to Joe Roberts. He was an assistant coach who worked with Green."

Joe Roberts, now a real estate agent: "Rickey had speed to burn. He could run teams out of the arena. Speed like Gus Williams. But he tended to go at the same pace with his dribble. I wanted him to vary his speeds, use the change of speed dribble. . . . Another problem he had was he'd make his mind up where and how he was going to shoot before he shot.

"But the main thing was he didn't take the game seriously. You'd tell him something, and he'd look at you like you were crazy. He'd do what you'd tell him not to do. Like, a fellow as quick as Green should practice shooting on the move-practice the way he plays. You'd tell him that and he'd practice standing jump shots. He didn't take coaching like he should have. Not that he was a bad kid. It was never extreme. More like benign neglect. You'd talk, he'd look away. It's really too bad. He could have been excellent."

Dick Vitale, ex-coach of the Detroit Pistons: "There are so many Rickey Greens-kids that 'shoulda been.' It's that thin line. Outside of the real superstars, the difference is mental toughness.

"We gave Rickey shooting drills to do. One-minute, constant-motion drills that build up your legs. In this game, you shoot with your legs as well as your arms and wrists. Same as a baseball pitcher depends on his legs. Rickey would never have made a great shooter, but he could have gone from 38 per cent to 45 per cent. A guy like him, in 20 minutes he's good for two, three baskets in transition-layups at the other end and, say, maybe one for three on jump shots. Hey, that's four for six, four for seven. But the point is, he was getting blanketed. He had à problems on the break. Against the Celtics one night, he missed three breakaways, two in the last minute. I &

RICKEY

Height 6-1 Weight 170 Michigan Drafted by Golden St., Traded by Golden St. to Det., Oct. 9, '78 Waived by Det., Dec. 11, '78



Taste the pride of Canada. MOLSON Ale. It's the famous ale from Canada with the pure, hearty taste that really stands up to a thirst. Pour yourself a MOLSON Ale soon. And wake up your taste to Canada.

blamed it on his legs. He didn't punish those legs.

"He came with an attitude—'I am a superstar'-and kept talking how he didn't get a shot at Golden State, they used him wrong. That scared me. Al Attles is a winner. I couldn't buy that reasoning. After 17 years coaching, you can see the chip on the shoulder. Like, 'I need P-T [playing time], never mind the drills.' He never got nasty. He didn't sulk, didn't pout. And you want to know something? I like him. He's a good kid. There's something about him I do like. But he just didn't really want to work. My assistant coaches would say, 'Rickey's not receptive to this, to that.' The point is so many kids give every excuse. They don't look in the mirror and let the mirror look back.'

Rickey Green, Hawaii Volcanos: "At Golden State, I wasn't playing much. I

was getting frustrated. I'd have a tendency to be down. Which I should never have done. I should have been doing extra running. But I said, 'Damn, I ain't playing—I don't need extra running.' I know I shouldn't have thought like that because when I did go in I didn't do well. I should never have got down. If I had it to do over, I wouldn't have acted like that.

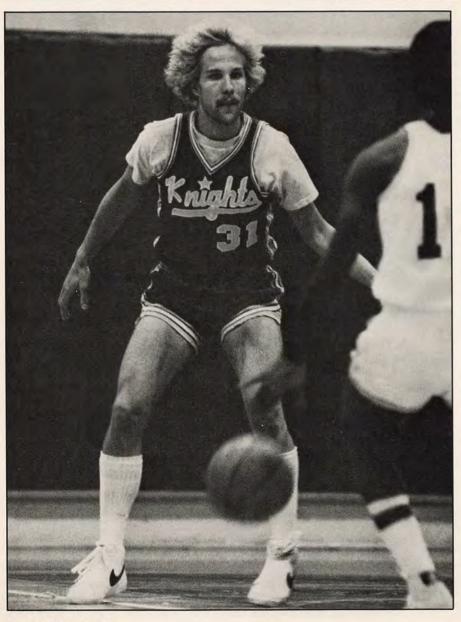
"The next year, when Dick Vitale said he was letting me go [after 27 games], I couldn't believe it. Damn, brought me all the way from Golden State. I was shocked. I thought they were trading me. But no, he was just cutting me.

"After they let me go, my lawyer told me they were saying it was my attitude—that I didn't care. That was the first I heard of it. I'm a quiet person. Maybe 'cause I didn't talk a lot, they thought I had a no-care attitude,

that I didn't want to be bothered. But I never talked much to my junior college coach, or coach [Johnny] Orr at Michigan. [Orr confirms this.]

"You know, in Hawaii, the NBA games come on at eight in the morning. For certain teams—the good ones like L.A., Philadelphia, San Antonio—I set the alarm so I can get up and watch. What's it like looking in from the outside? Well, I'll tell you: I don't feel frustrated even though sometimes I see a player and say, 'Damn, I could do as good as that.' It gives me more incentive.

"One of my Hawaii teammates, Mel Bennett, he's always saying, 'Stay steady, Green. Just play your game. Something's going to break.' And that's what I believe. But I'll tell you what. If I ever went back to the NBA, I know I'd be verbal this time. I'd do things differently."



BRAD DAVIS

Height 6–3.
Weight 180
Maryland
Drafted by L.A., '77
Waived by L.A., Oct.
27, '78
Signed by Ind., Feb.
14, '79
Waived by Ind., Oct.
20, '79
Signed by Utah for 10
days, Feb. 29, '80
Signed for season,
Mar. 10, '80

B ack in 1977, Bradley Ernest Davis could run a fastbreak as well as anybody since Guy Rodgers.

Not only that, he was considered "good people"—NBA code for anybody who is not a general pain in the ass. At the University of Maryland, Davis would show up an hour before practice and would stay late. In games, he was content to parcel out the ball to teammates and take just enough shots to keep defenses honest.

He was a kid who was bright, white and could play like hell—all the ingredients to help a team in its division and at the box office. The Los Angeles Lakers, suffering in both departments, made Davis, a hardship case, one of their three first-round draft choices.

Brad Davis was gone from Los Angeles by the end of October 1978. Davis, it was said then, was a so-so shooter, suspect on defense and not quick enough for the NBA. He was signed by Indiana late last season and waived early this year. He moved to Anchorage where he became a starting guard and shot 51.9 per cent from the field. These days he is reluctant to talk about his NBA experiences and comes off a bit stiff and sorrowful, as if he were being asked about a departed loved one.

His older brother, Mickey, who played four seasons with the Milwaukee Bucks, says, "My impression is Brad feels embarrassed by going into the pros and not doing what he did in college: (A) run a team and (B) score when necessary."

With his mustache, scruffy whiskers and blond hair that flops up and down when he runs a basketball team, Davis looks California laid-back. Although Davis (who was raised in Pennsylvania steel country) owns a condominium in Manhattan Beach, California, he is hardly the easy-timer. His business manager, Thomas Collins, says, "He is just a nice person. He calls a coach 'sir'. Uses 'ma'am' and 'sir.' No sir, yes sir. I heard him call [Lakers general manager Bill] Sharman 'sir' at least a hundred times. Where that comes from, I don't know. Nobody told him he had to do it, but it's not something he forces."

Adds Mickey: "His approach to everyday life is on a sincere basis. Whether it's schoolwork or friends. He takes everything seriously. He has-and I don't mean this critically—a minimal sense of humor. Everything is interpreted as a challenge. Some of it probably stems from following a brother through school who had some success. Even though he eclipsed everything that I did.

"While he was in the NBA, he became more and more determined to do well, and he increased the pressure on himself, so much so it may have had a detrimental effect."

In the early days of Los Angeles' training camp, the Lakers were baffled by Davis, who seemed slower than he'd been at Maryland. Investigating, they found that after every tice, he was taking long training runs along the beach, which deadened his legs. It was a forgivable excess, and typified an admirable NBA attitude. Time and again, scouts came back to Davis' maturity, his professionalism. Phrases like "a good kid," "coachable," "supportive of his team." And yet. . .

"I have discussions with NBA people every week," says Bill Klucas, Davis' coach at Anchorage. "It's hard to sell them on Brad. They ask who's playing well around the league, by position. I tell 'em Brad is the best playmaking guard in the CBA, and I hear hesitancy. Like there's a 'book' on him. Sometimes it's hard to outgrow that."

Klucas himself saw the traumatic effects of Davis' NBA experienceboth this year and last year when they were together at the WBA Montana Sky. In both places, Davis seemed to play scared. "Somebody had beat it

'Coach Jerry West told me, "Hang in there. Your time will come." Yeah, I guess it has. I'm here. Anchorage.'

into him," says Klucas, "that he wasn't supposed to shoot. He was hesitant. He'd pass up shots, wide-open shots."

There is no mystery about what happened to Davis at Los Angeles. He came into the league with a specialty-running the fastbreak. Coach Jerry West didn't want his team to run back in 1977-78. They worked a set offense around Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. That style detracted from Davis' game, and it put a premium on ball control. Brad Davis was the wrong man in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Davis says, "A lot of my problems had to do with playing time. It's hard when you come in off the bench and play three to five minutes in the first half, three to five minutes in the second. You get stiff and cold. West told me, 'Hang in there. Your time will come.' Yeah, I guess it has. I'm here [Anchorage]."

Many players go from the NBA to the CBA convinced they are victims of the basketball crapshoot—mismatched to time and team. It was what Klucas was telling NBA scouts who were dubious about Davis earlier this year. Though Davis does not say it (Klucas: "Brad complains about nothing. He's a class guy."), West's impatience made Davis a timid player. His instructions to Davis-"move the ball, move the ball"-translated, "Don't shoot the damn thing."

"He played," says Klucas, "like his head was in a guillotine. What happens is guys worry about making a mistake-and they never get into the flow."

"I tried to talk with him," says Mickey, "and it was hard to communicate. He thought it was his fault. I felt that he should share the blame with the situation."

This year, when NBA teams are not calling up a lot of CBA talent, preferring to play musical chairs with their injury reserve lists, athletes like Davis are weighing their decisions for next season. The expansion team in Dallas and the prospect of 12-man rosters keep motivating the floating pool of ex-NBA players marking time in the bush leagues.

In Davis' case, the time at Anchorage seems well used. In late February, he was averaging 13.3 points and 4 assists per game. His team was battling the Rochester Zeniths for first place in its division. His future? "I'm just going to let fate take its course. I don't plan to spend a good portion of my young life hooking up in the NBA, playing CBA. I plan to get into something more stable." With his Anchorage salary of about \$12,000 and the reported \$85,000 the Lakers were paying off on a three-year guaranteed contract, he could afford this season in the

February postscript: Early in a twoweek road trip, Davis was making notes from a textbook called Questions and Answers on Real Estate, and talking of taking the test in California. Security, and all that.

Then on February 27, Davis called business manager Collins to tell him the Utah Jazz wanted to sign him to a 10-day contract. "He was elated," said Collins. "Eee-lated. He reports to Utah by the end of the week. It may be the break he needs. . . . Oh, one other thing. Brad felt an obligation to Anchorage and Bill Klucas, so we've worked it out that he'll go back for the CBA championships even if the NBA season overlaps."

On February 29, Davis' name returned to an NBA box score. He scored four points in a Jazz victory over Portland.

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WILLIE

Height 6-2 Weight 170 Missouri Drafted by Chi., 1976 Waived by Chi., Oct. 28, '76 Signed by Phil., Mar. 23, '77 Waived by Phil., Oct. 11, '77 Signed by Ind., Oct. 14, '77 Waived by Ind., Oct. 20, '77 Signed by Port., July Waived by Port., Nov. 3, '78 Signed by Port., Feb. 9, '79 Traded by Port. to Clev. Aug. 24, '79 Waived by Clev., Dec. 4. '79 Signed for 10 days by Clev., Jan. 11, '80 Re-signed for 10 days, Jan. 22, '80 Signed for season, Jan. 29, '80

t was a routine line from a 76er-Cavalier box score, of a game played February 17:

MIN FGA FGM FTA W. Smith 22 2

REB ASST PTS FTM ST

Though they were not the sort of numbers to get a man a spot in the Hall of Fame, for Willie Smith they represented a day's work. And that was plenty good for a man who's got the mileage that Smith has.

At 26, Smith is one of the NBA's leading transients, moving from team to team as regularly as Allied Van Lines and the league's waiver system permit.

He is lean and high-waisted, with a whippet's body suggestive of quickness and cunning. Smith was a scorer at the University of Missouri-43 points against Rickey Green and Michigan in the 1976 NCAA Midwest Regional finals. In the NBA, he's a marginal player working on the gray areas to stay on NBA rosters. He has adapted.

When he came to the Bulls' training camp in '76, the knock on him was that he couldn't play defense. That reputation followed Smith when he was waived by the Bulls.

But as the Sixers and Cavaliers battled in Philadelphia, Smith was quick Willie on defense, repeatedly doubling up on the ball, and guessing when he could gamble. On one play, Smith was sagging off his man, Henry Bibby, in the right corner of the floor, when Philadelphia got the ball to Darryl Dawkins in the low post. Smith ran the length of the baseline, picked the ball clean from Dawkins and raced it upcourt. Forward Don Ford followed the steal with a 16-foot jump shot.

That hustle has impressed Cavalier coach Stan Albeck: "If it's the last seconds of a game and you have to overplay the ball, I don't care who he plays, Willie Smith won't let the guy & get the ball." Even with Albeck, Smith has been a transient. He started this season with the Cavs, was waived & when guard Butch Lee returned from an injury in December, signed two successive 10-day contracts in January when Lee's rehabilitation was deemed incomplete and was signed in late January for the duration of the season.

There is no guarantee that Smith will be back next year. He is about to reach that point where NBA general managers view his spotty record suspiciously. Their thinking: "If he hasn't made it by now, he's had his shot."

That Smith is still knocking around the NBA is a tribute to his staying power. His NBA baptism at Chicago was a weird and perplexing ordeal. The details are blurred by conflicting accounts, but the disparity in versions does not dispel the impression that he got caught up in a strange situation.

To begin, there was a Chicago Tribune story, written by Ed Stone, that appeared after Smith had been drafted by Chicago and included this quote attributed to Smith: "If they [the Bulls] need a miracle, they have the right person." Meaning, him: W. Smith. The problem with the quote, says Smith, is he didn't say it. The reporter put words in his mouth. (Stone disputes that.)

Jerry Krause, the director of player personnel for the Bulls, then told people that the veterans resented the braggadocio. Smith showed up at camp with a new Cadillac, a luxury some of the vets hadn't acquired. These things do matter.

Krause himself may have had a role in Smith's downfall at Chicago. His enmity with Ed Badger, the man the Bulls named head coach just before the season, is acknowledged by both parties. But on the question of whether Smith—who was considered Krause's draft choice—was a victim of those circumstances, there is less unanimity. Some—including Smith, Stone and Krause—say yes. Badger says no. He claims Smith just couldn't cut it, that he was a liability on defense. The Bulls needed a big guard, not Smith.

"I got caught in a crossfire," says Smith. "I played well enough to stick. But people took advantage of my situation, of being caught between Krause and Badger. Like, Norm Van Lier was playing so crazy in practices. Sometimes I'd post him and try to shoot over him. He'd grab me around the waist and just throw me. And the coaches wouldn't say anything. I'd elbow back, but what the hell, he wasn't letting me play. And then, running downcourt, Norm would be cursing me: 'You son of a bitch this, you son of a bitch that.' Make it look like I couldn't get along with people. I can't blame him. He was doing what he could to make the team. But the whole thing was like a nightmare."

(Van Lier: "Oh, yeah. We'd go hard at it. No question. It was tough. A lot of elbows and so forth. But he encouraged it by the way he talked to the papers, bragging on himself. As for cussing him, that I don't remember.")

On October 28, 1976-after he'd played a total of 11 minutes in two games-Smith was waived. "Badger called me into his office and had this little smile on his face, like he'd won. Krause had been let go by Chicago. And I guess he expected me to react violent or nasty. But I didn't ask why or anything. I told him: 'I'll keep working hard and be back. It's not the last you've seen of me.' Badger just laughed. Like, 'You stupid ass.' There's not many people I despise, but he's one of them. He told people that I was on drugs. It's wrong to do a person like that. I found this out from the Bulls assistant coach, Gene Tormohlen. He told me: 'The word he's got out on you is that you're on drugs.' [Tormohlen: 'Badger didn't put the word out about Willie's being on drugs. Somebody told it to Badger. Badger's not that type of individual. He's got nothing bad to say about anybody. He's a good Christian person.'] That hurt me. After all he'd done, he was still trying to discredit me."

"Is that what he says?" asks Badger. "I thought he had more ethics than that. He's suffering from hallucinations. He wasn't let go because he was a Krause man. What it boiled down to was I couldn't use a small guard. And he can't accept that. As far as the drugs, back then I didn't even know what marijuana smelled like. If I really thought that, I could have called Jack Ramsay up, a friend of mine, and told him about it when Portland was thinking of using Willie on its team."

The Bulls' interlude is behind him. And though it hasn't been a breeze since Chicago—Philadelphia, Indiana, Portland and Cleveland—Smith is not complaining. He's alive and reasonably well in the NBA. He may not be signing any long-term leases for a while, but he takes what tomorrow brings. Lord knows, he has had practice—enough to bring another man down. Not Willie. "No way. Down is for a person who don't really understand himself. You don't do anything if you're down. That's how I see things. I keep myself up."

Phil Berger is a New York freelance writer. His profile of Leon Spinks was the winner in the magazine category for E. P. Dutton's Best Sports Stories of 1979.

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THE FLIP SIDE OF MIKE REID

Once he made the tackles, now he writes the songs.

BY PAUL HENDRICKSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL SKALAK/ FOCUS ON SPORTS "There was this little club called Blind Lemon I used to play in that first summer after I quit. I can remember driving to work one Monday night in exhibition season. I had the radio on and I could see the stadium all lit up by the river. I said to myself, 'Was that really you?' Maybe that's the only time I ever missed it—not the game but the spectacle. You know: ROCKY. Showtime."

Mike Reid is nearly 50 pounds lighter—down to 208—and wears tortoise-shell glasses. In college, at Penn State, he used to go around with a shaved head. Very mean. "I guess because nobody else was doing it," he explains. In pro off-seasons, he did things like water-ski barefoot and wrestle bears for dough. Very jocky. A teammate actually put the bear on his back, got the 100 bucks, and promised not to show up again. Reid also did guest piano solos with the Cincinnati, Dallas and San Antonio symphonies.

Sometimes, not very often anymore, people still come up and start a sports riff: "Hey, Mike, where are your seats this year?" Once, on the Mike Douglas show, he bumped into Rocky Graziano. "Look at you, you idiot," Graziano supposedly said. "Look at those arms. Look at those shoulders. You could have been the next heavyweight champion of the world. What are you doing with this music crap?"

Mike Reid played defensive tackle for the Cincinnati Bengals for five years—1970 to 1974. A short season. He was through before he was 28. These days he plays the piano and is a staff songwriter for the ATV Music Group in Nashville. The money's not comparable to his Bengal salary ("it's more than enough") but it's steady and, more importantly, it will keep him off the road and out of some trouble.

Prior to landing the job in Nashville, where he is moving in June from Cincinnati, he would spend his time writing tunes about highways of darkness; about half-naked girls in the projects standing in doorways and singing of Jesus; about old ladies—maybe his great-granny—"wrapped in a blanket deep in the month of June."

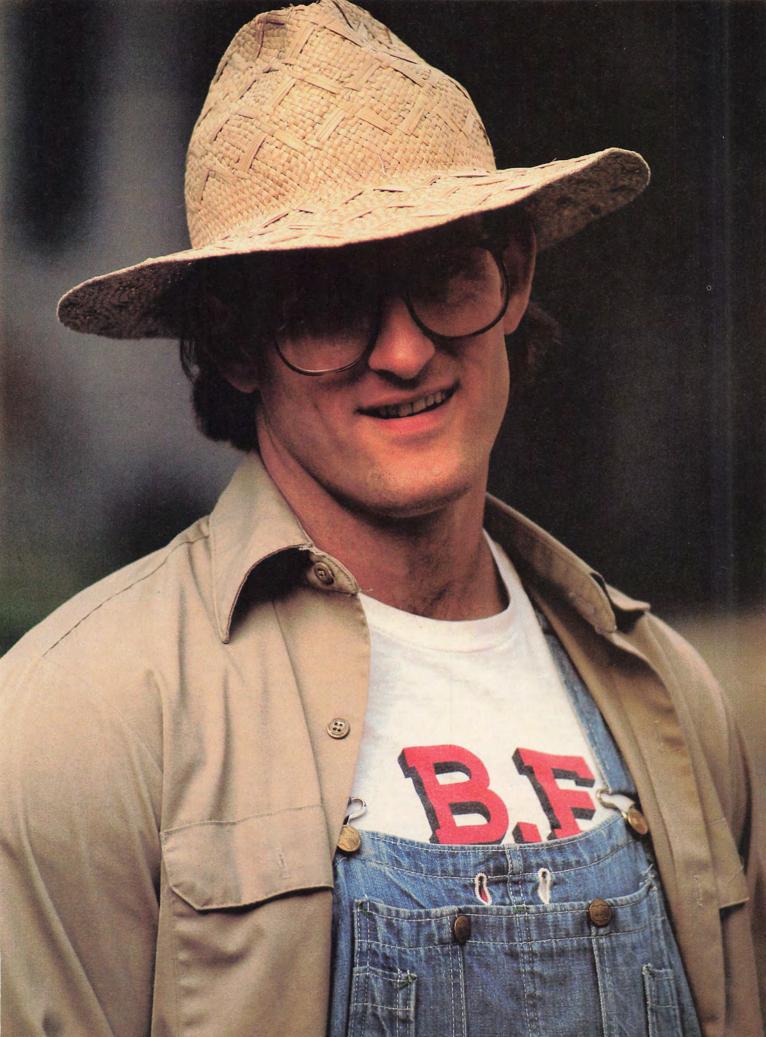
A club owner in Hamilton, Ohio, once tried to stiff Reid for \$300. Reid quietly said he was taking \$300 worth

of something out of there that night. He got the money.

He had been a college All-American, a first-round draft choice, an AFC defensive rookie of the year, an All-Pro two years running. "He was one of the best I've gone up against,' says Gerry Mullins, Pittsburgh Steeler offensive guard who faced Reid twice a season for several years. "We used to have to trap him and double-team him on occasion. We don't like to do a lot of that around here." Still: "Even when I was a pure jock, I never took it that seriously," Reid says. "You know how I found out I won the Outland Trophy in college? By reading about it in Look or Life-one of those magazines. Later, I told this guy in an interview that for all I knew, Mr. Outland could be a wino from Vine Street. I got a letter from the committee."

He never liked any of it that much. Except, of course, the money part. And, for a while, the hitting part. Mike Reid hacks a hand through neatly shagged hair parted in the middle. "I can remember in high school and college the specific sensation of running into people. I remember enjoying that." He says this almost confessionally—a mystery he's still trying to get to the bottom of. Football, Reid has said in interviews, is a demonstration of the capabilities of the human body. It is visually sexual.

Reid left pro football, wriggled free of the snakeskin, one spring day in 1975. He walked away from competition like Koufax, like Jackie Stewart. He didn't fear for his hands, though they and other parts of him had been jammed plenty through the years. He feared for his head. There was nothing dramatic about his retirement-not even a news conference. That winter he had been out West, touring with the Apple Butter Band. He came back to Cincinnati to get in shape. He had a little dog and the two would run around a track every day. About halfway around on the morning he quit, Reid stopped and said, "Why are you doing this? You have no intention of playing anymore." He walked in, took a shower. Paul Brown, the Bengals' head coach, was away in California. Reid hunted up the defensive line coach, Chuck Studley. Won't be back,





"What happened to Mozart?" people asked Reid when he turned to pop. "Like Aristotle says, 'Don't try to teach a cat to bark."

he said. Sorta figured it, Studley said.

A couple of months later Mike Reid was playing cement-walled basements in nowhere towns, singing a tune about "trying to make the transition from 100 grand a year to any old job I can find." In December 1978, Jerry Jeff Walker put a Reid song called "Eastern Avenue River Railway Blues" at the top of his album. Club owners don't paste Reid's football picture in the window anymore.

Mike Reid's walk, when there's not a morning gimp in it, is a kind of light spring—as if he's ready to go suddenly left or right. "Playing the piano," linemen call it. Some say Reid was the seventies prototype of the quick defensive pro tackle.

Mike Reid doesn't drive a flashy car, just a serviceable one. It has four doors and a solid color. It looks like something somebody's father would drive. A tray of rock and classical cassettes sits on the back seat. The tapes—Randy Newman, Little Feat, At Penn State, Mondays were for Haydn.

Shostakovich—get him through the 18-hour hauls from Cincinnati to Orlando, where he plays a 150-seat listening room called Harrigan's and sells the place out every night. Later, at his house in Cincinnati, he will say, "I never came from money. I never needed money. I never altered my lifestyle with football. Oh, I won't say that. I did buy a Riviera once-one of those big floppy Buicks." He will grin at this outrageousness.

On the way to his house, he passes



Riverfront Stadium. He looks at the place the way an astronaut might look at the moon. "You know, I remember being on a field with 10 teammates and it was tantamount to being six years old riding down the street nohanded, saying, 'Hey, ma, look at me.' Don't believe it when an athlete tells you he doesn't hear the crowd. I wanted them to see my number."

And later: "I could have cared less about those people who paid those exorbitant ticket prices. Ten bucks? To

watch me jump around?"

He turns the car down a hill, up a long vine-covered drive. At the top, on 21/2 acres, is a dark nondescript twostory brick house shadowed by trees. Reid bought it when he was in football. A poster of Leonard Bernstein hangs on a door in the kitchen. There is a Baldwin medium grand in the living room; poetry by James Dickey, plays by Eugene O'Neill; maybe 1,000 albums. But, overall, the place has a kind of emptiness to it. Later this eve-



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ning, Reid will borrow a lamp to brighten things.

A woman approximately one third Reid's size stands at the kitchen sink. Susan Crawford Reid, 24, Cincinnati born, is making a fruit salad. They had been going together five years before they wed last August.

Her brothers were awed when she first brought him home, Susan says. Now they draw mustaches on a poster of him on the back of their bedroom door. They also throw darts at him. Susan didn't know footballs from cantaloupes when she met Mike Reid. She was a hostess at a restaurant and a mutual friend brought him in. She knows a little more about football now, but doesn't care about it. "It's just gladiators," she says.

He talks of his fears of going before audiences to play his music. "It's much worse than football. When the guy says, 'Okay, five minutes,' I say, 'Oh, God, give me back my helmet.

Anything."

When he was in the pros, Reid used to go home after games and beat the keyboard. "It almost got to be a necessary part of the withdrawal. It put me at bay." Some close friends say he wouldn't talk for two-sometimes three-days after a game. Reid says the two happiest people in the world besides himself when he quit football were his mom and dad. "Hero? I wasn't a hero to them. The last thing my dad would have wanted was a football hero." Mr. Reid, a stationary fireman for the railroad, would come out to Cincinnati from Pennsylvania on the train the day before the game. His son would pick him up at the station. "I guess he saw things in my face. The levels of anxiety. And, afterward, the physical pain."

The talk drifts to eating and the way he diets like a monk. His feet, on the table, reveal huge ankles. His khakis are hiked along his white cotton socks. He is eating a bowl of Susan's fruit salad sprinkled with bran. In the afternoons he customarily has a protein shake—nothing else. "You talk about decadence. Those chow lines at football camp. There'd be chicken, roast beef, lobster, steaks—and some guys would take 'em all. We had one guy who could eat six steaks. I could maybe make it through two. And then, when you thought about what it was

all going toward. . . . "

He palms the back of Susan's head, like an orange. "One off-season I got up to 285. I was just a cylinder of human flesh, with two little eyes and a mouth."

When Mike Reid was a senior at

Penn State and attracting attention as the classic-playing behemoth, he played a Mozart sonata, some Beethoven and Chopin for CBS-TV correspondent Heywood Hale Broun. Broun closed his report by defining renaissance man. A few years later, when Reid had given up playing the classics for pop music, Broun did a follow-up interview.

"I had this little band and we were at the Anthony House, outside Pittsburgh. We were just trying to survive, doing cover stuff [copies of other artists' recordings] for people who demanded to dance. I guess he thought I had sold out. It was never anything he said directly. It was more the way he looked at me. You know: 'What happened to Mozart?' Look, here's this guy who has a shaved head and weighs 250 pounds and he can play classical music. People want to believe so badly

It's much worse than football, Reid says of live performances. When the guy says, 'five minutes,' I say, 'Give me back my helmet.'

in one idea. Like Aristotle says, 'Don't try to teach a cat to bark. A is A."

Mike Reid started taking piano lessons at six, in Altoona, Pennsylvania, a place known for the Horseshoe Curve and high school football. "I was the little fat kid going up the hill to Elsie Cover's for 50 cents a lesson," he says. His father worked 40 years for the railroad; he never liked it. At least one of Reid's tunes, "Muddy Work Boots," is inspired by that grim idea. In high school, Reid worked nights on a delivery truck. Reid's mother was a cook who wrote an unpublished novel. His grandmother lived next door.

Altoona is down the mountains about 40 miles from Penn State. Kids grow up there dreaming of playing for "State." Mike Reid played the piano. At 14, he heard Beethoven's "Emperor Concerto" on a record player at a pal's house. His first experience with classical music blindsided him.

A few years later, as a junior, Reid went out for football. It was the thing to do in Altoona if you were a hulk. The meanest football players he ever saw, Reid still insists, played for the Altoona Mountain Lions. "We had this one kid, Tim Murtiff, who could have gone to the pros. He works in Al-

toona. There was another kid, a German. He didn't have a tooth in his head."

The next year he was a prep All-American. Beethoven was on hold. He had offers from Penn State, Syracuse, Pittsburgh and a few others.

Reid's coach at Penn State was Joe Paterno. Reid was co-captain as a senior. He fit nicely into what Paterno had taken to calling his Grand Experiment-you can win and be excellent and still have time for other things. A couple of months after he quit the pros, Reid says, he ran into Paterno. "I'm surprised you stayed as long as you did," Paterno suposedly said, even though the coach had advised him to go five so he could get the pro pension. Reid says he and Paterno are alike in recognizing sport as theater. "Paterno thinks I'm going to be governor of Pennsylvania someday."

At Penn State, Reid found the lost chord of his boyhood. He auditioned for the music program, got accepted. One of his teachers was Earl Wild, a concert virtuoso who had come to the mountains for a sabbatical. On Saturdays, the kid from Altoona would crush necks in Beaver Stadium. On Mondays, he'd practice Haydn.

"I remember one of the first jobs I had after I joined the league. It was across the river in Kentucky, at a Holiday Inn, and on break I overheard some guy say to the people at his table, 'Yeah, as long as he keeps playing football his music will be okay, I guess. But it won't be worth a shit if he stops."

So how did that make you feel? "Well, it made you feel like a gorilla at the zoo."

It's late. The sleeves of his shirt are rolled to the elbows, exposing thick brown forearms, his big watch. His glasses are on the bench beside him. His tongue is pursed between his lips. Head down, feet turned in pigeontoed. Fingers running over keys. Mike Reid is singing to the night. Once he sighs audibly. The phone rings. "Don't worry about it." He looks lost, swallowed.

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You throw it away when you please Like Freddie Prinze or Tony Orlando

Or a Big Mac with cheese. . .

He breaks into the McDonald's theme—"You Deserve a Break Today." Only it sounds like Chopin—all arpeggio and broken chords. Then it sounds like Liszt—full of thunder and rhapsody. Then it sounds like Mo-



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'I can remember the specific sensation of running into people. I remember enjoying that.'

zart—tender, punctuated prancings. Mike Reid laughs.

Hardly a morning of his 32 years goes by when Mike Reid doesn't take coffee and the paper listening to classical music. "I just think it's a civilized way to start the day. People want to know why I gave up playing the classics. I had the heart to hear it but maybe not the facility to play it."

Though Reid hasn't cracked the pop world, the musicians who know him respect his talent. He has opened for Bonnie Raitt, Kenny Rankin, Steve Goodman. Says Goodman: "Here's a guy trying to express himself in some other way than bumping people. It must be a tremendous change. The thing that surprises me about his music is how understated it is. You'd think it would be physical. He's amazingly reserved." Goodman thinks Reid has begun to flower as a songwriter.

Earlier, at a restaurant, Reid reset the table in front of him, plowed his hand through his hair, and talked again of the game. "I don't know ... you take the strongest muscle you have and you beat on it and it's just going to get weaker. I had three knee operations for ripped cartilage and ligaments. There's a hole under my arm I could let you feel. Once, I was walking to the parking lot after practice and fell down like somebody shot me from a window with a .22. It was a massive muscle spasm in my back. It happened on a Friday. We had a big game with Pittsburgh coming up on Sunday. I had had a good practice and felt terrific. I remember lying near my car in that parking lot for about an hour and thinking how absurd this was."

Barry Cobb is the assistant sports editor for the *Cincinnati Post*. When you ask about Mike Reid, he says: "He hated the punishment of the game. He liked to play, but I think he was afraid of it, too." Then, "Say, what does he look like these days? I haven't seen him in years."

Cobb may not have seen him but he's certainly read him. Reid wrote a column for the *Cincinnati Enquirer* during the 1977 season, got a good response and came back in 1979 after a year on the road to try it again.

"The problem with former athletes getting into sports journalism," Reid says of writing about last season's 4-12 Bengals, "is that the more you do it the more responsible you must be.

"The Bengals situation was ridiculous and the city was up in arms. Sports only takes on a serious note when a city is encumbered in abject failure. One of the real alluring aspects of moving to Nashville is that there is no pro sports franchise there."

Over dinner a comical thing happened. Reid, feeling good, asked the waitress for espresso. The waitress brought him the coffee in a demitasse cup with a tiny spoon. Reid looked ridiculous holding the cup: Baby Huey dining out.

"What do you do with this, honey?"
"It's a twist," Susan said.

In semidarkness, Mike Reid swivels from the piano. "When I quit, I could just celebrate the fact I didn't have to be a football player anymore. When you do something very well over a long period . . . I think one of the things that wore me down was this

constant living up to ... I don't know what—some amorphous image of what I was supposed to be? I've been down to \$180 and had a \$300 house payment due and all I could think of was that Martin Mull tune about 'Man, I've played some shit holes, but this takes the cake.'"

He doesn't finish. Takes up playing again.

Mike Reid isn't poor—he still has his savings from the salad days. He's trying to live on what he makes.

His best friend in pro football was Royce Berry. They roomed together, played alongside each other. Berry is from west Texas. "He was into Shorty Bacon and the Scrambled Eggs," Reid says. Berry is trying to make the transition from being a 50-grand-a-year defensive end in Cincinnati to a sporting goods salesman in Houston. One time, in camp, Berry's pal from west Texas, Larry Gatlin, came by. "I said, 'Mike, here's a musician who's got more talent than you.' He didn't talk to me for 10 days. I was his damn roommate and he didn't say a word for nearly two weeks."

Things would bother him terribly, Berry says. A management injustice, somebody getting hurt. "He couldn't shrug it off." He wasn't close to the guys, though he liked sports camaraderie. "He couldn't tolerate mistakes," Berry says. "He was impatient."

Toward the end of Reid's playing career, the Bengal management brought in a defensive tackle named Bill Kollar, a first-round draft choice from Montana State. There was lots of ballyhoo. Some people think the Bengals were trying to make Reid insecure. Why couldn't their star lineman just stick to football? "Mike's response was withdrawal," says Berry. "You know, I don't think he was ever meant to be a football player." Bill Kollar lasted two seasons in the NFL.

Mike Reid has no idea how far his music is going to take him. It isn't Top 40 and sometimes he wonders if his sort of imagistic jazz-cum-folk is over. He has no idea why he should have been born with a heart stained in poetry any more than he knows why he should have been born into a behemoth's body. He just was. Someday, he says, if people care at all, they may say that the truest nature of Mike Reid was as a musician. He did different things until he got there. One of them was football.

Paul Hendrickson writes for the Style section of the Washington Post. He is on leave as an Alicia Patterson Fellow.



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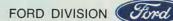
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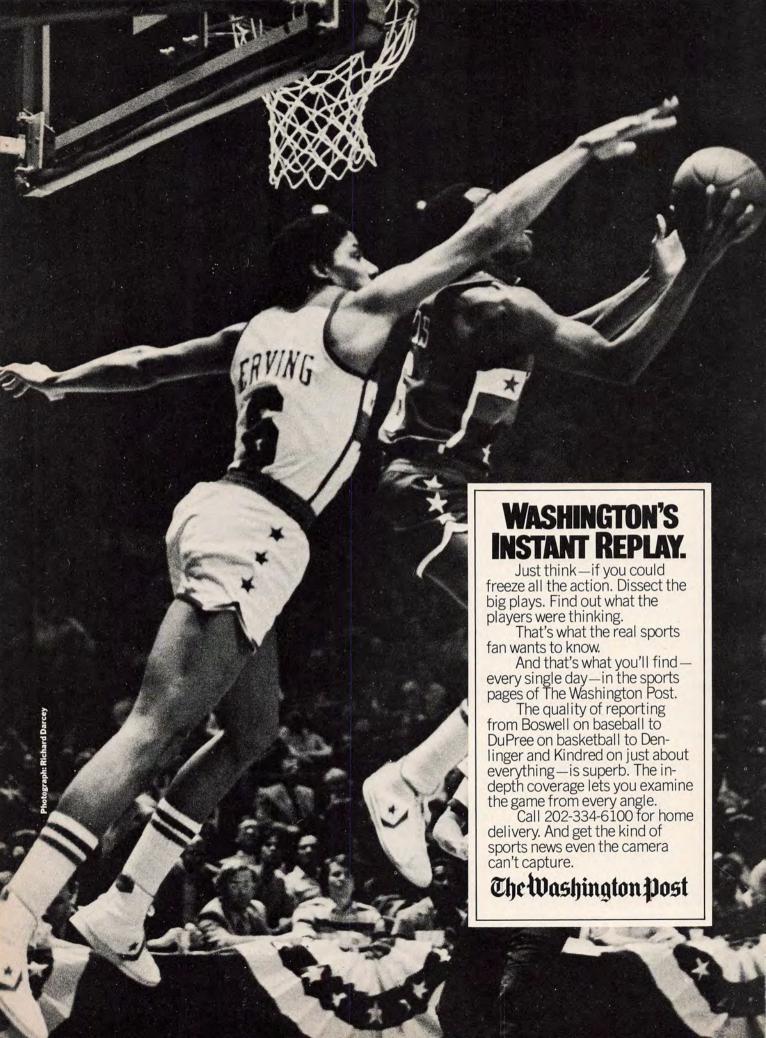
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Claude Ruel...From Jacques Plante to
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From Doug Harvey to Gilles Lupien
to 1980 and...

TEAM THAT FELL TO EARTH

BY MORDECAI RICHLER

his, certainly, has been the winter of Montreal's discontent.

It is the last week of February and our sidewalks are still bare of snow, which is unheard of, bizarre beyond belief. In fact, only a piddling 30-odd centimeters of snow (in other years, one blizzard's good blow) have fallen on our stricken city, the least amount since 1875, when the McGill Observatory first monitored the weather. Knowledgeable Montrealers are shaking their heads. Incredulous, apprehensive. Something's wrong somewhere.

This freaky winter our city has endured good news and bad news—all of it mind-boggling.

The brilliant Montrealer we leased to the country as prime minister for 11 bumpy years, Pierre Elliott Trudeau, has risen again like Lazarus, having announced his retirement in November only to reconsider and lead the Liberal Party back into power in Ottawa in February. Meanwhile, in Quebec City, where the separatist Parti Québécois is still rooted in provincial office, another Montrealer, that party's cultural ayatollah, Dr. Camille Laurin, has pronounced again, urging French-only announcements at the Fo-

otographs by Richard Pilli

ny May the magnificent Canadiens did not bring home the Stanley Cup was an aberration. An affront to the fans.

rum, hockey's undisputed shrine. Moved to outrage, Montreal Gazette sports columnist Tim Burke wrote: "Only minds filled with mischief and vindictiveness could lean on the Forum to strike the language of 25 per cent of its fans from its program. It is the kind of mentality dedicated to converting Montreal from a once-great metropolis into a sickly, swollen Trois-Rivières."

Within a couple of days another columnist, Jerry Trudel, countered with equal heat in Dimanche-Matin: "Aujourd'hui, Tim Burke me fait rire; il demeure, lui, l'un des nombreux bastions du bigotisme anglo-saxon dans cette mosaique balkanisée qu'on appelle le Canada." ("Today, Tim Burke made me laugh; he lives in one of those numerous bastions of Anglo-Saxon bigotism to be found in the Balkanized mosaic they call Canada.") Furthermore, a seething Trudel pointed out that when "ces bons Canadiens" were playing in Vancouver, and a stanza of the national anthem was sung in French, the team was greeted by a "crescendo des poumons." Resounding boos from the yahoos in the

"Politics and sports don't mix," a diplomatic Guy Lafleur has insisted more than once, but that embarrassing night many of ces bons Canadiens were deeply offended. "Some of the players were so angry," Serge Savard said, "they didn't even want to go out on the ice."

Other nights, other yahoos. At a game in Toronto a separatist-inclined columnist who travels with the team remained resolutely seated when "O Canada" was sung, this time en anglais. A security guard, fulminating behind him, promptly jerked him upright by the scruff of his neck. "In this city," he advised him, "we stand up for that song."

But it is not the eerie absence of snow, Trudeau's second coming, or continued squabbling between English and French Canadians that has profoundly perplexed Montrealers this season, making it a winter of infamy. It is something far more incredible, infinitely more unsettling. In the longest November we can recall, the Montreal Canadiens, our fabled Canadiens, ac-



Toe Blake has a sympathetic ear.

tually managed to lose six games in a row, something that hadn't happened for 40 years, not since the season of 1939–40, a year uninformed out-of-towners may remember for other reasons.

A few days after the fall, I ran into Burke, an old friend, in a favored downtown bar. "The Canadiens," he snarled, "are now on a two-game win streak." And then, contemplating his rum and Coke, he added, "Can you imagine even thinking such a thing? A two-game win streak! The Canadiens!"

Soon, floating on too many drinks, we were reminiscing about what was by common consent the greatest Canadiens team ever, the club that in the season of 1959-60 won its fifth Stanley Cup in a row, Toe Blake on the boil behind the bench. My, my. There was the incomparable Jacques Plante in the nets, Doug Harvey and Tom Johnson and Jean-Guy Talbot minding the blue line, and up front, Jean Beliveau, Dickie Moore, Boom Boom Geoffrion, Henri and Maurice Richard, Claude Provost, Ralph Backstrom, Phil Goyette serving as the fourth center. Still to come were Yvan Cournoyer, Jacques Lemaire and a college kid called Ken Dryden. And, of course, Lafleur.

In those days, Tim recalled, glowing, we would quit the Forum after a game as emotionally drained as any of the players. Such was once the quality of the action.

Before brooding at length on reasons and rationalizations for the fall, I should explain that the Canadiens are a team unlike any other. It is not merely that they have won 21 championships, second in professional sports to the New York Yankees' 22, but that-from Howie Morenz through Maurice "The Rocket" Richard and Jean Beliveau to Guy Lafleur-they have been a family. This team was not built on haphazard trades, though there have been some, or on opening the vaults for upwardly mobile free agents, but largely on the development of local boys who had dreamed of nothing more than wearing that red sweater ever since they first began to play peewee hockey at the age of eight. Morenz, it's true, came from Ontario, but the Richard brothers were both Montreal boys, Beliveau sprung from Trois-Rivières and Lafleur from Thurso, another small town in the province. They are the progeny of dairy farmers and miners and railroad shop workers and welders.

There is a tradition, there is continuity. Frank Selke, 87, who built the original dynasty, still sits brooding in the stands at every game. If the late Dick Irvin, a westerner, was the coach who fine-tuned the team for Selke, it is now his son, also called Dick, who still travels with the team, working on the television and radio broadcasts. Gilles Tremblay, a star with the team until asthma laid him low in 1969, handles the French-language telecasts. Scotty Bowman was a player in the organization until he fractured his skull, as was Claude Ruel until he lost an eye. Beliveau is still with the team, a vice-president in charge of public relations, a job Lafleur would like to fill one day. Another former player, Floyd "Busher" Curry, acts as road secretary. Former GM Sammy Pollock comes from one end of Montreal, and the present GM, the embattled Irving Grundman, from another. Traditionally, following the Stanley Cup parade, the team repairs to Henri Richard's brasserie. "Every year," Richard said, "I think they will forget, they won't come this time. But 2 win or lose, the boys are here."

However, the man who most personifies continuity on the team today is Toe Blake. Originally a winger on

ob Gainey: 'We snuck out with the Cup last year. We were lucky . . . We ran the tank empty and now it's showing up.'

the high-scoring Punch Line in the 1940s, then the team's most successful coach, he still, at the age of 68, pads up and down hotels on the road, remembering never to throw his fedora on the bed, which could only bring bad luck; a once fierce but now mellowing Toe, available to all the players, a consulting vice-president with the team.

Try to understand that in this diminishing city we are not amazed by the shrinking value of our dollar. Galloping inflation. Unfaithful wives. Ungrateful children. Untimely polyps. Corporations scrabbling one after another down the 401 to the safety of unilingual Toronto. In Edge City, we have survived for years on one shining certitude. Any May the magnificent Canadiens did not bring home the Stanley Cup was an aberration. An affront to the fans. Or just possibly an act of charity. Pour encourager les autres.

Yes, yes. But now, in the very Forum where the rafters are festooned end to end with 21 Stanley Cup pennants—eight more than any other team in the league—our champions of the last four years have been humbled by the sadly inept Colorado Rockies and the St. Louis Blues. On the road, they have come up shockingly short against the kind of pickup teams they are expected to toy with: the Edmonton Oilers, Winnipeg Jets and Quebec Nordiques.

Montreal left wing Bob Gainey maintains the rot, such as it is, set in last season. "Looking back, people remember we won the Stanley Cup again, so they think we whistled through another year. But we didn't whistle. We dropped 14 points on the previous season and 21 goals against. We snuck out with the Cup. We were lucky enough to have the momentum of the previous years to carry us and that, with the talent and experience, got us by. We ran the tank empty last year and now it's showing up."

Actually, fissures in the dynasty began to appear as early as the summer of '78 when Molson's Brewery bought the Canadiens from Peter and Edward Bronfman for \$20 million. A month later, Sam Pollock, the unequalled dealer and hoarder of draft choices—



Scotty Bowman believes he was conned.

with the organization for 31 years, the last 13 as GM—stepped down. Pollock, who built the dynasty of the late 1970s, anointed Irving Grundman as his heir. Grundman, who had come to hockey and the Forum with the Bronfmans in 1972, was appointed executive vice-president and managing director of the Canadiens, that is to say, GM.

Coach Scotty Bowman, who believed he was going to get the job, exploded. "World War III could have broken out in the Forum and I wouldn't have known a thing about it." An embittered Bowman, who had agreed to a two-year contract with the club a few months earlier, let it be known that he had been conned. He never would have signed, he said, had he realized that Pollock was leaving. "I've got my own future to think about. I don't want to spend the rest of my life behind the bench."

And later on he would hint darkly that there may have been a connection with Pollock appointing Grundman GM and Pollock's continued position with the Bronfman brothers' investment company.

Along came the 1978-79 season. Bowman, a hot-tempered disciplinarian, seemed to let up some and acute observers of the team noted that once safe leads now tended to evaporate. Teams lacking the Canadiens' talent made games closer than they ought to have been. Too often, games that

should have produced a cozy two points became a tough one point.

Steve Shutt, Montreal's high scoring left wing, said, "For the first couple of years here, Scotty was a yeller and a screamer. But it was his team, he built it. Besides, I think everybody needs a good kick in the ass once in a while. Last year, however, when it became obvious Scotty wasn't going to get the GM's job, he didn't want to do anything. He was really, really upset."

Last summer the inevitable happened. Bowman, arguably the best coach in hockey, however personally unpopular-Scotty, ferocious leader of the team since 1971, a street-wise Montreal boy himself-walked out of the Forum to become coach, general manager and director of hockey operations for the Buffalo Sabres. The Sabres were 36-28-16 last season, with 263 goals against. This winter, after 68 games, virtually the same team stands at 41-17-10, and its goalies lead in the Vezina Trophy race with only 177 goals against. Defense, defense, as Scotty used to say.

Then last summer something else happened. Ken Dryden, five-time winner of the Vezina Trophy, but a favorite of the Forum boo-birds, announced that he was retiring to practice law.

There was more bad news to come. Jacques Lemaire, possibly the most complete center in hockey, surprised even his best friends on the team by saying that he had had quite enough of Stanley Cup pressure, thank you very much, and that from now on he would be doing his skating in the more salubrious climate of the Swiss Alps.

Early in September, only days before training camp was to open, Boom
Boom Geoffrion, a 50-goal scorer, a
regular with the greatest Canadiens
team ever, was named coach. "A
dream come true," he said, beaming.
But on the night of December 12 he
was to resign. "I'm sick and tired of
them. Guys coming in at two or three
in the morning, laughing and joking
around. They're not acting like professional athletes. I'm not going to stick
around and let everyone in Montreal
blame me for what's happening..."

Geoffrion named names too.

"Larouche walking through the airport, smoking a cigar, acting like we

teve Shutt: 'Geoffrion flunked out in New York, flunked out in Atlanta. Why Montreal, where the fans are so demanding?'

won the Stanley Cup when we'd lost a game. I thought Savard would help me. But he's more interested in his horses. I feel sorry for Robinson. How

do you think he feels?"

The players, of course, tell a different tale. "He flunked out in New York," Shutt said, "he flunked out in Atlanta. Why would he come here, a town like Montreal, where the fans are so demanding?" Where, as yet another veteran put it, "You've got 17,000 assistant coaches, and the fans are right behind you, win or tie."

Other players, among them honest Larry Robinson, readily admit they came to camp out of condition, and with Scotty gone, they grasped they would not be scorchingly reprimanded for it. Geoffrion, a new boy, was out to ingratiate himself with the team.

'Geoffrion didn't want to push us," Gainey said, "but we needed it."

"He was a lot more friendly than Scotty," Pierre Larouche allowed, "and we took advantage. He just wasn't made for the job."

So faithful Claude Ruel, a former coach and then an assistant to Bowman and Geoffrion, stepped loyally into the breach. But come the Christmas break, the team that had lost only 17 games in 1978-79, and a mere 10 the year before, stood at an embarrassing 17-13-6.

Something had happened. Some-

thing bad.

Where once the players on the other teams, knees wobbly, skated out on to the Forum ice determined not to disgrace themselves, now they leaped brashly over the boards actually looking for two points.

"We are no longer intimidated by all those red sweaters," Islanders goal-

ie Glenn Resch has said.

Gainey agreed. "When you start to slip everybody else in the league sees it, the others catch on. Now even the fringe players on the other teams think they can score here.'

Since then, everybody's been taking the pulse, few as knowledgeable as Henri Richard. Richard, who played with the team for a record-breaking 20 years and 11 Stanley Cups, fears the dynasty is coming to an end. "They miss the big guy," he said, meaning Sam Pollock.

"Nobody ever saw Sam," Shutt said. "I noticed him in the dressing room maybe two or three times in five years. But you always knew he was out there somewhere. Watching."

The rap against 51-year-old Irving Grundman, Pollock's successor, is that he is not a hockey man, he lacks fraternity credentials, but neither did he inherit the team with his daddy's portfolio. The likable, driving Grundman is a butcher's boy, and when he was a kid he was up at 5 a.m. to pluck chickens in his father's shop on the Main. He became a city councilman, and went on to build a bowling business, hooking up with the Bronfman brothers, who shrewedly took him to the Forum with them. "When I came here eight years ago it wasn't with the intention of having Sam's job. But once I got here I took a crash course with him. Five hours a day every day. He recommended me for the job. Now I'm in a no-win situation. If things go well, I did it with Sam's team. If not, it's my fault. However, we've already won one Stanley Cup, so I'm ahead of the game."

It was also Grundman, obviously a quick learner, who engineered the trade-or theft, some say-that has done so much to enable the Canadiens to hang in there this year. He sent Pat Hughes and Rob Holland to Pittsburgh for goalie Denis Herron and a draft choice. Last season the fans, in their innocence, were demanding more ice time for back-up goalie Bunny Larocque. Now the same fans are grateful that Herron is number one.

Still, Dryden is missed. Gainey believes that it is his retirement that has hurt the team most. "The other teams are overjoyed. They look down the ice and he isn't standing there any more."

Red Fisher, sports editor of the Gazette, who travelled with the Canadiens for 25 years, allows that Dryden used to let in soft goals if the team was ahead 5-1. "But if they were down 1-0 on the road, he was the big guy. He kept them in there until they found their legs."

Others say that the most sorely missed player is Lemaire. Lemaire, hanging back there, brows knit, scowling, as Lafleur and Shutt swirl round the nets. Certainly, he will be missed

in April and May. Last year Lemaire, tied with Lafleur as the leading playoff scorer, accounted for 11 goals and 12 assists in 16 games. But the biggest adjustment the team had to make this year, according to Robinson, was the loss of Bowman. Bowman was feared, maybe even hated, by most of the players, but he got the best out of them. "With Scotty gone, the fear and motivation were gone," Robinson said. "He's a great hockey man. He made us work hard. You never knew what to expect."

Something else. This season, as all the players are quick to point out, the team has endured an unseemly number of injuries. Gainey, Risebrough, Savard, Lapointe, Houle, Herron, Robinson and Lafleur have all been out at one time or another, some for a month or longer. Furthermore, for the first time in recent memory, there is nobody down there in Halifax threatening to crack the lineup. The bench is thin.

Another consideration is that the once superlative defense hasn't been playing up to par. "In the first half," Shutt said ruefully, "Savard and Lapointe couldn't have made Junior A."

Neither has the defense been scoring. Last season, Robinson, Savard and Lapointe were responsible for 36 goals among them. So far this season they have managed only 19.

Shutt, who plays with somebody called Lafleur on the other side and either Larouche or Pierre Mondou in the middle, said, "We can't do it all with one line." And the other lines are simply not scoring.

Item: Last season, the Risebrough-Tremblay-Lambert trio scored 66 goals, but so far this year only 31.

But then, on New Year's Eve, there was a miracle at the Forum. Playing fire-wagon hockey, buzzing around the nets like the Canadiens of cherished memory, a revived team put on a dazzling display, beating the Central Red Army, 4-2. Many a fan, his faith in mankind restored, was saying the Canadiens, awake at last, would not lose another game this season. Look out, Flyers. Boston beware. Les Canadiens sont là.

On New Year's Day, rotund Claude Ruel, easily underestimated, mistaken for a buffoon by some, announced,

"The past is dead. They are playing a little harder now, with more enthusi-

asm and pop."

Alas, the past was prologue. The following night les Glorieux ventured into Pittsburgh and lost again. They continued to play erratically, but with rather more success than in the first half, before Lafleur sounded off in early February. Some players, he said, were less interested in playing hockey than in drawing their salaries. "It's reached a point where some of them don't want to play because they have a little headache. What do you expect a guy like Ruel to do then?" Lafleur also believed that some of the bigger players, say 6-6 Gilles Lupien, were not doing enough hitting. "I know a number of players who are satisfied with 30 goals, while they could easily score 50 in a season. But they don't because they say the public and the boss would be more demanding."

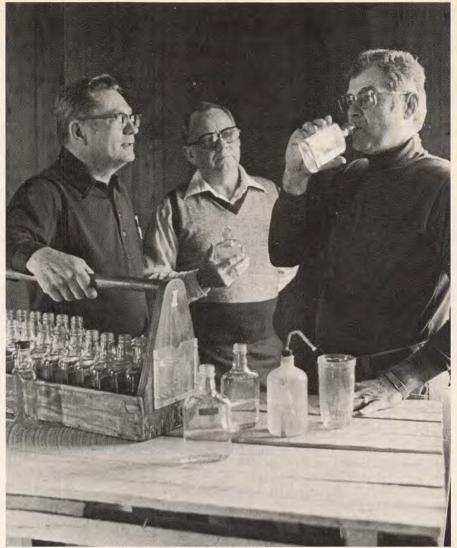
By this time I had caught up with the Canadiens myself, determined to stay with them for six games, come to scrutinize the troubled club first-hand; and what follows is in the nature of a

concerned fan's journal.

A few fumbling words of explanation first. My credentials, I have to admit, are iffy. I'm not really a sportswriter, but rather a novelist and occasional screenwriter. However, a born Montrealer, I first began to follow the Canadiens on radio in the 1940s. I have, since then, felt my heart thud as Maurice Richard drifted in over the opponents' blue line. I have been raised out of my seat more than once by the sight of big Jean Beliveau's end-to-end rushes. When the Canadiens are going well, I feel fine. When they are not, I feel vulnerable to germs.

February 7, the Forum: Canadiens 4, Rockies 3.

Good news. Savard and Lapointe, coming off injuries, are back together in the lineup for the first time in a month. Bad news. Back and stumbling. Savard, a racehorse owner and proprietor of a suburban newspaper, is wearing a helmet for the first time this season. Hmm. And Lapointe, as everybody knows, is having personal problems. The first period is largely smashand-grab, the sort of play that is giving



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oor Larry Robinson, playing 40 minutes a game, maybe more, isn't making many end-to-end rushes this season.

hockey a bad name, and at the period's end, we trail 3-2. A journalist observes, "Will you look at that? I mean, they're playing the Colorado Rockies. The most compelling man on the team is their coach [Don Cherry]."

In the second period, in spite of tying the score, the Canadiens stumble badly. From Doug Harvey to Gilles Lupien is not so much a fall as a suicidal leap. Lupien treats the puck as somebody else might react to being caught with another man's wife. No sooner does the puck connect with his stick than he shoots it blindly out of his zone, as often as not on to a waiting Colorado blade. Still, the Canadiens win, with Mario Tremblay contributing his first goal in 10 games.

February 9, the Forum: Canucks 4, Canadiens 3.

"Look at those menacing black uniforms," somebody in the press box exclaims as Vancouver takes the ice.

"Yeah, but that's all they've got."

Tonight it's enough to beat the disorganized Canadiens, their play distressingly tentative. Once more we squander a two-goal lead, characteristically provided by Lafleur and Shutt, and stumble through a punk second period. Lapointe separates his shoulder once more and will be out again, possibly for another month. "He has to be thinking about something else out there," a reporter observes sadly.

The unnecessary loss is a bummer going into Boston for a Sunday night game, and on our chartered jet, the subdued players sip their beer quietly. I sit with Doug Risebrough, a scrapper on ice, who turns out to be most engaging. "That game was given to them," he says. "A lot of nights what's missing with us is the concentration. It's just not there.'

In the morning, Gainey says, "We don't seem to want to do it this year or have the ability to do it all the time." He evokes the Cincinnati Reds. "You can hold on to it for so long and then it slips away. But we still have the potential," he concludes wistfully.

By this time Toe Blake is padding up and down the lobby, mingling with the players. It's been a long haul for Toe, working in the mines in summer in Falconbridge when he was playing with the Punch Line, and then coach-



Bob Gainey: 'We don't seem to want it.'

ing the greatest Canadiens team ever, its total 1960 payroll \$300,000. A long way from there to here. Now travelling with today's Glorieux, disco-smart in the Cardin jackets, fur coats, suede boots, a team representing a total payroll estimated at \$3 million. "When I was playing in this league," Toe says, "I worried about my job. Even the stars worried. If you went sour for five games, maybe even a couple, down you went, but now . . ." Today's average player, he acknowledges, is a better skater, but, like me, he misses the passing and the playmaking of the vintage NHL years. In his feathery voice, Toe laments that even on the power play forwards tend to shoot the puck into the corners rather than carry it over the blue line. "If I were still coaching I'd bring back puck handling. I wouldn't want them to throw the puck away. Look at the Russians. They're skating all the time. That's their secret." Neither is Toe an admirer of the slap shot. "Dick Irvin used to say it doesn't matter how hard you hit that glass or the boards, the light won't go on."

The team bus is due to leave for the Garden at five, but come four o'clock Lafleur is pacing the lobby, enclosed in a space all his own. Denis Herron, whose wife gave birth to a baby girl the day before, will be in the nets. "I know I'm ready," he says. "But sometimes you've got it, sometimes not."

February 10, Boston Garden: Canadiens 3, Bruins 2.

In the first period, the surging Bruins outshoot us 8-4, and the difference is Herron, who makes some spiffy stops. Fifteen long minutes pass before Montreal has its first shot on the Boston nets. A goal. Engblom. It's 1-1. If not for Herron we could easily be down three goals. Like Dryden, he is

keeping them in there.

In the second period, Boston outshoots us again, 12-8, scoring once to take a 2-1 lead. Both Boston goals had come on two-on-ones. Savard is caught up the ice on one, Robinson on, another. An overworked Robinson is not making many end-to-end rushes this season. He can't. Poor Robinson is playing 40 minutes a game, maybe more, and seems to be out on the ice every time I look down. "Last season," Toe says, "Larry wouldn't be out there for more than a minute, maybe a minute and a half, and then in would come Savard and Lapointe, but now ..."

And, finally, the Canadiens surface with what was once their traditionally big third period. Mark Napier, who some observers thought would help us forget Cournoyer, ties the game with his first goal since December 23. And then Lafleur sets up Larouche for the winning goal with a pass from the corner I can only call magical.

On the chartered jet back to Montreal the players are in high spirits, a smiling Lafleur drifting down the aisle, serving beer. These are a classy bunch of athletes, not the sort to goose stewardesses or embarrass other guests in hotels. The French- and Englishspeaking players mingle easily, they don't drift off into separate groups.

February 14, the Forum: Canadiens 5, Nordigues 1.

Suddenly, the others are scoring. Mondou, Jarvis, even Chartraw. And, of course, Lafleur is there, with a goal and two assists.

"What you are really seeing," a bemused French-Canadian sportswriter says, "is a battle between two brew-eries." Molson's owns the Canadiens; O'Keefe's the Quebec Nordiques. "Loyalties are split in the province for the first time," he adds, "and we will have to wait and see which brewery

uy Lafleur: 'A friend once told me better to be a valet in your own country than a king somewhere else.'

improves their beer sales most."

A couple of days later, Ruel announces he will wait until the season is over before deciding whether to continue coaching. "The decision is mine," he says.

The players are fond of Ruel, but not intimidated by him. This is now a matriarchal society, Ruel fussing fondly over his charges rather than threatening them. But he remains a joke to some of the English-speaking writers. At a practice, coaching the team on two-on-ones, he bellows at the lone defenseman, "Each guy take a man."

February 16, the Forum: Canadiens 8, Penguins 1.

One of this season's rare laughers. Mondou scores twice and so does Lafleur. It is Lafleur's 399th goal.

It is announced in the dressing room that our charter will not take off tonight. Instead, we will leave for Buffalo at 10:30 tomorrow morning.

At the airport Sunday, everybody is reading Dimanche-Matin, wherein Maurice Richard, who knows about such things, observes in his column: A lui soul, Guy Lafleur vaut le prix d'entrée. On his own, Guy Lafleur is worth the price of admission.

10:45. Still no plane. "Hey," one of the players asks, "do you think Scotty's behind this?"

"Damn right."

This will be the team's first trip to Buffalo. In two earlier games against the Sabres, both in Montreal, Scotty failed to appear behind the bench. Montreal won the first meeting, 6-3, but was routed the second time, 7-2. "Is there anything personal against Scotty in this game?" I ask.

"Aw, he won't be wearing blades,"

Robinson replies.

I catch up with Scotty in the somewhat frenetic Sabres' dressing room just before the game. "I have no ax to grind with anybody, except Sam," he says. "Sam duped me. Sure, I was offered what they called the GM's job for the year following this one, but I would have had to serve on a five-man committee. I wouldn't have had the right to make trades. Would Sam have taken the job under those terms? I have nothing against Grundman, but Sam looked after himself. Hell, that's the name of the game." He sneaks a



Rocket Richard: The good old days.

glance at his wristwatch. "Last summer, at the individual awards dinner, not one Montreal player mentioned me. They miss Dryden, you know. He was a great goalie. He very rarely had two bad games in a row. Well, we're second overall, you know."

February 17, Buffalo Memorial Auditorium: Canadiens 2, Sabres 2.

Bowman is not behind the bench, but he was carrying a walkie-talkie in the dressing room, so I suspect he is in direct touch with Roger Neilson. Surprisingly, Larocque is in the Montreal nets. It turns out to be a boring, defensive game, possibly a dress rehearsal for the playoffs, scoreless going into the third period. In the third, both teams collect a couple of goals.

Two nights later in Landover, Maryland, the Canadiens were defeated, 3-1, by the Washington Caps, the latter's first victory over Montreal in 35 games. Once more Lafleur, still looking for his 400th goal, failed. The next morning it was reported that he had bruised his knee and would be out for another game. But a few days later, after Lafleur had missed his third game in a row, the club allowed that he also was suffering stretched knee ligaments. He wouldn't be back in the lineup for at least another week, but there would be no surgery, team physiotherapist Yvon Belanger said.

"I hate to think where we'd be with-

out Lafleur," Toe Blake had said earlier. "Maybe even worse off than the Leafs. He's one of the all-time greats. Bobby Orr was the best for 10 years, the best I've ever seen in fact, but after Guy has played for 10 years I might just change my mind."

Lafleur, who earns a rumored \$350,000 a year with the Canadiens, said he could easily get a million elsewhere. Possibly in New York.

"Why don't you leave, then?"

"A friend once told me better to be a valet in your own country than a king somewhere else."

Morenz. Richard. Beliveau. Lafleur. When Beliveau was playing out his last year with the club in 1970-71, Lafleur, already a hockey legend, was to come up the following season. He was a disappointment for the first three years and then, all at once, he shed his helmet and began to fly, dominating the league ever since. But Lafleur is 28 now, and if there's an inheritor to the grand tradition playing out there in Thurso or Trois-Rivières or Chicoutimi right now he has yet to declare himself.

Meanwhile, we are enduring an offyear-an off-year for a team as grand as the Canadiens. Which is to say, we are still talking about a team that has won more than any other in the second half, and mounts the most dangerous power play in the league, with a 31.3 scoring percentage. The Canadiens remain, if only by default, one of the best four teams in a shamelessly ballooning league. I expect them to be in the finals, but not to win a fifth consecutive Stanley Cup unless they start to play with more sustained power than they are now.

As for the future of this Club de Hockey Canadien, nos Glorieux, it would seem to rest with some attractive young players. Gainey, Mondou, Larouche, Langway, maybe Napier. But this is the stuff of a solid hockey club, not a continuing dynasty. Color the legendary Canadiens decidedly mortal until further notice.

The author has written The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz and St. Urbain's Horseman. His new novel, Joshua Then and Now, will be published in June by Alfred A. Knopf.

THE INSIDE TRACK

JACK TATUM

'We had a defensive coach at Ohio State who used to tell us: "If a man comes over the middle and catches a pass. make a snot bubble." Hit him so hard that a snot bubble comes out of his nose.'

uring Jack Tatum's nine years as a defensive back with the Oakland Raiders, the team has won six divisional championships and one Super Bowl. Tatum has been named All-Pro three times-in 1973, 1974 and 1977.

He was a two-time All-American at Ohio State, which was 27-2—including a national championship in 1968—during his three years on the varsity. Tatum also was an All-American linebacker at Passaic (New Jersey) High School.

Even before publication of his book, They Call Me Assassin, earlier this year, Tatum was no stranger to controversy. In 1976, Pittsburgh Steeler coach Chuck Noll put Tatum and several other players—in the category of "the criminal element of the NFL." During a 1978 exhibition game against the New England Patriots, Tatum tackled Darryl Stingley, and almost totally paralyzed the wide receiver. Tatum then became the target of loud and frequent criticism.

When They Call Me Assassin was published, many fans and sportswriters—and even some players—called Tatum "an animal" and worse.

INSIDE SPORTS sent Jim Bouton, no stranger to con-

troversy himself, to ask Tatum some questions about his book and his career. Bouton, a former All-Star pitcher for the New York Yankees and author of Ball Four (one of the bestselling sports books ever published with hard-cover sales of more than 200,000 and paperback sales of more than 2,000,000) spent a day with Tatum during a hectic, 10-city promotional tour for They Call Me Assassin, which has sold more than 50,000 copies.

IS: In your book, you say, "My idea of a good hit is when the victim wakes up on the sidelines with train whistles blowing in his head . . . I like to believe that my best hits border on felonious assault." Sounds like you enjoy hurting people.

Tatum: It's very common for football players to brag about doing damage to each other. 106 INSIDE SPORTS

That's the way we explain things. The book is mild for the way football players talk. We usually curse a lot more. Also, the book is a collaboration between me and Bill Kushner. I'd tell him how I felt and he'd write it in words people wanted to read, but not always in the words I would use. He made it seem more enjoyable to hurt people. To a certain extent, the book is hype.

IS: Is it hype that you and George Atkinson made a game out of who could knock more people out of the game?

Tatum: No. It was a way of psyching each other up for the game. It made the defense more aggressive. Somebody on defense would come over and say, "Why don't you get a good hit and pick us up?"

IS: Do you take responsibility for what's in your book?

Tatum: Okay. I take responsibility. I approved the words. But I would like to change the parts that sound like I enjoy hurting people.

IS: If you had a choice between hurting someone or losing a game, which would you choose?

Tatum: That's a tough question. What do you mean by

hurting someone?

IS: Breaking someone's leg, say, and causing them to limp

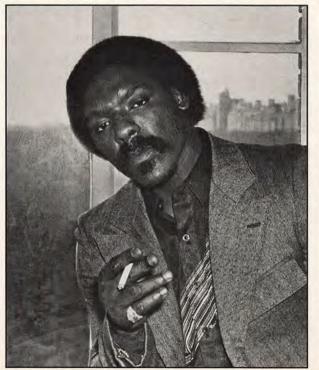
Tatum: (After a pause) I would cause them to limp off.

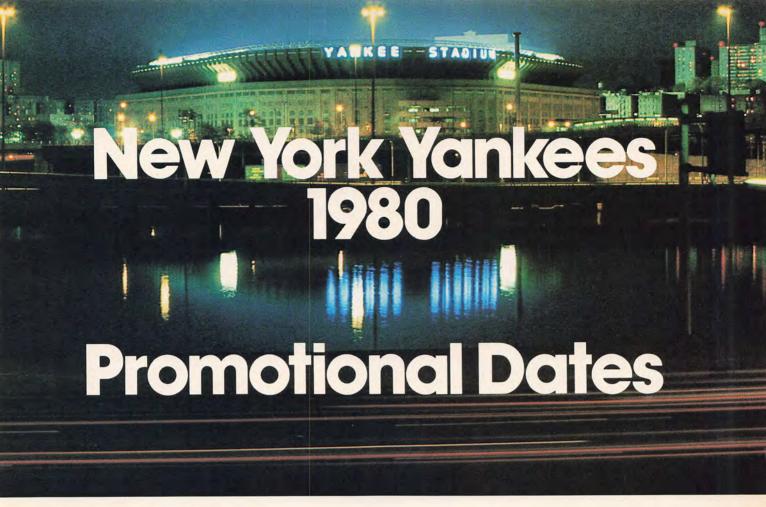
IS: At what point would you rather lose a game?

Tatum: If I was going to get hurt, I would rather lose. Anybody would say that. And I'd rather lose a game than paralyze somebody.

IS: How does the idea of injuring someone affect you, affect your play?

Tatum: If you thought about hurting someone, you couldn't hit them as hard as you have to. You can't think: "If I hit this guy hard, he's going to be knocked out." When a guy gets § carried away in an ambulance, your teammates will say to 2 you, "Great hit." Football players detach themselves. You're not playing against peo-







APRIL 26TH & 27TH
MAY 10TH & 11TH
MAY 18TH
JUNE 1ST
JUNE 21ST
JUNE 28TH & 29TH
JULY 19TH
AUGUST 11TH
AUGUST 30TH & 31ST
SEPTEMBER 17TH
OCTOBER 4TH

PENNANT WEEKEND
BATTING HELMET WEEKEND
OFFICIAL YANKEE CAP DAY
BAT DAY
OLD TIMERS' DAY
YANKEE JACKET WEEKEND
YANKEE PICTURE ALBUM NIGHT
YANKEE POSTER NIGHT
SCHOOL SPORT BAG WEEKEND
STOCKING CAP NIGHT
FAN APPRECIATION DAY

NEW YORK YANKEES 1980 OFFICIAL SCHEDULE

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ple; you're playing against uniforms.

IS: Does all the equipment a football player wears give him a false sense of security?

Tatum: Very definitely. When you put your uniform on, you know that you could get hurt or hurt somebody. But you're always thinking: "Well, I got my equipment on." If you hit a guy real hard, he might lay there for a minute, but you always think he's going to get up because he's so well-protected. There's no way that you would run into a guy with your head if you didn't have this helmet on. The helmet isn't always effective, but you've got to think that it is if you're going to play football. I don't think the human body was made with football in mind.

IS: You claim to play within the rules—hard, but not dirty—but are you violating the spirit of the rules?

Tatum: When you get on a football field, you leave the spirit of the rules right up there with the owners and the sportswriters. We're playing football down in the dirt. Spirit of the rules? Explain that to me.

IS: From your book on what seems to be a violation: "I don't tackle just to bring a man down. I want to punish the man."

Tatum: That's the way the game is taught. Coaches always tell you, "Make 'em pay for every yard they get. I want every man to put a hat on him." That means gang tackle, make him hurt because later, in the fourth quarter, the guy's going to be sore and he's not going to run as hard. His will to win will be warped. He won't want to make that extra yard.

IS: Where did you first learn that this is how the game should be played?

Tatum: In my first game at Passaic High School, I was one of two sophomores on the varsity. I didn't start. A few plays into the game, they put me in at linebacker. I knocked out the quarterback. Later on, the other team needed a first down, and the secondstring quarterback started running. I got him a yard short of the first down. I knocked him out, too. The other team finished with a tight end playing quarterback, and we won the game. The crowd cheered. They loved it. The coach loved it. He told me I played one of the best games he had ever seen for a sophomore, and if I kept working hard I'd be a great ballplayer. After that, I was elevated to first-string varsity. I was 15 years old.

IS: Would you say coaches are into violence?

Tatum: We had a defensive coach at Ohio State who used to tell us: "If a man comes over the middle and 108 INSIDE SPORTS

catches a pass, make a snot bubble." Hit him so hard that a snot bubble comes out of his nose. Coaches get pretty colorful in the locker room, but, when they get outside, they wouldn't want it repeated.

IS: Has a coach ever cautioned you about trying to hurt somebody?

Tatum: (Laughs) No. They only tell you not to hurt your teammates in practice. A coach will say: "If someone gets hurt, it's not your fault. It's part of the game."

IS: Dave Elmendorf of the Rams calls you a minority of one.

Tatum: I don't know why. There are lots of others out there. Look at Mean Joe Greene. They don't call him Mean because he's a nice guy. If you watched the Super Bowl, you saw a lot of the same things I talked about in my book. Tom Brookshier said that

'When you get on a football field, you leave the spirit of the rules right up there with the owners and the sportswriters.'

Pittsburgh was "intimidating" the Rams. Mel Blount knocked a guy out of the game, and one of the announcers said Mel was trying to "intimidate" him. Wendell Tyler of the Rams left the game five times because Pittsburgh was doing a job on him. One of the announcers said Tyler had an upset stomach. I say he had an upset Steelers.

IS: Do other players accept intimidation as part of the game?

Tatum: At the Pro Bowl game in New Orleans in 1976, Lynn Swann and I were on the same team. Lynn went out to catch a pass, and he dropped it, and O.J. Simpson screamed, "You can catch it. Jack's on our side today." Everybody laughed. Off the field, I have nothing against Lynn Swann, but he can be intimidated.

IS: How did you feel when Pittsburgh coach Chuck Noll accused you and teammate George Atkinson of being part of a "criminal element" in pro football?

Tatum: What I liked was at the trial Noll had to admit that a lot of players on his own team played the same way we played. Mel Blount even held out

for a while because his own coach put him on the list. My book is telling you exactly how football is played right now, every game. There is so much pressure to win, don't blame the players if someone gets hurt, unless you're going to change the rules.

IS: Randy Vataha says there will not be any legislation to change the rules because it's the violence that makes the game popular. Do you

agree?

Tatum: Yes. The owners can do anything they want with football. They make the rules every year. They can say this year we're going to let them do that, or we're going to let them do this. They could outlaw the slant pattern. They could outlaw the zone defense, where it's easier to hit a man in the open field. But it's a business. They are selling violence and brutality. The free enterprise system. They have a product to sell, they get a sponsor and the public eats it up.

IS: If this is the way things are, how do you explain the outrage over your book?

Tatum: People don't want to be associated with violence. The players feel they have to cover their asses. They don't want to be in the same position I'm in. The sportswriters know what's going on, but they don't like to see it between the covers of a book. The owners have to know this is how the game is played. I've been playing this way for nine years. It would sound better to the public to say this is not the way the game is played.

IS: Have you been treated fairly by the media?

Tatum: The sportswriters take the toughest quotes and tear the book apart because that's what sells papers. TV interviewers are nice to me—until that red light goes on, and then they go for the jugular vein. If they didn't do that, they'd lose half their audience.

Howard Cosell was very unfair to me on Monday Night Football. They had Darryl (Stingley) back to the game, and they gave him a standing ovation, which I think was a great thing for Darryl. Then it looked like Howard tried to lead him into saying something negative about me, something sensational. That's what type of reporter he is. John Brodie came to me the following Sunday in San Diego and told me I could say anything I wanted, because he thought Howard had been very unfair. But I let the incident drop.

IS: The public seems outraged, too.

Tatum: Sometimes I think the fans
put on a better show than we do.

We're playing in Buffalo, but everybody on the bench is looking up in the stands. There are 20 or 30 fights going on. People come to see a lot of action. The more action you give them, the better they like it. I think anytime you get people in a mob, they act one way. Like, they start screaming for a good hit, and then they ooh and ahh. If you get the same people one on one, they might not like it so much.

IS: What kinds of direct reactions to the book have you gotten?

Tatum: The coolest was from my cousin, Henry, who said, "Hey, like it is. Let it flow." The funniest was in a letter from an old friend in Columbus, who wrote, "It's a nice book. P.S. Cover your ass." The hottest? Well, I was on this call-in radio talk show, and one listener called up and asked the host, "Why is this animal on the show?"

IS: Do you think Pete Rozelle will suspend you?

Tatum: The commissioner can do just about anything he wants. I'm very vulnerable. He has that kind of power. But if they suspend me, they'll have to look at the films and go back and suspend a lot of other guys. I don't know how much they can punish you for telling the truth.

IS: Under NFL rules, damaging the integrity of the game is grounds for suspension. Do you think your book has damaged the integrity of the game?

Tatum: No, I don't. I think that when the officials make a bad call in a crucial game—and you can see it's a mistake on instant replay—that's more damaging to the integrity of the game.

IS: Do you think fewer fans will come to watch you play because of your book?

Tatum: I think maybe more will come.

IS: Why didn't you go to the hospital to visit Darryl Stingley?

Tatum: I did. I went on the day after it happened. His wife and mother had just arrived, and I felt it should be a personal time. So I left. I went another time, but Darryl was under sedation.

IS: Why haven't you contacted him by phone?

Tatum: I tried. They wouldn't let me get through to his room. My lawyer and his lawyer started fighting in the newspapers over it. After a while, it got to the point where he said he wouldn't talk to me.

IS: It seems as though you could

have gotten a message through.

Tatum: I talked to Russ Francis and Stanley Morgan on the football field. I told them to tell Darryl that I was praying for him, for his speedy recovery. I don't know whether they talked to him. I'd still like to arrange a meeting. It would be very good for both of us.

IS: Do you feel any guilt?

Tatum: Not particularly. I don't think I have anything to feel guilty about. It was a terrible accident. The game is to blame. You could say the slant pattern is to blame.

IS: How did it affect you personally?

Tatum: I cried inside. I had trouble sleeping for a while. I still think about it. I had a long talk with my mom and my girlfriend, with coach Madden, a lot of people. My mom just told me it was one of those things and not to blame myself for it. You can't hide from it, go back and play ball.

IS: How is your family reacting to

your notoriety?

Tatum: My mom says if you believe in something you should stick with it. My mom's pretty cool.

IS: Has she given you any advice?

Tatum: My mom says talk nice for
TV and wear a clean shirt.



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STYLE

BY ROY BLOUNT JR.

THREE SWINGS AT NEW UNIFORMS

You may have heard about the time Sam Goldwyn brought Maurice Maeterlinck, the mystical, Nobelwinning Belgian author, to Hollywood to write a movie. Don't worry about cinematic conventions, Goldwyn told him, just take whatever you consider your greatest work and translate it into a screenplay. After a few weeks Maeterlinck turned in a script. Goldwyn carried it eagerly into his office, saying, "Now we'll see something!" Two minutes later Goldwyn came running out screaming, "My God! The hero is a bee!"

When INSIDE SPORTS engaged three noted couturiers—Halston, Geoffrey Beene and Oscar de la Renta—to come up with new versions of the baseball uniform, I figured I would take one look at what they came up with and scream, "My God! The pants are floorlength!"

As it turns out, however, my response is this: The Halston looks like a leisure suit (quite a snappy one), the Beene looks like kiddie pajamas (not very snappy ones) and the de la Renta looks a lot like a baseball uniform.

Fashion, as I see it, is whatever makes the models in the magazine ads look so funny, whereas style is, for instance, what restrains this column from defining style. When it comes to sporting apparel, then, I am not one who should pose as an arbiter elegantiarum. True, I was among the earliest opponents of the leisure suit; I know what looks inexcusable.

This month, however, since we have all this haute couture staring us in the face, my job is to reflect upon clothing design. Somebody has to, and I don't suppose it can be the gambling columnist. Unless the bettor might be advised to back whichever team has the nicer—looking uniform. No, because in that case the Pirates would never have made it into the World Series last year, much less won. Even for his size, Dave Parker



Sox's Caray in a Halston original.

is a classy ballplayer, but in the all-gold version of his Pirate suit, he suggests a dangerous six-foot-five canary. In the all-black version (which he prefers), he looks like an ebony obelisk. In the gold-top, black-pants version, he suggests a three-foot-two canary perched, menacingly, on half an ebony obelisk. All very striking, but also odd.

Baseball, of course, has seen a veritable ferment of new-look uniforms in recent years—ever since 1963 when Charles O. Finley came up with several then-astonishing green, gold and white combinations for his Kansas City A's. Light, bright, tight, stretchy double knits have replaced voluminous flannel; pullover shirts have tended to replace button-ups; and elastic waistbands have supplanted most belts. (How many sentences like that do you read in sports magazines?)

The Houston Astros are awash in a poly-orange, "rainbow" effect conceived by the McCann-Erickson advertising firm. The Montreal Expos (who have a new two-inch stripe, one inch red and one inch blue, down their side this season) have pioneered the tri-color hat. Yet underneath it all, Cesar Cedeno remains pretty

much Cesar Cedeno, and Bill Lee, Bill Lee.

Uniforms of some of the more venerable clubs-Yankees, Dodgers, Red Sox-maintain their dignity, but most baseball suits today look busier than the players. Would you put a wide, three-stripe bellyband around a Maserati? Kansas City has one around Willie Wilson. These flashy waistbands divide the average player today into upper and lower segments, and quite a few players' halves don't seem to match. Add permanent vertical side stripes, emblematic doodles and a big splash of white on the cap front, and you lose track of the players' natural lines all together.

De la Renta, Beene and Halston cannot be accused of having done that. When team announcers Phil Rizzuto of the Yankees, Jack Buck of the Cardinals and Harry Caray of the White Sox got together to model the new looks these designers had proposed for their clubs, the effect was downright restful to the eye. (Rizzuto came despite a bout with the flu. I was there, and now I have the flu. I may not have caught it from Rizzuto, but if I did, and if there were any way I could relay it to Bill Skowron, it would be something to tell my grandchildren.)



Yankees' Rizzuto in a de la Renta.

"I loved the old New York uniform, but a look, any look, can become dated if it is used for too long," de la Renta maintains.

Well, the Yankee pinstripes have remained classic, through thick and thin, through baggy and snug, through sheep- and petroleum-derived. Reggie Jackson is right to grumble about the Yankees' "battleship-gray" road outfits, but trying to improve the home pinstripes (which were added to the white background on April 22, 1915) is like trying to improve the Coke bottle.

However, Yankee clubhouse man Pete Sheehy, who has been with the club since 1927, points out that until the early seventies players weren't fitted for uniforms, they took them off the shelf. "Now you kind of laugh at the old uniforms, they hung so loose and funny," Sheehy says.

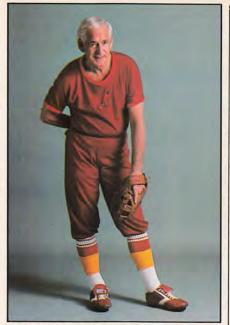
Rizzuto liked his de la Renta

because it felt nice. Discussing his old playing uniform, Rizzuto made uncomfortable plucking motions in the vicinity of his underarms. To see the Scooter suited up with his hands plunged in side pockets was unsettling-little things like the fistsin-the-hip-pocket pose are important to the traditional diamond look-but Rizzuto said there was no practical reason why baseball pockets had to be in the rear. The new uniform had the "graphic" color contrast de la Renta was after, and it was 100 per cent cotton-a material de la Renta had a hard time finding (O tempora! O mores!). It fit like a glove.

Which was more than could be said for Rizzuto's glove. To the photography session he brought one he used back in the fifties. It had a huge, bunchy heel and not much of a pocket, and it had Jerry Coleman's number on it. Rizzuto explained that he and his old keystone-combination partner traded gloves one day after each of them made an error with his own glove.

Jack Buck brought one of his 11year-old son's gloves, which looked 100 per cent better than Rizzuto/ Coleman's. His Geoffrey Beene Cardinal outfit, however, had everyone at the photo session nonplussed. There didn't seem to be a whole lot to it.

That, Beene explained, was the point. "What's happening in sports—you see it even in the Winter Olympics, in what the skiers are wearing: Minimal is what is working best. This baseball jumpsuit is all one



Cardinals' Buck in Beene's pajamas.

piece of stretch jersey. All you need to add are the shoes."

At the shooting we were unable to restrain ourselves from adding socks as well. We may thereby have violated Beene's concept, but we protected Buck's ankles from the flu.

"Since it was the Cardinals," Beene said, "I colored the whole thing red and put the embroidered Cardinal on it for a personal touch."

That is all he put on it, the one bird. Incidentally, the Cardinals removed the numbers from the front of their uniform and put them on the sleeve because, according to clubhouse manager Butch Yatkeman, who has been with the club since 1923, "Our birds were so beautiful. Mr. (general manager John) Claiborne and I thought the numbers might detract from those lovely birds."

So Beene does seem to have gotten down to basics. In most baseball uniforms today, Beene says, "There is too much design." Just what I would say.

As for Harry Caray's Halston, it might not look like appropriate wear for legging out a triple, or for broadcasting from the White Sox's stadium bleachers, but it is comfortable, stretchy (100 per cent Lycra spandex) and blessedly simple.

The official White Sox uniform, various permutations of tops and bottoms in white and a navy blue that looks black, was designed by owner Bill Veeck's wife, Mary Frances. They were the first in baseball to employ the four-way stretch fabric which football teams were already using. "Here you were with all these great-looking bodies," says Mrs. Veeck. "I wanted to make uniforms that fit better and were also more today."

On the other hand, she says, "We had some portly players at the time," so the White Sox shirt doesn't tuck in. It's called an "overblouse" and has a big floppy collar. The White Sox get a lot of letters complaining about these uniforms. Halston may also get a lot of letters from Chicago, but he has come up with something that is trim and allows for portliness.

Halston, however, is not nostalgic

THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY

Author Blount, having observed uniforms for some 30 years, has his own preferences on diamond dress.

BEST UNIFORMS

- 1. Yankees-Looks good on Yogi, even.
- 2. Dodgers—Whoever wrote that script across the chest could really write.
- 3. Mets—Brighter touches than the Yankees'. Aren't you glad Willie Mays didn't have to play out his string in a Padres' suit?

WORST UNIFORMS

- 1. White Sox-Penance for 1919.
- 2. Padres-Remember those Buicks with all the extra chrome?
- 3. A's—Not so bad in retrospect—which is the problem. Makes you remember when the players inside were real.

WORST CAP

Brewers—What is that thing on there? An "M" and a "B" forming a glove? It looks like the bottom of a dog foot.

Imported Izmira Vodka.

Proof. Distilled from White Beets. © Imported and Bottled by Izmira Imports Co., N.Y.



You'll be glad you did.

Because Izmira, Turkey's finest vodka, has always been more distinctive and sophisticated.

Unlike Russian vodka, Izmira is distilled from pure, white beets. Nothing less could do or compare.

Fiercely loyal Izmira drinkers have known it for years. Shouldn't you?

for the days when ballplayers were about as soignés as Iranian militants. "The uniforms of the past," says Halston, "were utilitarian and not dramatic. Now, it's become a real show! I think sports figures are more important than movie stars in America."

Strong words! But Halston has been responsible for many a Hollywood look. He has also designed the '76 U.S. Summer Olympics uniforms, the Braniff Airlines uniforms and the Adult Girl Scout uniforms. He says he would love to do the same thing, officially, for a baseball team.

"Sports is the most important visual exercise in the media," Halston says. "Fashion in sports becomes a working partner; it's your second skin if you are a player. When designing a sports uniform, I look for function, silhouette to show the figure and color for viewer attention. Color, I think, enhances movement and is, as well, a suggestion of strength.

"The sports world is probably the most visible world in America today, with the largest appeal—partially because of television and also because sports is the greatest escape from all the horrible things happening in the rest of the world."

What things? No, no, I don't want to hear about them. These things probably involve Russians, and you know how dowdy they are.

After the shooting, the announcers and representatives of INSIDE SPORTS went to lunch, where Buck told a story about an old Dodger pitcher. It seems that a certain woman, feeling wronged by this pitcher and desiring revenge, wrote a letter to the pitcher's wife revealing that the pitcher had spent a certain weekend with this woman at a certain hotel. The pitcher's wife confronted the pitcher with this letter. His response—the only possible inspired one under the circumstances—was, "It must have been some other Kirby Higbe."

I wonder what kind of stories they tell in the fashion world: "It must have been some other Yves St. Laurent?"

Roy Blount Jr. owns only two articles of clothing that cost more than \$65. He is the author of About Three Bricks Shy of a Load. His new book—on the ramifications of having a president from Georgia—will be published in the fall by Alfred A. Knopf.

GAMBLING

BY PETE AXTHELM

THE DEVIL MADE ME DO IT

Gambling has become an evil force in modern American society.

Gambling provides government with perhaps its most unfair and regressive form of taxation.

Gambling can be a menace.

Pardon me if I keep trying to say the same thing in an assortment of sentences. If I keep practicing, maybe

I'll get it right.

In two generally exciting and pleasant decades of parlays and perfectas, fumbled punts and photo finishes, I never dreamed I'd write about any of this. Like millions of fellow citizens, I love to bet. But that's the beginning of the problem. Gambling is so much fun for so many people that it has become one of the most profitable businesses in the world. To run a gambling joint, whether it is Caesars Palace or a candy store bookie operation, is roughly akin to owning a mint—without the nagging expenses of presses and ink. That trend-setting and perceptive observer of our lifestyle, the Mafia, was among the earliest groups to realize this. But in recent years, the reality has become so obvious that even politicians and civil servants have figured it out. So gambling in its worst forms is spreading through many states like a primordial

Ooze is definitely the image that comes to mind when I wander through a New York City Off-Track Betting office, a slot-machine area in Atlantic City or any store peddling one of those lottery tickets that allow the states to rob their patrons at a rate that the sleaziest loan sharks

would envy.

In this column in the coming months, I hope to enlighten some readers about wagering and to entertain others with tales about the fun of it all. In doing so, I am aware that I may encourage a few people to try this hobby. I make no apology for that. As a matter of fact, I have always remained grateful to the older teenager who first introduced me to the wonders of catching the feature race at Belmont after high school



classes let out. But before I do any encouraging, I want to set a few ground rules.

Start with a simple definition. Webster's New World Dictionary defines gambling as "an act or under-taking involving risk of a loss." It also notes that the term derives from Old and Middle English words meaning "to sport" or "to make merry." I like to think that the ideal modern gambler combines both those definitions—and adds another important element. He does take risks, exploring his nerve and his daring. He finds his share of merriment, not only in the possible financial rewards but simply in taking part. (The famous poker player Nick the Greek Dandalos crystallized that aspect when he uttered, "The best thing in life is winning a bet. The second best thing is losing one.") But the true gambler adds a third factor: He engages his mind and challenges his wit.

That brings up the problem. The new, proliferating forms of gambling leave out the mental part. In varying degrees, they ignore the wit. In their

worst forms, they insult it. And that's when gambling turns evil.

I'm not talking about the reformers' evil, the type that Gamblers Anonymous attempts to ferret out with its 20-question guizzes. Give one of those tests to any gambler I know, and I'm willing to, er, bet, that he'll tilt the machine. Ask a gambler if his habit causes him to spend time away from his job or his loved ones, and he'll not only answer yes-he'll tell you that's one of the reasons he does it. As for the self-destructive theory, most serious bettors see little relation between solving a trifecta race and jumping off a building. Faced with the threat that gamblers die broke, most players point out the vastly more serious challenge of occasionally having to live broke until a bad streak breaks. Finally, when critics resort to the old saw, "Horses don't bet on people," there is the apt retort of the handicapping professor of New York, Harvey Pack: "They would if they knew how much fun it is."

No, I'm not concerned with the allegedly compulsive, destructive or

corrupting aspects of betting. This is about another kind of immorality: the kind in which the house gives the player no chance and thereby demeans and dehumanizes him.

Take state lotteries. Better yet, do not take them. Not a single ticket. Lottery formats vary widely, from the long-range ones in which you pay a buck for the privilege of dreaming about being a millionaire to the instant ones in which you rub the edge of a coin against a piece of cardboard until it reveals your possible payoff. Daydreaming and coin rubbing may be valid pastimes for some people, but they don't have very much to do with gambling.

This is just as well, since lotteries are among the worst bets in the world. Percentages may vary slightly in different formats and states, but most lotteries extract more than half of the total pool before anyone gets paid. In other words, in a situation where you have one chance in 1,000 of winning, you are reimbursed as if you had one chance in about 400.

This is a slightly worse payoff than you might get from the numbers racket, which is widely and correctly perceived as one of the greediest scams invented by organized crime. But when a state rigs the game similarly to fleece the public, it is justified by a reverse Robin Hood mentality: The poorest or most gullible citizens are being ripped off to benefit the general tax fund of the population. Sometimes the blow is softened by an announcement that the take is earmarked for education. This ploy would be acceptable only if the funds were used to educate people who are still dumb enough to buy lottery tickets.

Casinos are even more dangerous. Certainly they can be great fun, and the furious action at a craps table can send an adrenaline rush through any real gambler. But the pace and lure of the tables give more reason for caution. Casinos can be mesmerizing and-yes, Gamblers Anonymouseven compelling. They should be entered only by bettors who have figured out what their chances are and what they have to lose. To facilitate such deliberations, I have a personal geographic rule of thumb: Casinos should be entered only in places that require a plane ride for you to reach them. Las Vegas? Great. Atlantic City? Maybe, if only to breathe life into a dying resort. But to spread casinos to the streets of big cities is to invite disaster for people who will

never get a chance to deliberate before throwing their money away.

I am not going to discuss slot machines, because there is no way to reach people who pour their coins into the maw of devices mechanically and inexorably rigged to make sure the players lose. As for dice, I could tell you the simple betting system that reduces the odds against you to a minimum. But I won't. Because as long as those odds remain against you, in a game when the dice are rolled thousands of times, you are still assured of eventual burial.

Blackjack, or "21," offers the most eloquent statement on your casino chances. There is a way to turn "21" odds in your favor. It involves the painstaking counting of cards played, followed by exceptionally high, daring bets when the cards are in the player's favor. Card counters challenge a casino with intense concentration, hard work, bold initiative—all forms of gambling "wit." As a result, they are barred by management.

Finally, there is a personal peeve, Off-Track Betting. When OTB was born nine years ago, I applauded it. I thought it would interest new people in the great sport of racing and eventually lead them to the joys and intrigues of handicapping. But the years of political patronage and meddling have produced an unconscionable situation.

Because most readers are fortunate enough not to dwell near New York's OTB traps, there is no reason to intrude into your peace of mind with tales of high overhead, abysmal customer service and feeble, reluctant efforts to give a fair share of the action to horsemen—who merely finance and stage the whole show. But in case your locality considers the installation of OTB, it may be helpful to be armed with a brief history lesson.

When OTB was begun, various New York City masterminds seized the chance to junket around the globe and study other off-track operations. Any casual international racegoer could have provided them with the answer: While most nations with OTB have mixed successes, France enjoys a bonanza. Sunday "tierce" or trifecta betting is a national ritual. It is conducted through tobacco shops and cafes, so little overhead is extracted from the betting pools. And the racing industry gets a solid share, making it perhaps the healthiest in the world. New York's junketeers studied the wonderful French situation in depth. And when it was time to choose a model for New York's system, they naturally chose Australia.

I recall that stroke of idiocy for a positive reason. When and if your state or town ventures toward the OTB racket, it should definitely send its planners to New York. Study the present OTB system carefully, and you can virtually be guaranteed an efficient and equitable operation—by going in precisely the opposite direction.

Bettors at the New York tracks now fight a takeout of 14 per cent from the wagers. This is difficult to beat but far from impossible—as subsequent columns will illustrate. But at OTB, bettors face a 17 per cent takeout, plus a 5 per cent surcharge on payoffs of winning bets. The difference may sound modest enough. But in reality, that surcharge rises as high as 50 per cent. When a \$2 bettor is entitled to a \$2.20 return, for example, the "5 per cent" chops a dime off the figure and leaves him with \$2.10. He's just lost half his winnings.

To fly in the face of such hopeless numbers, a bettor must be too poor to get to the track, too unworldly or uncredit-worthy to find a bookie who pays the fair track odds—and too dumb to understand that he is being ripped off. The reverse Robin Hood principle is at work again. And so OTB parlors have become cold, sad hangouts for sure losers.

I know clever and hardworking people who can beat horse racing, basketball and even the trickiest of sports, pro football. I could easily endure the rest of my life's Florida winters without hearing the yelp of another greyhound, but yes, I know guys who have worked out ways to conquer dog racing. At the tracks, these experts may battle rugged percentages. Betting on sports with bookmakers, they pay a more reasonable 4.8 per cent. But the point is that at trackside or on the telephone to a bookie, the successful players apply their wit and diligence to turning the percentages in their favor.

I look forward to introducing some of those people on these pages, complete with their methods, their victories, their celebrations. But the key ingredient remains the wit. In forms that don't allow for it, gambling isn't worth talking about—or trying. Sometimes it can even turn out evil.

There. I think I've got it right. I've written about the evil of gambling.

Pete Axthelm is a Newsweek columnist.

DOLLARS

BY MICHAEL RUBY

THE BRIGHT, GREEN GLOW OF THE OLYMPIC FLAME

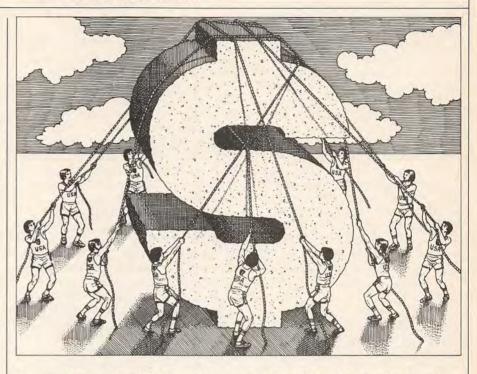
In the business-like complex opposite old Harvard stadium, the boys in the button-down shirts and pinstriped suits are gathering even now. Professor Smedley enters the small auditorium, nods diffidently, then passes out his material for the day's discussion:

Harvard Business School. Case Study XIII. Course: Politics, Sports and Business.

Background to case: Global Gizmo, Inc. (GGI) is a worldwide corporation with operations in 62 countries, assets of \$6 billion, a reputation for seizing the moment and a penchant for sports sponsorship. GGI's marketing executives spot an opportunity to make a big killing that will involve little risk and a relatively modest investment. The idea is to capitalize on what seems to be a guaranteed spirit of goodwill by associating the company's product with a sports event so special that consumers won't even notice the implicit sales pitch in GGI's advertising and related promotions. All GGI needs to do is to buy into the Great Event; best of all, through tax write-offs, the U.S. government picks up part of the

Problem: Remember the spirit of goodwill? It disappears in the wake of a political dispute between two nations. In the classic tradition of circuses and Broadway shows, the Great Event still goes on, but GGI can no longer key its advertising to it. In addition, the absence of what GGI has regarded as the most important participant in the Great Event effectively invalidates its product promotions.

Resolution: GGI's president needs a scapegoat and fires his executive vice-president for marketing. After all, the company is out more than the cost of buying into the Great Event: It must also scrap its redesigned packaging that featured the Great Event's symbol and shelve \$10 mil-



lion in ads keyed specifically to the Great Event. But GGI's new executive vice president for marketing is already planning for the future: The Great Event is a quadrennial affair, and if it comes off next time, he doesn't want to be left behind. So he quietly commits an even larger amount than his predecessor.

Remember all those wonderful ads of winter past? "Olympic Events" brought to you by Dannon Yogurt and several other sponsors? Those nostalgic 20-second spots, courtesy of the official this or the official that of the Moscow Olympic Games? The ads are gone now, casualties of the Carter Administration's refusal to permit U.S. athletes to run and jump in Moscow while the Soviet Union plays its own games in Afghanistan. And unless Carter recants, scores of large U.S. companies will be forced to tote up their losses. With a few exceptions, the price in hard dollars isn't too dear-perhaps a couple of million in misspent advertising, a few hundred thousand more in product promotions and generally missed opportunities for a big splash before a captive audience. In the abstract, however, both corporate America and the United States Olympic Committee (USOC) may pay a much larger price: The U.S. boycott of the Summer Games revealed the true color of the Olympic flame, probably for the first time in any popular sense—the cool green glow of the greenback that grows brighter every four years.

To understand why it is so, first realize that the USOC and the organizing committees of host cities—the Lake Placid group last winter, for example—sell corporate involvement in the Games to raise money. "For Christ's sake," says one beer-company mogul, "hustling money is the only way to get the show to go on."

The hustle takes one of two forms. At the USOC, the emphasis is on the tax-deductible contribution method. A \$300,000 gift to the USOC permits a company to display the five-ring Olympic symbol on its packaging, key advertising to its official-product status and run promotions, sweepstakes, contests-almost anything, in fact, short of a strip show to the Olympic hymn. The USOC restricts the benefits to just one company per product category-and if two firms submit identical financial bids, it picks the one with the best plan for promoting the games in its advertising. "When all other things are equal," says Arthur Kuman, director of corporate participation for the USOC, "we grant awards on what's best for the U.S. Olympic team."

City organizing committees take a different approach, one in keeping with the traditional capitalist ethic: They award the official fill-in-the-blanks to the highest bidder. Thus, Coca-Cola outbid the competition and paid a reported \$1.5 million to become the soft drink of the Winter Games. For its money, Coke got to use Lake Placid's Olympic symbol—the rings and arty red-white-and-blue lines with a shield—in advertising tailored to the winter's tale.

Estimates of how much the USOC and Lake Placid raised from corporations vary widely, but by one count, the tally came to \$30 million from nearly 200 companies. That compared to \$3.8 million from 35 companies four years ago—indicating a rate of hucksterish inflation that makes the consumer price index pale by

comparison.

The phenomenon of sponsors pitching both the USOC and the organizing committee raises some intriguing possibilities. What would have happened, for instance, if Coke had received the five-ring imprimatur of the USOC, but Pepsi had outbid the competition for Lake Placid? Consider the potential back-to-back ads: Coke says that it is the official soft drink for the U.S. Olympic team; Pepsi says that it is the official soft drink of the Winter Olympics. Recognizing that such displays of confusion and greed would appear a trifle disconcerting to consumers, the USOC tries to coordinate its activities with individual organizing committeesand more often than not, such competitive contretemps can be avoided. But not always: Showing its sense of internationalism, Lake Placid picked Toyota as the official car, while the USOC remained steadfastly chauvinistic and selected Ford.

The inevitable result of the product blitz was obvious to anyone who watched TV during the Winter Games. There was the official milk (Borden's) for the official coffee (Maxwell House), the official banana (Chiquita) to go with the official cereal (Wheaties), the official detergent (Era) to wash out the stains of spilled official grape juice (Welch's) on the official uniform (Levi-Strauss).

There were two official beers—foreign (Kirin) and domestic (Schlitz). And there was rather unseemly bickering. Nikon, for one, sued Canon, the official camera, in an attempt to stop the latter's Olympics-related advertising. According to Nikon, Canon's ads gave the impression that it had been chosen not because it was the more generous bidder, but because it made a better camera.

The Nikon-Canon flap illuminates an essential point. Companies jump on the bandwagon for three reasons—patriotism, prestige and profit—but the clear emphasis seems to be on the neat way reasons two and three feed on one another. "Frankly," says one corporate executive, "it's an opportunity to associate your brand with an event that people associate with excellence." And the price is dirt cheap: Gaining access to the Olympic rings in advertising and product promotion is probably worth millions of dollars in new business. Is it any surprise, then, that the official this and that swamp TV schedules months before the games begin?

In 1980, however, the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan upset all the careful corporate calculations. It's difficult to attach specific losses to specific companies: For many, the only real loss is the expectation of piggybacking profits with the Olympic tie-in. Advertising dollars will shift to other programs, and product donations earmarked for the Summer Games will re-enter the regular marketing pipeline. Everyone will survive.

Still, several companies figure to suffer from the U.S. boycott. The biggest loser will be NBC, which paid \$87 million for the exclusive U.S. television rights and shelled out another \$13 million in crew expenses and equipment in preparation for the Moscow Games. NBC says that 90 per cent of that amount will be covered by its Lloyd's of London insurance policy. But NBC had already sold nearly 1,000 minutes of advertising time for the Summer Games-at a staggering \$165,000 per minute. Now, NBC is expected to fill most of those hours of programming with reruns-and at rates well below its sixfigure Olympic card. More important, NBC had counted on the Olympics to launch its fall season and hype its sagging ratings.

Other losers include companies that may now find it difficult to buy time on other networks. Coke seems to have an unusually large problem on its hands: By some estimates, it had invested \$7 million in officialdrink promotions and budgeted a whopping \$50 million in Olympics-related advertising. Levi-Strauss paid \$270,000 for the right to supply official uniforms and invested another \$2 million in an Olympic clothing line that it planned to sell to the public. Now the company is stuck with both official and unofficial uniforms—and an \$8 million Olympics ad budget that must be retooled. Perhaps more important, Levi-Strauss wants to open a jeans-manufacturing plant in the Soviet Union; the boycott put negotiations on ice.

Smaller fry will lose as well. There is Image Factory Sports, Inc., for example, the company with the now-dubious distinction of owning U.S. merchandising rights to Misha the Bear, official critter of the Moscow Games. A U.S. boycott means that a potential \$100-million American market for everything from Misha beer mugs to belt buckles will dry up.

None of the sponsoring corporations want to talk too much about Moscow; it is, they maintain, old news now—an unfortunate sacrifice to the crude world of geopolitics. And whatever money the companies gave to the Moscow organizing committee—the Russians are understandably reluctant to tell how much—is gone now, too; under the circumstances, it's hard to imagine the Moscovites returning a dime.

Is this any way to underwrite what is billed as the Great Event of amateur sports? It probably isn't. In the big hype, the only folks who do not end up with money in their pockets are the athletes themselves—at least the kind of money that equals their true value as the only real product the Olympic Games have to sell. But the process probably won't change. ABC has already contracted to pay an eye-popping \$225 million to telecast the '84 Summer Games in Los Angeles—and the L.A. organizing committee figures that its take from corporate donors will probably top \$100 million before the bidding ends. The official soft drink? Coca-Colafor \$10 million. Official beer? It cost Budweiser \$10 million, too-and with forward planning worthy of Harvard Business' best, Bud secured its Los Angeles beachhead even before Schlitz washed up on the shores of Lake Placid, circa 1980.

Michael Ruby is Newsweek's business editor.

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ON THE LOOSE

BY SALLY HELGESEN

SEE JANE RUN, SEE DICK RUN FASTER

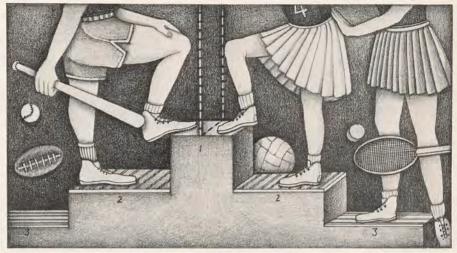
I'm the only woman who'll be writing a regular column in this magazine. But *On the Loose*, for the most part, won't be about women. It will be about rule changes of the future, baseball stat freaks, how fans choose their allegiances and quirky quarterback drills . . . whatever seems interesting at the time.

The reason is simple. INSIDE SPORTS covers the big spectator sports, and women are not competitive in them. They can't be; their bodies aren't built for it.

Dismissing women from big-league competition might seem outdated. What about the success of women's tennis, someone might ask. Or women gymnasts? What of the fine performances of women long-distance runners and swimmers? Have I forgotten women's basketball in Iowa high schools, or at colleges like Old Dominion and Louisiana Tech? And how about the professional Women's Basketball League?

Gymnastics, to begin with, is more akin to dance than competitive athletics. Running and swimming are not spectator sports. It's nice to see world records broken, but 100,000 people do not routinely pay \$10 each week to stand at the finish line. And tennis is not really a spectator sport either. People usually watch tennis because they play the game themselves; few are simply fans. Some tennis personalities have engaged the public imagination, and so transmuted their watchers into fans. But only a few women achieve this stature at the same time. The Avon championship tour averaged 4,799 spectators a day last year, while the Colorado Rockies, the poorest drawing team playing the least popular of the big spectator sports, hockey, averaged 6,102 fans a game.

I like to watch women play basketball because I enjoy playing it. But no matter how well women play, they are markedly inferior to men players. Women's pro basketball



teams are like teams in the minor leagues; they may be respectable and provide fun for the participants, but they're still the minors. Major-league competition is like opera: The audience desires drama, craves astonishment, appreciates perfection. Mere adequacy is beside the point. The popularity of some women's high school or college teams may be compared with the occasional success of provincial opera companies, which satisfy a local need but will never be La Scala.

So when I say that women are not suited for playing team sports like basketball, it doesn't mean that they can't get up a game and enjoy themselves, or develop a mean jump shot. But they can't offer the connoisseur of Kareem anything to challenge the imagination.

So what's wrong with that? Can't women excel at sports without feeling compelled to ape men by competing in spectacles specifically designed to test and exhibit the speed, strength and power of the male body? Women have endurance, flexibility and a capacity to absorb force, as anyone who has participated in that most basic sporting activity between the sexes can attest.

It's not that all women are inferior to all men in sports. It's that the best women are inferior to the best men, which is what really counts. Martina Navratilova said it best: "Even the 200th-ranked man could beat me." Ninety-nine per cent of the men in

America don't make the grade either. Nobody is interested in a team of third stringers, even one made up of NBA benchwarmers. Sports is not a democracy; therein lies its glory.

The most inescapable reasons for women's inferiority are anatomical. Women have half the muscle and twice the body fat that men do. The percentage of muscle and fat distribution in peak-condition male and female athletes is different from that of the general population, but it is proportionately the same. This means that, having less power to propel themselves forward, women are simply slower. They also are weaker. Dr. Jack Wilmore, a physiologist who trains women athletes and has run scores of comparative tests, says that perfect conditioning will enable a woman to develop only half the upper body strength that a man has naturally. The bulk is simply not there.

Women also lack specific skills demanded by the big team sports. Dean Meminger, the former Knicks guard, now coaches the New York Stars in the Women's Basketball League and is, naturally, a strong advocate of women's participation in the big leagues. He attributes women's inability to propel themselves high into the air to muscles which have atrophied in childhood. Dr. Wilmore speculates that atrophy also may explain the throw-like-a-girl phenomenon.

Discussing jumping and throwing

abilities leads us into the murk of cultural determinism. Most girls don't pursue team sports with the single-mindedness that boys do. Thomasina Robinson, an amateur women's basketball coach in New York who runs clinics for young girls, says her most talented players invariably lose interest at around age 13; her complaint is common. It's not simply that, around the eighth grade, the shrimpy, big-footed boys suddenly develop bodies that perform better than the girls, who were taller and stronger just the year before. It's also that the girls begin to turn their attentions elsewhere.

I went to a football-crazed high school that usually was among the best in Michigan; all-state lettermen lived up the block and around the corner, and the whole neighborhood had gridiron excitment. On Saturday afternoons, the boys and girls gathered on a local greensward to play touch football that had more to do with touching than with football. We girls loved playing, and some of us were good, but on those occasional Saturdays when the boys stood us up and went elsewhere to really play, we never got a game together among ourselves. We went to someone's house and listened to records.

I'm not saving that such cultural phenomena are ordained in the natural order of things. When I went to my 17-year-old sister's homecoming last fall, her girls' team played a "powder puff" match before the Big Game. The girls showed more enthusiasm than skill, but since I'd spent my homecoming night riding around on a float, wearing a prom dress and a crown and waving to the masses, I couldn't help but notice the contrast.

In high school, we might have all gotten behind the team, and we might have done the same in college, if the team were any good. But by college, men's and women's interests had usually diverged to the point where men were happy to spend their weekend afternoons watching the game on TV. Women may have done so occasionally and some may in fact have developed a passion for a single team, but they were the exception. I know, because I was an exception.

But cultural differences in sports cut deeper than simple interest. Most trainers and coaches of women complain about the widespread lack of killer instinct. Even the enthusiastic Meminger says, "Women

are reluctant to face the fact that basketball is a contact sport. They aren't used to having to defend themselves physically, so they avoid contact. This handicaps even the best players.'

Fighting, having to prove one's physical bravery, is an issue most boys grow up with, and perhaps the gut-level macho that results from the awareness is what ripens that sine qua non of gladiatorial contests, the cold killer instinct. Proving that you can't be messed with-physically intimidating the opposition—is a part

of the game.

Without the scent or suggestion of blood, the combat loses some of its metaphorical power. Some women athletes know this, of course. Old Dominion's Nancy Lieberman, the best woman college basketball player, may owe as much to her street scuffling in Queens and Harlem as to her physical endowments. And George Colon, a fighter-turnedtrainer who manages mostly women boxers, says that the girls who've come to him have usually been street brawlers who wanted to channel and develop their skills of self-defense. Nevertheless, most women do not routinely consider their own bravery or cowardice when they walk down the street, and this fact of street life hampers them when they play contact sports.

My thoughts about this real cultural difference between men and women took shape during a hot spell in New York City last summer, at a time when tempers ran short. I was in a continual black mood, and responded to the normal city street flak with verbal violence. I started wondering, "What if I were a man?" Could I walk around sounding off like this with real physical immunity? As a woman, I could afford to be careless, because I didn't have to worry about backing up my mouth. I felt that I was somehow taking unfair advantage of the situation. If anyone bumped into me at the newsstand, cut me in line or made any less than courtly street comment, I let them have it. People usually reacted by walking away. The frustrations of heat and city life were still with me, however, so I decided to go and work things out by shooting a few hoops.

Sally Helgesen is also a contributing editor at Harper's. She has written a book about Texas wildcatters, which will be published by Doubleday in the spring.



BODY & SOUL

BY JOHN JEANSONNE

FIGHTERS' NIGHTMARE: THE ONE PUNCH THEY NEVER SEE

Brain's work is to control brawn, and boxing is primarily brawn. The jolting fact that can cross your eyes a little is that a blow to the head can cause unavoidable injury. The brain can rattle off the walls of the skull; it can twist violently, causing a tear. It can be crushed by arterial bleeding.

Since World War II 337 boxers have died of injuries related to the sport, though head injuries are not the only culprit. Such champs as Max Baer, Sugar Ray Robinson, Primo Carnera and Ezzard Charles were all involved in fights in which their opponents later died of their injuries. Now, with the Willie Classen death and the three that followed it, boxing medicine is in the spotlight again, and the brain is the main event.

Here we are in Boxing's cornersturdy old pug Boxing slumped on his stool, reeling from the waist up, as various cornermen snap towels, toss water and shout all manner of advice. We hear the swift, expected caterwauling that boxing be forever banned—just as we did in 1962, following the death of Benny (Kid) Paret. At that time, there was unprecedented worldwide reaction. One former member of the British cabinet went so far as to call for government prohibition of boxing and mandatory manslaughter charges against promoters. The Vatican newspaper editorialized that "Evil is in the very nature of boxing." Closer to home, Max M. Turshen, a New York State assemblyman, condemned the sport as "modified murder."

Once again, Boxing's corner is not a calm place to be, what with battered old Boxing fuzzy in the head and his caretakers feeling the urgency. Lately, we hear orders from Connecticut that a ring neurosurgeon be appointed for all fights. But even that couldn't prevent the damage of one well-placed punch. On January 9, the first night a neurosurgeon was present at ringside, a welterweight

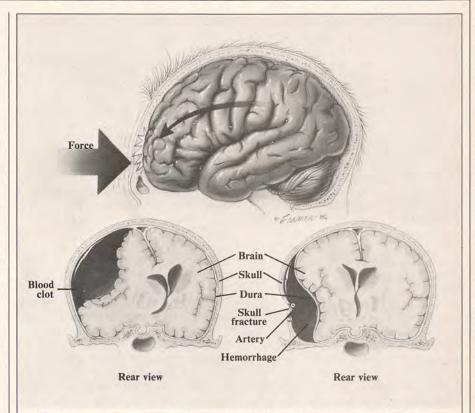


Illustration (top) shows brain undergoing trauma: If force is great enough, it could cause a contusion. Subdural hematoma (above, left), the injury that reportedly killed Willie Classen, occurs when the brain tissue is jerked with such violence that some of it tears—causing a blood clot to form and destroying tissue. Epidural hematoma (above, right) results from a skull fracture; blood fills the space between skull and dura, crushing the brain.

named Charlie Newell was knocked unconscious; nine days later he died. We hear how there is little national or international coordination of boxing commissions; in South Carolina, where Tony Thomas died in January, there is no boxing commission at all. We hear New York State Senator Roy Goodman demand an investigation into the Classen death, which produced required medical seminars for ringside physicians and referees. Boxing, legalized in New York in 1920 by the Walker Law, was prohibited temporarily in December, while the New York State Athletic Commission considered Goodman's safety proposals, which have now been put into effect. Aside from the neurological training courses, the commission has extended the suspension of knocked-out fighters

from 30 to 90 days. Further, the state has asked for the use of computerized X-ray scans and more neurologists and other specialists so that fight officials might be better equipped to detect early-warning signals, such as a fighter's eyeballs wandering off in different directions—an indication of possible brain damage. The sooner attendants can yell "Help," the slimmer the chance of fatality. Indeed, one witness at Madison Square Garden last November 23 says that, as Willie Classen lay motionless and obviously badly hurt—this witness had been there in 1962, watching Paret lay motionless-"Even one of the doctors was yelling, 'Get a doctor!'"

There have also been calls for headgear. Heavier gloves. More exhaustive training of the fighters. Shorter fights (two-minute rounds and 10-round maximums). But all that misses the point, says Dr. Bennett Derby, the esteemed neurologist who conducts the recently instituted New York Athletic Commission seminars.

The point is that "it should be fairly stated that any properly delivered blow may cause head injury," says Derby, whose string of titles includes chief of neurology at Manhattan VA Hospital. "There is no way to prevent brain damage with a properly delivered blow; there is only a way to minimize it. You cannot guarantee perfection [because] the purpose of boxing is to create disability. Much of the controversy is non-medical. Do we want to have boxing or do we want to ban it? That's a social decision."

Short of never getting into the ring, there is only one absolute way of avoiding brain damage: Don't get hit in the head, Champ.

One punch. The left hook you don't see because it comes too fast. One punch. The right you don't see because the last left left you dizzy. And you're in another world—temporarily or not.

The brain isn't much more than a blob of jello, about three pounds net weight, floating in fluid, held in place by a scaffolding of fibers. Certainly it is as well-housed as any other internal human gadget—the skull, after all, doesn't crack easily. But for the worst brain damage, it doesn't have to: Whiplash of the brain can be terminal.

There are four basic categories of "acute head injuries," beginning with the cymbal-crash of concussion, causing temporary alteration of consciousness-often so brief as to go unnoticed. In this injury, the part of the brain that controls awareness, alertness and focus of attention is short-circuited. A stronger bop on the head could create a contusion, a bruise caused by the brain bouncing off the opposite wall of the skull and then back again. The danger and damage potential in such an injury increase with torque force: A twisting of the jello mass causes more damage than a simple back-and-forth bounce.

Progressively more serious is the epidural hematoma, in which the skull is usually fractured, severing an artery. Blood fills the space between skull and brain at an alarming rate, mashing the brain. It is surgically treatable, however, within 12 to 72

hours, and there is little direct brain damage if caught in time. It is this kind of injury that could cause a boxer to walk away from a knockout, perhaps be conversant and lucid, then announce a headache, lie down and die within hours.

Then, there is brain laceration, which always causes direct brain damage and is sometimes fatal.

Tremendous torque, or "sheer forces," jerks different spoonfuls of the jello mass in several directions at once, violently tearing the brain tissue, destroying some of it. There are various aspects of this kind of injury related to the part of the brain torn—acute subdural hematoma, intracerebral hematoma, etc. But the damage is considerable—and the basic diagnosis: Very Bad News.

Clearly, the odds are small for such grave harm. Studies by Dr. Harry Kaplan, professor of neurosurgery at the College of Medicine and Dentistry of New Jersey, estimate that a fighter is struck solidly on the head only twice during a professional fight—the average boxer's career encompasses approximately 12 to 15 fights over a period of two-and-a-half to three years—while there are some 1,000 blows traded. But the apparent inevitability of occasional fatal blows is a jolt to the sport nevertheless.

Dr. Max Novich, president of the Association of Ringside Physicians and a veteran Olympic ringside doctor, says that "All the great killings in boxing in the last decade have been in the fight previous to the killing, leading to the saying, 'He was killed in the fight before.'" But evidence in some boxing deaths—for example, the Newell death in Connecticut, with a neurosurgeon present—is that there was no history of brain damage.

Dr. Mickey Demos, the national AAU boxing medical director, says that professional boxing invites tragedy because "referees are reluctant to stop bouts because they're dealing with a man's livelihood." This observation is not taken so well by doctors and handlers, who insist they have their fighter's best interest at heart. Ringside physicians in New York average about \$75 to \$100 per fight, so they obviously aren't in it for the money. Also, the point has been made that one of the physicians at the Classen fight was Classen's own physician; who better to know and

care for Classen's well-being?

In New York, where Paret died and where Classen died and where boxing historically has been most public, there naturally were immediate investigations bent on weeding out boxing's unqualified handlers. Observers were appalled to learn that one of the ringside physicians assigned to the Classen fight was a pediatrician. Screams of incompetence. But neurologist Derby thinks such screams are not relevant. In Derby's mind, "A good doctor is one that both cares and stays interested. I think there's been unfair criticism that ringside physicians are urologists or pediatricians. My response when someone asks, 'What do they know about boxing?' is, 'What would an office neurologist know about boxing unless he had reviewed the specifics?""

Derby's seminars deal with such specifics. Anatomy of the brain. Injuries of the brain. Pre-fight examinations. How to detect when a boxer is in trouble. Videotapes of fights are discussed. "It is not a course in neurosurgery or neurology," he says. "It is limited to the kind of observations at ringside that allow physicians and referees to decide what to watch more closely."

Derby makes it clear that his role "has been to teach principles." He has not been involved closely with the sport, has never been at ringside for a fight and cares not to pass judgment on the previous preparations of officials. "The job of the course is to determine which fighters need protection. And that's not easy."

He does have opinions separate from the seminar. Headgear would not afford complete protection because a blow to the cheek or jaw can twist the brain frightfully and, further, headgear would interfere with a boxer's defenses by interfering with his peripheral vision. Also, shortening a bout to two-minute rounds or to 10 rounds would not remove the possibility of one fatal blow; it can happen in a matter of seconds and "there is no way to avoid tissue damage."

It's easy for an outsider to solve this: Mama, don't let your babies grow up to be boxers. But those close to boxing must find another solution. Brain's work again.

John Jeansonne is a sports feature writer for Newsday.

CULTURE

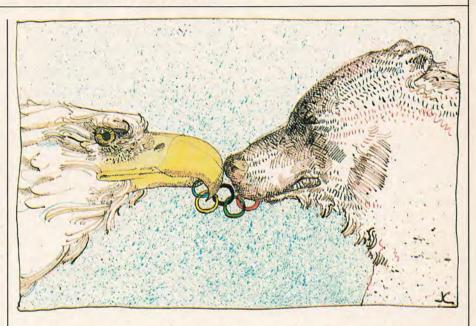
BY JACK RICHARDSON

OLYMPICS '80: DID WE REALLY CARE?

Despite the fact that tradition requires the national anthem to be played before so many of our sporting events, it is fair to say that until President Carter called for an Olympic boycott, most Americans believed in the separation of sport and state. The playing field was to us a form of sanctuary, an area set apart from the world of social and political divisions, and as soon as an athlete stepped upon it, he became representative of a single humanity. Republican or communist, sinner or saint, black or white-such distinctions were held to be of no consequence in the ideal world of sports.

It is curious then to consider how ready we all were to abandon this belief as soon as the Olympics began being used by our government as a weapon against the Soviet Union. Column after column appeared, on both the sports and editorial pages, on how politics had always been an insidious presence in these games and how the Olympic ideal existed only in the minds of the naive or hypocritical members of the International Olympic Committee. But it appeared Americans really needed no lessons in history to persuade them that the Olympics should be taken down from their pedestal and to understand that an embargo on sports would hurt Russia far more than an embargo on grain. Almost immediately after Carter proposed to punish Russia by our abstaining from the Moscow summer games, polls determined that about 80 per cent of us felt that this was an apposite and proper step to take. With very little agonizing and hardly any serious debate, the American people decided that sports were no longer exempt from political responsibilities and that discus throwers were patriots first and athletes second.

This sudden willingness on our part to force the Olympics into a political context had several causes. First of all, we're in a period of national frustration. For a long while,



Americans had felt themselves abused and toyed with by the rest of the world. The philosophy of military non-intervention and economic and moral persuasion adopted since the end of the Vietnam war seemed to many of us to have led to our being placed at the mercy of voracious oil sheiks and mad ayatollahs. The hostage situation in Iran, during which America could do nothing but wait upon the whims of Khomeini, had provoked in us a desire for some positive action.

Then the Soviet Union had the temerity to invade Afghanistan. While we were helpless to do anything for the 50 Americans who were being held in our Tehran embassy or against the government that publicly sanctioned this crime, Russia demonstrated its power and political decisiveness by coolly crushing one communist regime in a neighboring country and replacing it with another. Now I do not wish to doubt that Americans, as a whole, were sincerely outraged by this ruthless bit of realpolitik, but it would be less than candid to say that we were not also a little envious. The Soviet Union seemed at least to know how to get things done, and their readiness to act and apparent success made us feel all the more impotent.

In any event, we could not allow

Russia to do its will in Afghanistan while ours was thwarted in Iran. Something had to be done to reassure ourselves that we still had a strong voice in the running of the world. Then Carter came forth formally with the ingenious idea of an Olympic boycott, a form of reprisal that asked only a very few of us to suffer and that seemed to strike the Soviet Union in an area that was both vulnerable and important. If Russia wanted to use military solutions to its problems, it would have to pay a price in terms of respectability. It could not pretend to be a civilized host for the world's athletes. It could not foist upon millions of television viewers the image of itself as the cuddly little cub Misha, the intended mascot of its games, while the real Russian bear was sharpening its claws on Afghan tribesmen. In short, Russia had gone too far at the wrong time and had to pay.

However, there was something more than national pride behind our readiness to turn sports into a political tool. Our attitude toward the Olympic Games themselves was in a large way responsible for our quick decision to consider them expendable. For basically, it seems, Americans really don't care a great deal about the Olympics. Most of its events have very little to do with the way we

think of sports. For every one of us who grew up dreaming of world records and gold medals, there are a million who dreamed World Series home runs and Super Bowl touchdowns.

Yes, for two weeks or so every four years we become interested and learn the names of the world's best shot putters, javelin throwers and weight lifters, but as soon as the games are over we forget them.

This fact that the games are not deeply rooted in our lives made them easy to give up. The athletes who were being called upon to sacrifice all the time spent in training and their hopes for a moment of glory received, of course, some sympathy, but only token thought was given to finding ways to compensate them for what they would lose. Indeed, our indifference to the Olympic athlete at times turned into outright hostility whenever one of these young men or women dared protest too loudly the politicizing of their games. Then they were called self-absorbed, small-minded and spoiled.

The rest of the world may find this shocking, but we in America are really much more involved in our professional games than in the forms of amateur sports that interest most other countries. Indeed, if for any reason we were asked to give up a season of NFL football for the sake of a political principle, and we did so, it could be assumed that we were preparing for total war. To give up the Olympics means only that we are in a petulant mood and are ready to renounce what never mattered much to us anyway.

Clearly by their actions in Afghanistan the Russians were endangering their Olympic Games and all the flattering propaganda they had hoped to derive from them. Could it be that the men in the Kremlin believed that the Olympic ideal was such a moral absolute in the world that no one would dare violate it? As much as I would like to think so, it seems unlikely. Doubtless, the Russians weighed all in the balance and found the Olympics of less importance than a stable satellite on their southern border. What should give us pause is that, unlike us, they were fully prepared to give up something they really cared about. .

Jack Richardson is an author and drama critic for Commentary magazine. His most recent book is Memoir of a Gambler.

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SOCCER

This year, from Massapequa to Malibu, over 500,000 American boys and girls will participate in youth soccer. Nearly 7,000 high school soccer teams will take the field—more than triple the number a decade ago. The North American Soccer League—America's "major league" of so-



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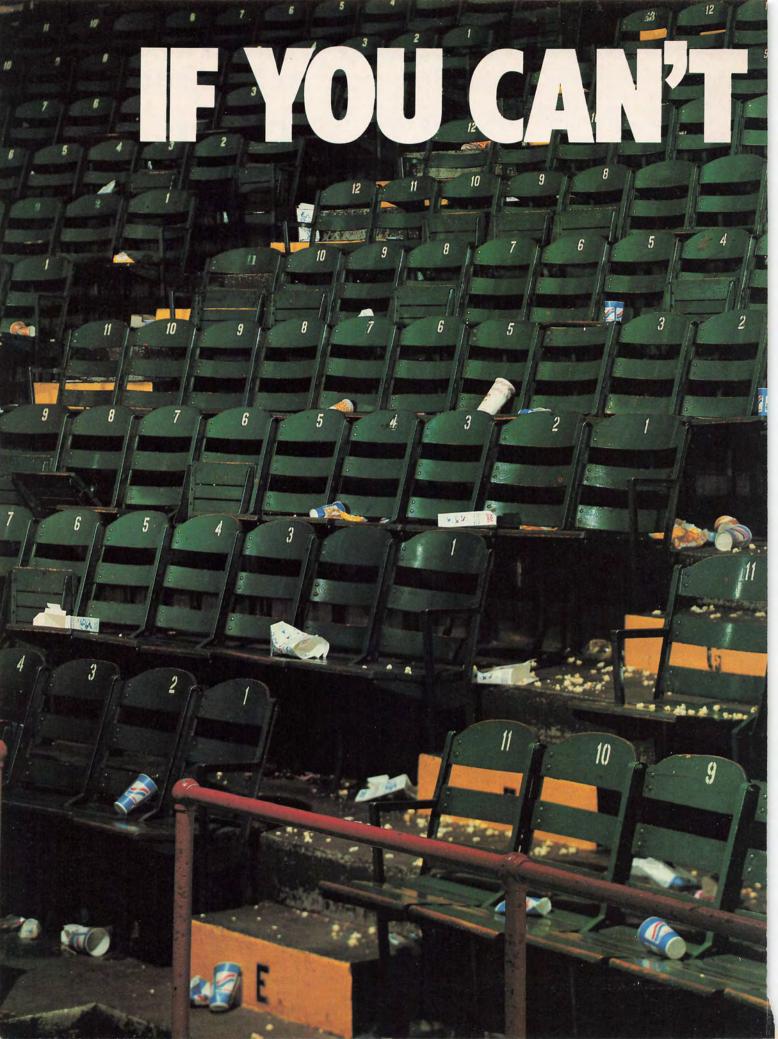
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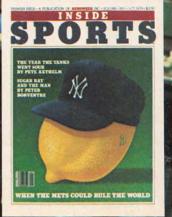


GET ENOUGH.

SFORT:

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GET INSIDE SPORTS.



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FOOD

BY RAYMOND SOKOLOV

A FAN'S BEST FRIEND

In that far-off time when the Tigers played mostly day games-and mostly lost them-at a classic threedeck green park then called Briggs Stadium, a Detroit kid with summer on his hands and baseball on his mind spent his afternoons in the empty stands, living with humiliation. But there was a limit even to the most loval little fan's endurance. And after Allie Reynolds came out of the bullpen to save vet another one for the Yankees, we would wave desperately down the aisle and call for a Peter's Red Hot. We didn't win much, but we had a great hot dog.

At least I thought so, 30 years ago, before I had lived in France or become a New York food writer and restaurant reviewer. But for all I really knew back then, those frankfurters in their steam-damp buns might have been as big a gyp as Ralph Nader now says hot dogs in general are. Maybe Peter filled his Red Hots with ground-up cow ears and vital-fluidsapping dyes. But there is such a thing as good taste. It could be that if I had eaten one of those dogs at home, I might have anticipated Nader's indictment and yowled: "Mom, this wiener is a consumer fraud.'

Father actually knew best. Biting avidly into a Briggs Stadium frank one Saturday, he remarked sagely: "They taste great, don't they? There's nothing like a ballpark hot dog." He meant that the exhilaration we felt at being in the crowd at a major-league game transformed a perfectly ordinary sausage into an epicurean delight. Baseball, like other important public rituals, works magic on the mundane. Within the sanctifying precinct of the stadium, even the lowly hot dog is raised up and infused with greatness. The crush in the concession line, the smell of dozens of franks, the feel of the bun and the simple act of pumping out the mustard from a big jar accumulate into an unofficial sacrament of summer.

Cynics will carp and tell you that the average fan's judgment has been clouded with beer or other appetitepromoting intoxicants. But such peo-



ple have forgotten their childhoods, when every right-thinking American learned to link sports attendance with hot dogs while stone-cold sober.

Hot-dog delirium is a national frenzy that occurs within sight of bigtime sports events. Even the name "hot dog" was first coined at a ballpark. It happened in 1905, at the Polo Grounds, according to the frankfurter experts at the National Hot Dog and Sausage Institute. There, the pioneer stadium concessionaire, Harry M. Stevens, Inc., had its vendors selling frankfurters to New York Giants fans, yelling: "They're red hot. Get your red-hot dachshund sausages." In reaction to this quaint slogan, one Tad Dorgan, a cartoonist of the day, drew a talking sausage. Dorgan couldn't spell dachshund, so he called his sausage-creature Hot Dog.

You know the rest. Harry M. Stevens went on to huckster hot dogs in sports arenas all over the country—and even followed the Giants to San Francisco. Other purveyors steam franks or broil them on Roto-Grills for millions of fans nationwide. Although no one knows exactly how many of the roughly 17.6 billion pounds of hot dogs produced annual-

ly in this country are eaten in sports arenas, the Hot Dog Institute says the percentage is sizable.

At least one company has tried to capitalize on the special luster base-ball gives to frankfurters. Last season Colonial Provisions Co., manufacturer of the Yankee Franks sold at Yankee Stadium, went after the home market with a TV ad featuring Yankee pitcher Luis Tiant, who said, in an intentionally punning Hispanic accent: "It's great to be with a wiener."

Colonial (which also markets Fenway Franks in the Boston area with a player commercial featuring Jim Rice) ran the ad through the season even though the Yankees wound up finishing fourth. The real point must be that Yankee Franks are the official Yankee hot dogs—the ones sold at Yankee games. Obviously, Colonial Provisions thinks New York consumers will believe that Yankee Franks in supermarkets will have the same taste as the same manufacturer's hot dogs have at the ballpark.

But are they right? The only way to tell was to go ahead and actually taste the hot dogs. Clearly, I could not simultaneously compare the experience of eating a hot dog at the ballpark and eating one somewhere else. But I could, at least, test the official Yankee—and other major-league hot dogs in the cold light of a winter day to see if they worked their magic on me without benefit of baseball. Not, however, so committed to this project that I was willing to sample frankfurters from all 26 big-league ballparks, I randomly selected the concessionaires at four stadiums in the four regions of the nation and asked them to ship me their hot dogs.

Then I called in a panel of 14 hardened baseball fans-men and women who had wide experience with the game and its hot dogs. They participated in a blind tasting of the frankfurters, which had been broiled for the same length of time on the same broiler pan, then set out on plates labeled A, B, C and D. The hot dogs were provided by Oscar Mayer (Chicago Cubs), Araserv (Houston Astros), Harry M. Stevens, Inc. (San Francisco Giants) and Colonial Provisions (New York Yankees).

The panel rated them against one another, and they were fundamentally in agreement about the ones they did and didn't like [see box]. The Houston and Chicago hot dogs won very few fans. One panelist wrote on his ballot next to the letter that stood for the Astro frank: "Horrible-tastes like a mixture of packing-room leftovers." The Cubs' dogs fared even worse. One taster said they were as bad as "chicken dogs." Another said: "Couldn't get down more than half."

Yankee Franks edged out Stevens' San Francisco Giants wieners for first place. "Excellent," said one respondent who made the Yankee Frank his top dog. "Must be all beef."

Although I did not vote in the poll, I did take part in the tasting. I could see why the Chicago and Houston franks had done so poorly, with their unimpressive flavors and, in the case of the Cubs' Oscar Mayer, a fatty texture only a Wrigley Field regular could love in a year the Cubs were leading their division. But I was puzzled by the boomlet for Yankee Franks. The meat in those dogs was undeniably mushy. On the other hand, the casings took broiling outstandingly well. They were nicely browned and crisp, and that seems to have made the difference in the poll. For my part, I preferred the more complex flavor of the Harry M. Stevens San Francisco dog, and I would serve it to guests. One word of caution, however: If you're a Giants fan, you could be buying a frank we didn't test. The various Stevens subsidiaries use different brands-in San Francisco, both Armour and Dubuque supply Candlestick Park. We tasted the Armour dog.

For my money, however, none of these hot dogs-not even the Bay Area Special-tasted as good as a hot dog I could buy at a game almost anywhere. Three out of the four were acceptable enough, I thought, for cookouts in the backyard or kiddie birthdays. But when I compare them in my gustatory memory to Peter's Red Hots or to other hot dogs I've eaten at more recent ballgames, they didn't match up. My frank opinion: Baseball was the missing ingredient.

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HOT DOG	TEAM	ERA*
1. Colonial Provisions	New York Yankees (also supplies the Boston Red Sox)	.832
2. H.M. Stevens	San Francisco Giants (also supplies the New York Mets and, along with Colonial Provisions, the Boston Red Sox)	.741
3. Araserv	Houston Astros (also supplies the Pittsburgh Pirates)	.500
4. Oscar Mayer	Chicago Cubs (also supplies the Los Angeles Dodgers)	.429

maximum possible high score (14 judges multiplied by 4 equals 56).

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MEDIA

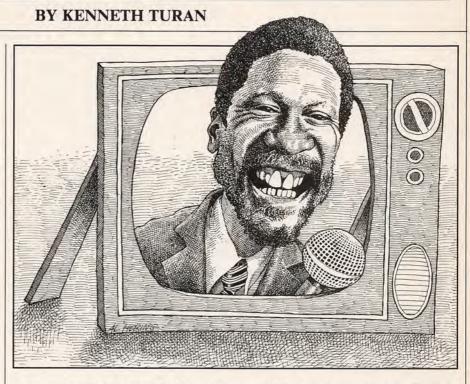
RUSSELL REBOUNDS, CBS **SCORES**

In 1787, or so the legend goes, a man named Grigori Aleksandrovich Potemkin had a problem. A big problem. Governor of the Crimea for four years, he was informed that his overlord, Catherine II, czarina of all Russia, had decided it was time to personally check up on all the improvements he'd supposedly made. Only he hadn't made any. So Potemkin constructed a series of sham villages, false fronts that looked gaudy and substantial from the lady's coach window and conveniently hid the arid, undeveloped plains behind them. Catherine was impressed and Potemkin kept his job and his head.

In 1980, the czars of CBS had a similar problem with their benign suzerainty over the National Basketball Association. Though a few showy rookies had come into the league, the NBA was basically the same group of players whose ratings had dropped a much-publicized 26 per cent in the '78-'79 Nielsen's, turning its season into a network problem child fated to be endlessly poked at, fussed over and clucked about. So the question was: How to make the sick well again, how to indicate improvement when no real improvement had been made? What better way than to create a Potemkin village? If that approach had fooled Catherine the Great, surely it would pacify the less than autocratic American sports fan.

So CBS created a super league, a kind of pre-playoffs playoff. Never again would its coddled viewers have to suffer through the stumblings of teams like the tarnished Golden State Warriors or the tone-deaf Jazz. In the first three weeks of the regionalized NBA on CBS last year, 14 different teams appeared on the tube. In the first five weeks of the newly nationalized NBA of 1980, only six teams made it on the air, and the league's Big Three—Seattle, Boston and Los Angeles—had seven appearances among them.

It has been a shrewdly elitist strat-



egy and one that has resulted in strikingly competitive games that have paid large dividends for the network. The opening Lakers-Celtics telecast-Magic & Bird Together Again For The First Time—drew the highest rating of any opener in the game of the week's seven-year history on CBS, and the weeks that followed, if not quite that spectacular, have generally been improvements over 1979.

"We felt that this would probably be the most important year that professional basketball ever experienced on TV, that if it continued its downward trend it would start sliding toward oblivion," says Kevin O'Malley, CBS vice-president in charge of program planning and development. "Somewhere along the line you have to step back and ask, 'Is it working?'-and we decided our regional strategy really wasn't."

However, just as there was more to Potemkin's success than his false fronts-he was by most accounts a terribly charming man and a former lover of the czarina—so there is more to CBS' resurgence than canny team selection. The network has managed to procure the services of the most charming man in its realm, and without Bill Russell at the microphone, all that scheduling sleight of hand

wouldn't have been quite so effective.

The NBA's perennial problem of too many games leading up to one of the least exclusive playoffs in sports notwithstanding, the league's chronic lack of TV clout has always been a bit of a puzzler. Basketball's fast action within a physically manageable playing area should make it ideal for the home screen; as Al McGuire has said, "The ball is right for the camera. You don't need a production like The Longest Day to give the game to the public." Yet the public stoutly refused what it was given, and part of the problem has been the lack of a truly effective announcing team.

Last year CBS made what viewers it had wade through a confusing Greek chorus of booth men, throwing in everyone from Don Criqui to Gus Johnson. By the time the season opened this year, only two were doing national coverage: Brent Musburger for the play-by-play and Hot Rod Hundley for the color.

Musburger is something of a prestidigitator as a broadcaster. In other words, he gets away with murder. Upbeat, articulate and knowledgeable, he has a voice that fairly bristles with controlled excitement, yet if you listen closely to his words, a near-fatal addiction to bromides becomes

obvious. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar is "a tower of strength," the Atlanta Hawks are "tough and tenacious," the Boston Celtics "a team of allstars," the Boston Garden "a shrine of champions." And so on. However, Musburger compensates via a wondrous knack for making these cliches almost palatable, for using his enthusiasm in a way that saves him from coming off as banal as by rights he should.

It's a neat trick, but no trick could hide a certain nervousness on that inaugural Lakers-Celtics telecast. Hot Rod wasn't hot that day-his one good line was commenting on Don Chaney's "size 38 shirt sleeves"—and Brent was left to his own panicky devices. His main concern seemed to be that droves of restless fans would, God forbid, switch channels, so he constantly reassured the audience that they wouldn't be fools for sticking with the game. "The money period is still to come," he kept saying, followed by "Ninety per cent of the time this is the most entertaining five minutes in sports" and "You know what the last five minutes are like in the NBA." It looked like the beginning of a very long season.

This is not to say that Brent and Rod were not competent and professional. If anything, they were too competent and professional, chillingly so, tending, as do almost all network sportscasters, to hone away any verbal sharp edges that might offend the hypothetical, hypersensitive viewer. The result is the inevitable mummification of the sport, sedating the viewer with the sure knowledge that nothing vaguely unexpected will ever

Bill Russell has been a potent antidote to all that. From his first words on the air—asked to comment on Seattle and Boston since he left, he grinned and said, "They've both got better coaches"—he established the kind of bemused, low-key, iconoclastic tone the NBA telecasts were in desperate need of.

cross anyone's lips.

CBS had been after Russell for at least three years, but his initial demands, including a request that he be involved with the network's news department besides his sports duties, were too much for the network. This year, however, Russell's interest in the sports job increased. "There was a lot of enthusiasm on both sides," says CBS' O'Malley. "We weren't chasing a reluctant Bill Russell but a willing one."

Much has been written about Russell's manic cackle, but that is only the merest beginning. His one-liners can be devastating, as witness his comment over a shot of a wild-eyed, apoplectic Hubie Brown: "You know what he's saying? 'My broker is E.F. Hutton." And Russell's analysis is unusually keen, a product of his exceptional background and experience. He talked of the difficulties of playing against Steve Mix, a physical type who unexpectedly pushes with his hips instead of his shoulders; he noted the way the extinct college nodunk rule had made Kareem Abdul-Jabbar a classic finesse player; and when the Lakers played the 76ers and Kareem scored 38 on Darryl Dawkins, he pointed out that Dawkins was mistakenly trying to react to moves instead of taking a position and forcing Kareem to go to the middle, where the defense would be stiffer.

Yet ultimately what Russell does best is simply be himself. While other sportscasters inevitably seem machine-made, Russell is adroitly handtooled, one of a kind. He is a natural wit, and his nature tends toward the drollest kind of underplaying-who else would chuckle and call a Dawkins dunk "a real high percentage shot"-a blessed relief when contrasted with the usual televised bellowings. He is bemused rather than bombastic, a tolerant parent who is not afraid to point out bad calls or illegal zones. His presence has loosened up Hundley considerably, to the point where he and Russell elegantly use the air space that a much more relaxed Musburger no longer feels maniacally compelled to fill. It's a sweet deal all the way around. Russell is especially expert at deflating much of Brent's hyperbole. When he eagerly announced at one point that the Sonics would "have to resort to guile," Russell paused and asked, "Who's he play for?"

It is true, as critics have pointed out, that Russell mumbles at times, but even this has its positive side. It is a welcome sign of fallible humanity, a much-needed reminder that these games are played—and, one hopes, broadcast—not by flawless gods but by poor creatures of flesh and blood, just like you and me.

Kenneth Turan, formerly a sportswriter and cultural critic for The Washington Post, is now book editor for New West and film critic for The Progressive.

Do you recognize this American landmark?





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be a landmark. There are
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country. They're part of our
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Monticello and Mount Vernon.

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Membership Department,
Office of Public Affairs,
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Jackson Place, NW,
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For more than a decade, Pete Maravich was the show. Big money, dazzling moves, thousands of points. He had everything except the ring. Now he's just a sideshow, on the bench and out of shape. But he's in Boston, where they know all about rings.

PISTOL PETES LAST SHOT

BY DAVID HALBERSTAM

hey are slow this day at the baggage counter at the Seattle airport, and the players—up too early for the flight after a game the night before, anxious to get on with it, to get to the hotel so they can practice and then sleep—are waiting a little restlessly. An old lady and a young boy spot them. The boy is bashful, but the lady is not. She is quick and fearless, with a good first step for autographs. First Cowens. Then Bird. Then Tiny. Then she stops, looks around. Her eye picks up Pete Maravich—Pistol Pete. There is a quick vote in the chambers of her mind, and then she rejects him and moves on to M. L. Carr. Maravich is not unaware of this.

"It's nice to be a star, isn't it?" he says to Cowens.

Cowens nods.

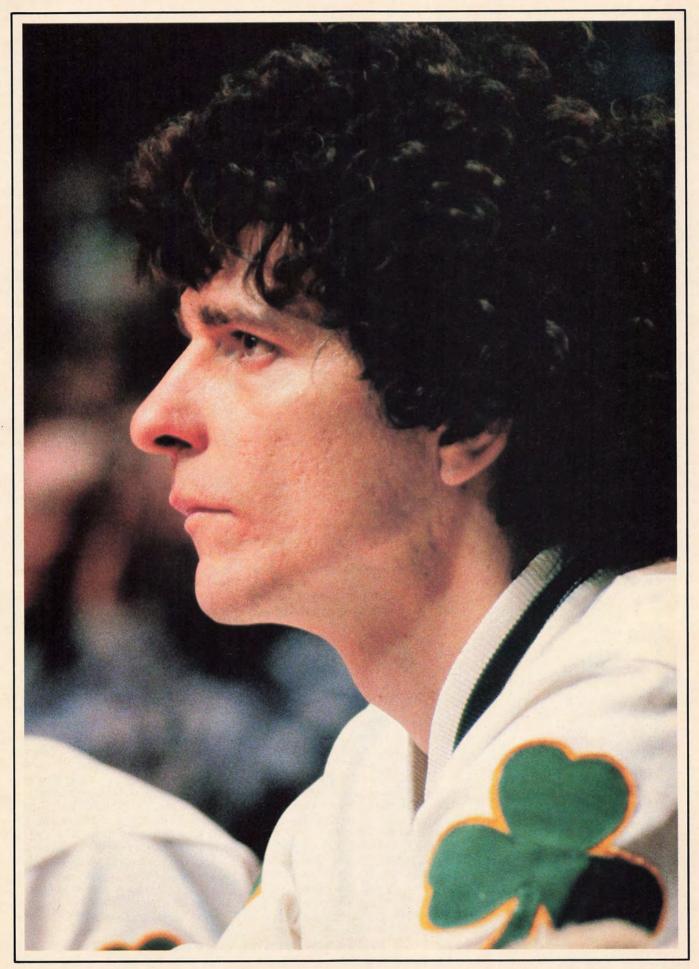
"Touching, isn't it?" says Maravich.

The Celtics are the Celtics again, the once and perhaps future champions, and they have the Rookie, and the excitement is palpable. The Celtics are special anyway, the only basketball team with a genuine tradition. They even look like their past, the uniforms curiously unfashionable, the green sneakers cut too high, the pants cut too long, making the players look heavy and dumpy—a touch of yesteryear. On the road the crowd comes early to

the games, and the people—not just little kids and teenagers but grown men and women—throng around the Celtics basket, wanting to be near the Rookie, hoping to see, even in the warmup, something singular. The Rookie is aware of this, but he withholds his touch, even his look. He wills his eyes not to see them. He is comfortable within himself only as a basketball player, never as a showman, and so he is deliberately restrained. There will be nothing flamboyant in the warmup. It is as if he is determined not to gratify them, until the allotted 48 minutes of basketball. Then he will delight them, but only if it serves his game, and that of his teammates.

In the warmup drill, the Veteran who started the season as one of several players who made as much as the Rookie, until he was waived by the Utah Jazz, shows more panache. There is to even the simplest drill a *style*; nothing about him was ever ordinary, his signature was on everything he did, and though he was once *the* autograph, now the crowd barely sees him. It is looking for the Rookie, not the Veteran. There is a sense of instant replay about all this, for the Veteran was once the Rookie. People turned out for him, not his team, and they marvelled at him and were often (regrettably) oblivious to the game and, more, to his teammates. Now all that is gone, and he is holding on by a thin

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AL SZABO





aravich and Bird: The comparisons are inevitable—a dazzling passer, a white fix for an endangered game.

thread. He is this night preparing for his fourth game with the Celtics, playing, in his own words, "like a donkey among thoroughbreds."

Though he draws an estimated \$180,000 a year from the Jazz, and reportedly will for 10 more years, he is the lowest-paid player on the Celtic team, "the only player on the team," says coach Bill Fitch, "who makes less money than I do." It is by no means clear that he can help the Celtics who want him in particular for the playoff games to come, who hope that some of the magic and touch remain. Nor is it sure that he will last the season. His pride, not his bank account, is at stake now. Ten seasons to go at \$180,000 or not, he is in the twilight of his career, his knee in doubt, his speed questionable, his skills perhaps eroding. Above all, after a bitter early season in Salt Lake City when management engaged in a cold war with him, he is in terrible condition, unable to play at peak intensity for more than a few minutes at a time. Pete Maravich, who was once more powerful than his coaches everywhere he played, is vulnerable on this team-and he knows it. At practice early in the week on this road trip he does not play well. He is easily winded. Lesser players have blown by him. After practice Fitch comes over to him, shaking his head. Disapproval is thinly veiled, for Fitch is not a man to hide his feelings; it is his style to push his players, to zing them, to keep them just a little unsettled.

"You're disappointed in me, aren't you?" Maravich says.

"Yes," says Fitch, "I am. I can't believe what kind of shape you're in. I just don't understand it.'

"Don't give up on me," says Maravich. "I'm coming around, I'm coming around. I know I am. I know I can do it."

"I hope so," says Fitch.

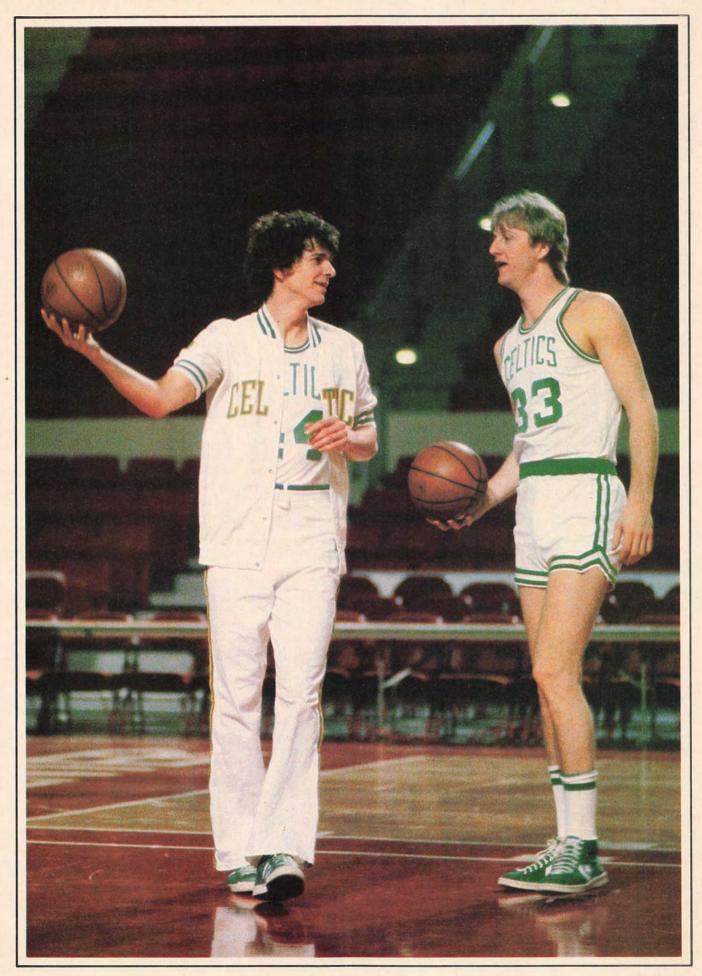
He had fallen on hard times, after his electric presence helped build the Omni in Atlanta and brought people to a football stadium in New Orleans. It was bad enough at New Orleans, a poorly run, struggling franchise, uncommonly stupid in its disposing of draft choices (not just too many high choices for him, but two firsts for an aging Gail Goodrich). Maravich was blamed for the team's troubles as he had been before, with teammates openly criticizing him. But New Orleans was home, a city he loved. When the franchise failed, it moved this past year to Salt Lake City, and became the Utah Jazz. The Utah Jazz. Even the name is a contradiction, like naming a

team the Los Angeles Nordiques or the Seattle Suns.

The change of cities, as well as a change of coaches, had made his position different. Suddenly much of his leverage was gone. In New Orleans he was a local monument, in Salt Lake City an aging superstar. The coach was Tom Nissalke, not known for his love of superstars. And those who knew them both were not optimistic about their relationship and the clash of egos. The Jazz, with Maravich playing, had started badly. The record was 2-18, and Nissalke had decided that it was all over, that the team had to be rebuilt and the most basic way to start was to move Maravich. He decided to bench him completely. Maravich would not play for Utah, and the Jazz's signals-to Maravich, to his lawyers and to other teams in the league-would have no ambivalence. As far as Nissalke was concerned, Maravich was dead. He became on official NBA stat sheets "Maravich-DNP," as in Maravich-Did Not Play, the league's version of a non-person. His confidence dropped. One day a Salt Lake City reporter asked what was wrong. Maravich took the reporter, placed him on the court as if he were a defender, and practiced going around him a few times. "See, I've still got my moves," he said. Fans in other cities were underwhelmed by a Jazz lineup without Maravich. One night in San Diego, as Maravich sat on the bench in a wasted game, season-ticket holders seated across from the Jazz bench chanted: "Send the hostage in."

What they remembered, of course, were not legendary games and rivalries, or playoff games, the Jazz against the Rockets, or the Jazz against the Celtics. They remembered the moves. All of them. None ever patented, because each move was an original, never seen before, never seen again. They were exciting, always so quick, as if Maravich himself did not know what he was doing until he had done it and then it was too late. Not just behindthe-back passes, and passes that were parts of acrobatic spinning reverses, passes, it was said, that were often too good for some of his teammates-but moves invented on the spot, moves that were ends unto themselves. Nothing in his repertoire was ever Xeroxed.

Everyone had his favorite Maravich Move Story. One writer remembers Maravich driving against a defender, the defender arms up, poised to block a shot, Maravich faking slightly, then flipping the ball above him and bouncing it off his head into the basket, as a driving seal might have done. Hot Rod





aravich was never so lucky as Bird, who came first to a franchise with a new owner, a new coach and a new Cowens.

Hundley remembers Maravich on a fastbreak with men on both wings, pushing the ball hard on the last dribble, flipping it in front of him with his right hand, as if to pass left, and then, with no break, suddenly slapping it with his left hand to the player on his right. When he was called for a travel, he yelled at the ref, "How can you call it a travel when you've never even seen it done before?"

If his moves seemed to take something away from the game, if they did not so much lead to anything as they simply dazzled, then on many occasions, given the Jazz, given the Hawks, they were better than the game. In those years, on those teams, when too little was really at stake, an original that excited was worth one that backfired. So his game was brilliant, but it was marked also by mistakes. When he joined the Celtics, the first thing Bill Fitch said was: "Pete, I've always had one problem with your game."

"Yeah, I know," said Maravich. "The turnovers."

It is no small irony that the consummate showman comes to the Celtics now, his skills waning, for his game has always tantalized purists. Red Auerbach always coveted him. "It took Red 10 years to get me," Maravich says. Ten years ago, when Maravich—the highest scorer in college history—was averaging 45 points a game in his senior year, Auerbach said he was the best passer in the college game, perhaps the best in all basketball. Portland coach Jack Ramsay, the purist's purist, has always been intrigued by Maravich because he knows the game and sees the court, the highest Ramsay accolade. But because his talents were never displayed in the

right setting, the questions that hung over all his years in the pros remain unanswered: Was he flashy and showy because, in fact, that was the way he was? Or was he that way because he did not play with the great forwards and centers? Could he blend in? For not everyone who played with him was fond of Maravich—they often liked him personally, but they feared him and the power he had, a power that reached into management, and they often felt that despite what he said about wanting to play a team game, the hardest thing for him to do was give up the ball.

Now Maravich arrives at the moment Bird ascends. A star is born; a star descends. Bird appears with such similar credentials that the comparisons are inevitable, a dazzling passer, a white fix for what some think is an endangered game. Boston loves Larry Bird; CBS loves him even more. It is a moment to reflect on the style and character and luck of both men, for the story of Pete Maravich, much of it poignant, so much of it unfulfilled, tells something about the game, expanded and promoted beyond acceptable limits; it also tells something about society's materialism, and it illuminates, not just Maravich's career, but Bird's as well.

Bird, to outsiders, particularly in the media, is a troubling figure. He is good, very good with his teammates (and other basketball players), but he is reserved and suspicious, almost surly on intrusions from others-reporters, fans, hucksters. They are people outside his world, they invade his privacy and touch on the painful past, they mean trouble. They do not get his world right. But worst of all, every line that they write, every image that they project on a tube, separates him that much more from his teammates and thus the game. For all the hype, the talk of matchups, the Bird versus the Magic Man, see it on CBS (Magic loved the hype, loved the show biz; Bird hated it-forwards, after all, do not match up against guards), he plays remarkably pure, fundamental, indeed economic basketball. It is basketball made elegant by dint of such rare eyesight-Fitch calls him "Kodak" for the way he instantly photographs the court-great hands, intuitive intelligence, and moves so rare, at once practiced and spontaneous. He had signed a huge contract, \$650,000 a year, so he is not just a basketball player, but a highly commercial one, and yet his true covenant is with his teammates and with the game. If the fans are his beneficiaries, all the better,

but he is not there for their amusement. He is there to play basketball and to win. His skills must enhance the game, not the box office. So he is hyped and yet resistant to hype. His disdain for hoopla, which is seen by the press as the attitude of someone spoiled, may in fact be the reflection of someone as yet unspoiled; what seems about him corrupted may in fact be something quite uncorrupted. He is the rarest of contemporary athletic products, something better than advertised. He is also very lucky; he came to a franchise with the richest tradition of team play, a new owner, a new coach and a new Cowens, headed back toward winning anyway.

Maravich was never so lucky. He comes to the latter part of his career with his value as a basketball player still in question. The worst thing that can happen to a basketball player in the NBA, Bill Walton has said, is to be the best player on a losing team. Then the player will always be known around the league as a loser. Which is the story of Maravich, who now so

desperately wants a ring. From his college days on, there has been an irresistible temptation to take the brilliance of his game, and rather than discipline it, rather than make it fit a team concept, to exaggerate instead the already exaggerated qualities, to exploit not the gifts, the quickness, the eye, the skill of the hands, even the fearlessness, but the showmanship. Maravich was the creation, both victim and beneficiary, of modern sports married to modern media. In cities with dubious basketball constituencies, he was the show. Basketball was not just a sport—the camera had helped change that—it was theater as well; there were arenas to be built, tickets to be sold, commercials to be filmed, products to be hyped, ratings to be boosted. He liked this but was smart enough to be aware of the dangers-that it was pulling him away from the most important thing, winning basketball. But given the legal structure of the league, the nature of the teams he played with, the temptation of the money he was offered, he was, in the end, unable to do anything about it.

In professional basketball at its best, a gifted and egocentric athlete gives up a share of his own game, and thus his own ego, perhaps 30 per cent of that which has set him apart from all the other talented young men, and he does this to make other players better. It is like asking a fine writer to give up, at the height of his career, a by-line. In Maravich's case, what should have

been sacrificed somehow was not. He was bent from what he should have been to what he became by the pressures of contemporary society. But he had nothing to be ashamed of; so, after all, were most of the league's owners.

At LSU, a school with a weak program, he was the team. Worse, he was coached by his father, a man obsessed by Pete, in whose dreams Pete had come to live. (Press Maravich's pro record: 1945-46, Youngstown, 31 games, 5.6 avg.; 1946-47, Pittsburgh, 51 games, 4.6 avg.) There were the scenes: Press coaching at North Carolina State, the game over, the fans gone home and Press' little boy Pete coming out to practice for three and four hours, already showing those moves, dribbling two balls at once in circles. Press at LSU pushing his boy to shoot instead of pass. Press telling reporters, when Pete was compared to the legendary Bob Cousy, that Cousy never saw the day he had moves like Pete. For Press, consciously or unconsciously, gloried in Pete's achievements and his reflected fame. A white flashy superstar, sure to be overpaid, would have enough trouble coming into the NBA. It would be even harder for Pete Maravich. He had spent three years playing for his father, a man who, on the court, had always indulged him. Where Press had gone, Pete had gone, and later where Pete went, Press went-father and son with identities too close for the good of either.

If LSU was not a healthy experience, then he was even less fortunate in the pros. In 1970, he was the third pick in the richest draft of a decade. Detroit picked first and took Bob Lanier; the old San Diego Rockets, picking second, took Rudy Tomjanovich. Atlanta (on a pick from the San Francisco Warriors) was third, Boston fourth. Atlanta was then a fine teamwell-knit, well-balanced-of exceptional if not flashy players, remarkable role players: Bill Bridges as a power forward, Lou Hudson to play small forward or guard, Joe Caldwell as a defensive specialist, Walt Hazzard as one of the premier ballhandlers in the game. The Hawks were 48-34 the year before Maravich came aboard. They had played brilliantly in destroying Chicago in the playoffs before losing to Los Angeles. The players were very good and intelligent, and they were then paid roughly \$30,000 to \$40,000 a year. The fault with the franchise lay not with the players but the fans, who did not at that time accept a predominantly black starting team (at home



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one white player was often started over a black just to make the home folks feel a little better). Atlanta, which did not need a flashy guard on the court, needed a flashy white superstar for the gate. It chose Maravich. Boston then chose Cowens.

Maravich signed with the Hawks for \$1.9 million for five years, one of the first big salaries. His arrival, the size of the contract, and the racial connotation therein tore that team apart. Caldwell demanded to be paid \$1 more a year than Maravich, then jumped to the ABA. Within a year and a half, both Hazzard and Bridges were gone, and the team was no longer the same, no longer cohesive. Maravich was caught in the middle of something at once racial and commercial. Atlanta was not committed to winning basketball, but to a white superstar. His teammates, who had played for each other instead of the camera, were not amused. The record slipped to 36-46 each of his first two years. A fine piece of machinery was destroyed. It was a difficult time for him. He underwent constant stress, and there were varying illnesses, including a case of Bell's palsy, a kind of facial paralysis. One day he found that his right eyelid simply would not close and the entire right side of his face was paralyzed. It was, his friends thought, almost surely an attack of nerves. It lasted 16 days, but it reflected some of the tension within.

Eventually, he was accepted by his teammates, first by Lou Hudson, a gracious and generous man. Later, he became close to Herm Gilliam, a black guard. The partial acceptance was important; he was, after all, a white player in a black world. The sport he played was becoming black, the ambiance of the locker room and the airplanes was black. Above all, the style he had created was derivative, not of whites but blacks. He was no scrappytake-the-charge white guard. His game was in the mold of black artists, where the doing was as important as the done. He had studied Globetrotter films. It was, thought his friend Gilliam, as if Pete sometimes wished he were black, that it would all be easier and less schizophrenic then. Late at night, out with some black teammates, getting a little drunk on beer, it would show. (Getting drunk on beer amused the blacks. It was such a white thing to do.) When he was drinking, Maravich would often talk about how he wanted to be like them, but he knew they didn't like him. Which was not true. In some ways they did like him, though the differences in salaries, in acclaim and in ink-plus the fact that the ball always seemed to be his-did

PETE'S BOX SCORE

NCAA RECORDS

Most Points season: 1,381, 1970 Most points career: 3667

Average Per Game Season: 44,5, 1970 Career: 44,2 (3,667 points in 83 games) 50-Point Games Season: 10, 1970 Career: 28, 1968-70

PRO STATISTICS

	W-L	G	FG	PCT.	FT	PCT.	REB.	A	STLS.	PTS.	AVG.
Utah											
79-80	2-18	17	121	.412	41	.820	40	54	15	290	17.1
New Or	leans									1.55	7.57
78-79	26-56	49	436	.421	233	.841	121	243	60	1105	22.6
77-78	39-43	50	556	.444	240	.869	178	335	101	1352	27.0
76-77	35-47	73	886	.433	501	.835	374	392	84	2273	31.1
75-76	38-44	62	604	.459	396	.811	300	332	87	1604	25.9
74-75	23-59	79	655	.419	390	.811	422	488	120	1700	21.5
Atlanta										0.000	
73-74	35-47	76	819	.457	469	.826	374	396	111	2107	27.7
72-73	46-36	79	789	.441	485	.800	346	546	· —	2063	26.1
71-72	36-46			.427			256	393	-	1275	19.3
70-71	36-46	81	738	.458	404	.800	, 298	355	. —	1880	23.2

LSU, 1968-70

WON - LOST	FG	PCT.	FT	PCT.	REB.	A	PTS.	AVG.
49-35	1387	.438	893	.775	528	425	3667	44.2

not make it easy.

Even playing on a weak franchise, there were special days, matchups of sweet delight. He loved to play against Wilt Chamberlain, for if you were an inventive showman guard, Wilt was a wondrous challenge. Maravich liked to keep up a running dialogue:

"How high can you jump, Wilt?"

"Fourteen feet, boy."

"Well, Wilt, my layup goes 14 feet, one inch and I'm going to dinner off you tonight."

"You do, boy, and your head is going to be sore from the balls I bat

down."

On Maravich's first drive that night, Wilt swatted the ball 16 rows into the seats. But Maravich adjusted, and soon the layups did seem to travel just one inch above Wilt's outstretched hand. It was not in him, as he might easily have done, to shoot a little higher. It was important to taunt, as well as score. Then he and Gilliam developed an additional Wilt Teaser. They noticed that as they drove for layups, Wilt would key himself for the defensive move by crouching, timing his spring to their first movement of ascent. They decided they would fool Wilt; they would not, as a thousand coaches had taught, as nature itself demanded, jump to shoot, but instead would shoot quickly, while flat-footed on the court. It deprived Wilt of his alarm signal, and this enraged the big man. He would roar down the court after Maravich and Gilliam, "You little shits, I'm going to get you."

There were finally some better days in Atlanta. Cotton Fitzsimmons arrived, a coach with an ego worthy of Maravich, perhaps the coach Pete should have had in college. A battle of nerves had ensued, and Fitzsimmons, Napoleon to some of the Hawks, had partially tamed Maravich. But Fitzsimmons' arrival had signalled something else: Atlanta was about to become serious about basketball, and this was a team mired in the middle of the standings. The Hawks needed to trade, to get draft choices, and they had only two marketable players-Hudson and Maravich. Since New Orleans was just coming into the league, and since Maravich was a hometown boy, the temptation was irresistible. Maravich would go to New Orleans.

The Jazz wanted him so badly that they mortgaged their future-two first-round draft choices, a second, other benefits. New Orleans wanted him because he could sell tickets; basketball had been born to many people there when he had arrived. As a col-

lege boy he had had his greatest moments in Louisiana. It was also the worst thing that could have happened to him. Bad enough starting with an expansion team, but the very price of the trade helped guarantee that the Jazz would remain weak; they were selling their souls, and his as well. All this ensured that he would remain the star with a marginal franchise, and it would be showmanship basketball again rather than creative but disciplined basketball.

He had often talked with his teammates, first at Atlanta and then New Orleans, about his future, about how desperately he wanted to be with a winner. As he played at New Orleans-brilliant, original, frustratedhis hunger grew. His second contract, for close to \$400,000 a year, was up at the end of 1977. He often talked of playing out his contract and signing with one of the two teams that could afford him, New York or Los Angeles. Los Angeles had Kareem. Maravich often talked of playing with Kareem. Every great passing guard in the league dreamed of playing with Kareem, so much more appreciated by players than by fans. After this year's all-star game, Kermit Washington of the Blazers came back to his team and told his teammates how Magic Johnson had always hung around Kareem, had never let him out of his sight, as if afraid of losing him; and Lionel Hollins, remembering the glory days in Portland with Walton, smiled and said, "Yes, if I had Kareem, I wouldn't let him out of my sight ei-

ther." Maravich talked with Gilliam about going to Los Angeles. But Gilliam, better schooled in the hardships of life, told him to forget it, the money at New Orleans would always be too great. No way you can get away. "My friend," Gilliam had said, "they will not let you get away. You are the franchise." Which was true, he was a prisoner of his skills and his showmanship. Other teams were interested, but the compensation would be so heavy, you had to destroy something. Was he really worth that much? So in 1977 he signed what was then a record-breaking contract—five years at \$700,000 per-more even than Kareem was making. He thought about it a long time, but he decided in the end that he was not free, his value was so great that the compensation would be too high. He was a prince, not a movable serf. "To go anywhere good," he said, "they have to give up too much. So they're scared." Then he added with a mild edge of bitterness, "You're only



ith the Jazz, it would be showmanship basketball again. They were selling their souls, and his as well.





here Press had gone, Pete had gone, and later where Pete went. Press went—father and son with identities too close.

free as your skills diminish."

Both Boston and Philadelphia have impressive records, but they were, by midseason, considered suspect in their backcourts, not so much for day-today play-they both had enough to defeat most teams-but for the playoffs, when matchups become more important. (Seattle, for example, inhaled Washington's backcourt in last year's championship series.) Maravich was suddenly available. If he could come off the bench when the team was stalled and create that missing movement, then it would be worth signing him. He wanted to be with a winner, to get, in his word, a ring. And to shake the idea that he is a loser. That was a sensitive point. When he talked about his days with New Orleans, the statistics came quickly: "We were 93 and 92 when I was healthy, and when I was hurt, 15 and 46."

Ask who knows the statistics in this league. The players know, that's who.

He was relieved, he said, not to be the center of attention. The less exposure the better. There was, nonetheless, in the first few days at Boston, a fascination with him, even as he was trying to blend into his new, more anonymous incarnation. In those first few days, talking about the fuss made over him, he told John Schulian of The Chicago Sun-Times, "I wish I'd changed my name when I came here. I wish nobody knew me." He was far more interested in gaining the respect of his new teammates. He was pleased one day when he had gotten on the team bus before a Portland game, wearing a skier's knit hat, which had made him look ridiculous, thinner and more vulnerable, exaggerating, in particular, the nose. It lacked only an icicle hanging from it. He was not just a waif among athletes, but a cold waif, and they had teased him, "Petey! Petey!" And they were right. He did not look like a Pete, or a Pistol Pete, but a little lost Petey. He, knowing the effect, had clowned for them, flashing an idiot's grin to go with the hat. A happy moment in his new home.

There were moments on the bench during the game when he would stare at Bird, a look that fixed Bird, as if he were trying to see inside another man. He was good about Bird. "The classic forward of the eighties," he said, and one was reminded that 10 years ago when he had come in the league he had predicted that in a few years forwards and centers would have moves like his. And only then would he talk of how good and how rare it was to play with basketball players who had

the exact same sense of the court that he did. The same ESP, in his phrase. When it happened, you did not have to explain, both of you just knew. There had been a couple of preseason games with Julius Erving, when the Doctor had briefly sampled the waters in Atlanta. Maravich remembered that they had divined each other's moves. No one had suggested anything. "You didn't have to say: 'If they overplay, you go back door.' "It had been sheer pleasure. Fourteen assists. Or something like that.

He did not seek out interviews, but if reporters wanted to see him, he was agreeable; he was comfortable with this reporter. He did not complain about literary injustices inflicted upon him. He was gracious about it. Later he sought this reporter out, while the latter was eating lunch with Bob Ryan, a sportswriter for The Boston Globe. "Hey," he said to the reporter.

"You won a Pulitzer prize."

"They wanted the best for you, Pete," Ryan said. "They wanted Walter Lippmann, but they found out he was dead." Maravich seemed pleased. It was as if the story would be better because the writer had the ring that Maravich coveted.

His talk always came back to the ring. If he had been with the Celtics for 10 years, he said, he would have two rings, maybe more. A reporter remembered what Gilliam had said: "He wants to play with a winner. Oh, does Pete want to play with a winner!" There remained a poignancy to him, the \$700,000 underdog. It was as if everything had always gone a little wrong in his career—the wrong teams at the wrong times, maybe the wrong teammates. In Seattle Hot Rod Hundley, noticing his newly frizzed hair, which somehow made him look even frailer, had asked about it, and Maravich had answered, "I couldn't even get that right."

The fixation with the ring, which was genuine, was not just a fixation with a championship and a desire for professional bauble, but an awareness of what his career has not been. "A stepchild of the American imagination," former teammate Rich Kelley once called him. Not a bad summation for a 10-year career, which did fire the American imagination, sell tickets, sell soft drinks, sell sneakers-and somehow failed more than it succeeded. Nissalke may have had this in mind when he said, "We had such a hard time explaining to Pete and his people that he had almost no market value, that no one wanted him, or at least was willing to pick up the salary. You know, they just wouldn't believe it."

This is a closely knit team, and there is a fear among the players that one of the lesser players, Eric Fernsten or Jeff Judkins, will be cut for Maravich. Fitch does not want to add Maravich at the price of team unity. If Maravich works out, Fitch intends to rotate Don Chaney, Fernsten, Judkins and Maravich on and off the five-game injured reserve list. The real question is: Can he help?

In one early game against Detroit, he came in and gave the Celtics an immediate boost. Now the Celtics are on a key Western trip of five games; the most important is a nationally televised game against Seattle. Against Phoenix—a sound team with a strong backcourt, Paul Westphal and Don Buse—Maravich plays in the second quarter. His frizzed hair makes him look all the more like a street urchin who has wandered in to play with the big boys. He seems slow and tentative on the court. It is not a good night for Boston, which blows a nine-point lead in the final two minutes. At the end, Maravich is not playing.

Two nights later in Portland, against a struggling team, Maravich comes in for 13 minutes, but is more awkward than against Phoenix. He is open for shots and then hesitates before passing the ball off. On the sideline, Fitch, frustrated, is yelling, "Pete! Pete! Be decisive! Be decisive!" Pete Maravich, son of Press Maravich, is being told in his 31st year on this plan-

et to be decisive.

It does not bode well. No one is quite sure what the problem is—his bad knee, his bad condition, his uncertainty about his role. There have always been defensive flaws in the past, but with Cowens behind him, perhaps Boston can afford the flaws for the trade-off on offense. But is the gap too wide? Is it too late to get in shape?

Boston enters Seattle for the biggest game of the trip. The night before this game, Fitch, a film nut, watches the replay of Dennis Johnson's last-second three-pointer that led to Seattle's double-overtime win over Boston in their last meeting. As he sees DJ hit, he curses the Boston timekeeper. "It would never have happened in Madison Square Garden," he says. "They have a great timer there."

It is a marvelous game, a promise of playoff games to come. For Boston, the toughest matchup is in the backcourt. Seattle, with Johnson, Gus Williams and Fred Brown, has the best backcourt in the league. In the first



quarter, DJ and Williams share 27 of Seattle's 33 points. It becomes clear Maravich will not play today. Fitch shifts M. L. Carr to guard, and plays an injured Gerald Henderson instead of Maravich. Seattle is simply too quick and too strong, the game too important and too close for him to play. Boston leads 108–103 with two minutes left, but blows it, 109–108.

It is a bad omen for Maravich. If he is to be of value, it must be in games like this. After the game, the reporters gather for the tribal rituals, surrounding Fitch, M. L. Carr and Bird. Maravich is off to the side, dressing by himself. I am talking with him, and we are joined by Rich O'Connor, a basketball player turned writer. O'Connor has always been fascinated by Maravich. They talk about the game, and O'Connor asks Maravich how he feels about the Celtics. Maravich says he loves it, the idea that everything is for the team, for the Celtics. It is a wonderful atmosphere, he says, free of the burden of statistics.

"I hate statistics," says O'Connor. "I think they should never keep them. They ruin the game."

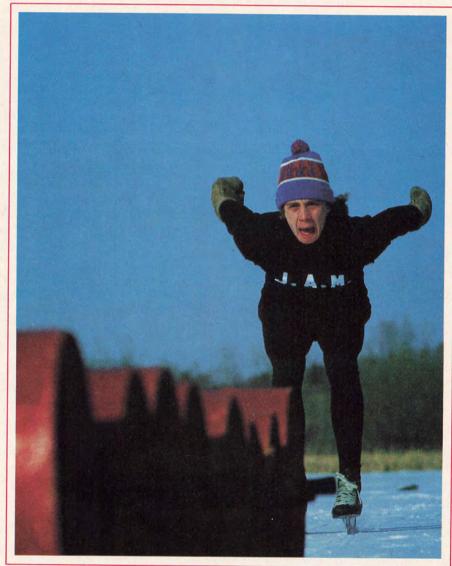
"No," says Maravich. "No, what they should do is give you your opponent's stats. That and nothing more. What your guy did against you."

And with that he dressed slowly and made his way to the bus, untouched by the crowd.

David Halberstam's last two books are The Best and the Brightest and The Powers That Be. He won a Pulitzer prize for his reporting in Vietnam. He is currently at work on a book for Alfred A. Knopf on one season in the NBA, mostly through the eyes of the Portland Trail Blazers.

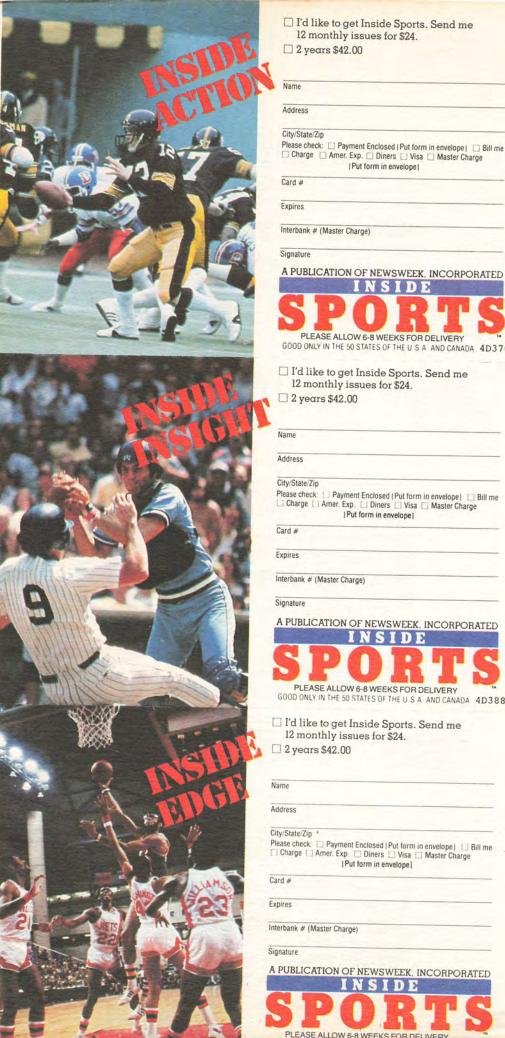
e is in terrible shape.
'Don't give
up on me,' Maravich tells Fitch.
'I'm coming
around. I know I
can do it.'





Photograph by Paul Hauer/Logo by Gerard Huerta

n his off time, Ben Sipes is a barrel jumper—a good one. Last year he won the national championships at Grossinger's in New York, finishing first in a field of 12, jumping 16 barrels—one shy of the record held by Canada's Ken Debell. Sipes, 24, who in real life fixes air conditioners and heating systems, has been speed skating since he was five and jumping for the past five years. To keep in shape, he runs and bikes; this summer he plans to practice on roller skates. The initials on his sweater stand for the Jumpers' Association of Michigan or his girlfriend's name—depending on whom you talk to. In competition he trades the Billy Beer hat for a helmet, adds a spinal pad—and keeps the same face. So would you, at the thought of hitting a barrel at 35 mph.



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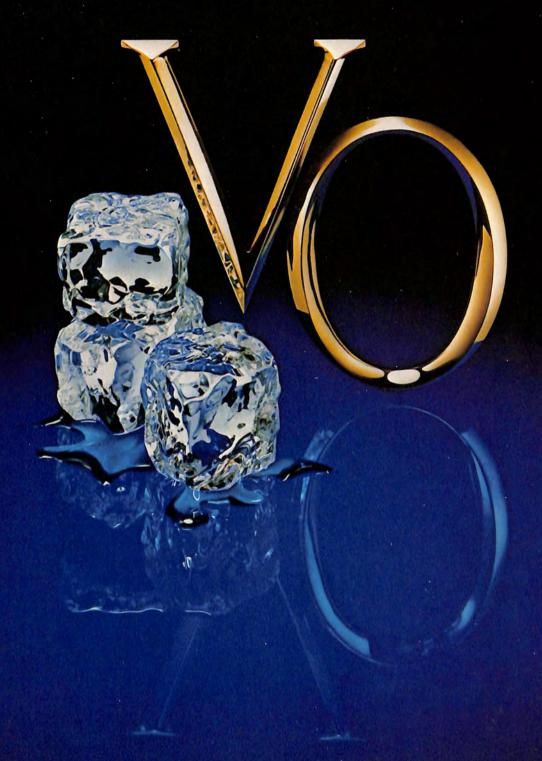
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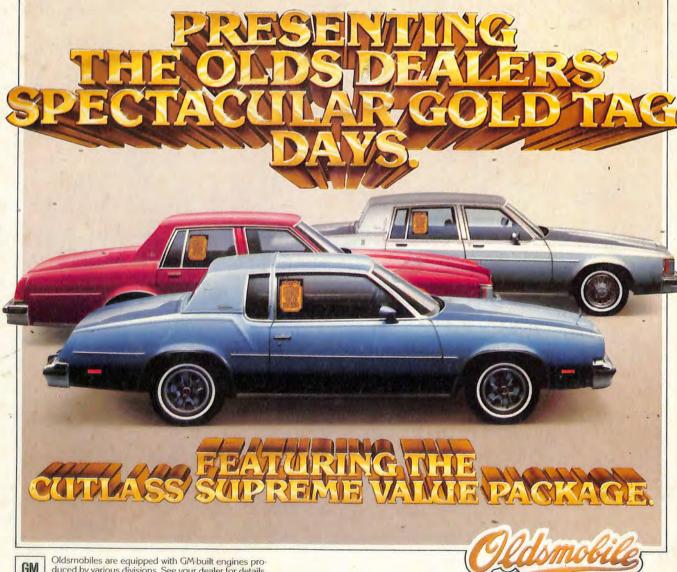
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